

# THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

No. XVII.

MAY, 1821.

VOL. III.

## CONTENTS.

<i>The Lion's Head.</i>	474	Croly's Paris in 1815—Part the Se-	
		cond.....	540
A May-day Dream.....	477	Hazlitt's Table Talk.....	545
LIVING AUTHORS, No. V.		Lord Byron's Marino Faliero.....	550
Crabbe .....	484	OLD STORIES, No. IV.	
Brief Memoir of William Meyrick,		Truth not to be Told at all Times,	
<i>with some of his Poems</i> .....	490	or the Moral Enchanter.....	555
The Old and the New Schoolmaster,		The Water Lady—a Legend... ..	556
by Elia .....	492	THE DRAMA, No. XVI.	
<i>Verses to the Memory of a Young</i>		Venice Preserved—The Duenna	
<i>Friend</i> .....	497	—Virginus—Undine—Jane	
<i>To Mary</i> .....	498	Shore.....	560—562
<i>Sonnet</i> .....	498	Town Conversation, No. V.	
<i>Emily, a Dramatic Sketch</i> .....	499	Maturin's Forthcoming Poem ..	563
ETCHINGS OF DIFFERENT KINDS		Speeches of Grattan, and Curran	564
OF MEN, No. I.		Mr. Haynes—Doge of Venice..	564
The Humorous Man .....	505	Exhibition of Engravings.....	564
Major Schill, from a Manuscript		LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC IN-	
Journal .....	509	TELLIGENCE .....	565
On the Writings of Mr. Maturin, and		Report of Music, No. XV.....	568
more particularly his <i>Melmoth</i> ....	514		
<i>Spring</i> .....	525	<i>Monthly Register.</i>	
<i>Life</i> .....	525	Abstract of Foreign and Domestic Oc-	
<i>Sonnet on the Death of the Poet Keats</i>	526	currences.....	570
TABLE TALK, No. X.		Agricultural Report .....	573
On Antiquity .....	527	Commercial Report .....	575
Edinburgh .....	533	Works preparing for Publication	
<i>The Lament</i> . . . . .	536	and lately published, Preferments,	
<i>The Guitar</i> .....	536	Bankruptcies, Births, Marriages,	
Haydon's Picture of Christ's Agony in		Deaths, Meteorological Register,	
the Garden.—WITH A PLATE	537	MARKETS, STOCKS, &c....	578—588

LONDON :  
BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

## THE LION'S HEAD.

An unusual pressure of matter of a more temporary nature has compelled us to postpone the papers of several highly valued contributors. Among these are "The Traditional Literature;" and the very naïve Letter of Humphrey Nixon "*De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.*"

*Spez* may be assured, that the fact related in the paper in our last Number, signed "Delamore," and dated "Sackville Street," is genuine, with the exception of the name and date. It is the writer's own story.

— quæque ipse miserrima vidi,  
Et quorum pars magna fui.

\*\*\*\*

We thank I. T. C. for his hints relative to the British Gallery, and assure him that if we passed over in silence many pictures deserving of notice, it was solely because our limits would not allow us to be more diffuse. The artists will have the kindness to take the will for the deed; but I. T. C.'s letter calls for a few remarks on the present occasion.

'*The Broken Window*,' (4) Sharp, wants greater attention to colour and drawing, as well as nature and character in the touch. Miss Landseer's little bit of leafy luxury (10) is not *yet* sold. Has no discerning person eight guineas?—Linton's fine composition (20) is in the same predicament! Out upon ye! pretended patrons of art!—We are told we should have mentioned Collins before (15) with due eulogies, but 'who ever thought of blaming Hercules?'—'*Imogen*,' and '*Miranda*,' (42 and 44) Boaden, show considerable progress. Miss Gouldsmith has a clever landscape (86), and the Delineator of 'the Isles,' William Daniel, 'A View on the Thames,' (89) of course well chosen and sweetly executed. 'Dead Game,' (139) Blake, is remarkable for a wonderfully characteristic touch, and altogether ranks high in its class; but when I. T. C. applies the superlative '*Genius*' to an unpretending piece of patient imitation, he only offers another example of a vague, mischievous abuse of terms, tending to the subversion of all precision, either in ideas or speech.—Mr. Hilton has ably expressed 'the negative nature of shade' in his '*Penelope and Ulysses*.' This excellent artist will pardon the unkind remark in our last, which was extorted from us by disappointment at seeing the comparatively insignificant situation which he occupies in the exhibition.—Mr. Bone's Boar of Calydon is very spirited, and shows a fine, true feeling for colour. The landscape part of his picture is Tizianesque; and we know of no higher praise. We wish we could induce him to reconsider his hero, who is not heroic: the cast of Meleager in the Academy will explain our feeling.—We could say a good deal on some of the most meritorious of the remaining pictures, but must be contented to give their bare titles: '*Hawthornden*,' (194) Nasmyth.—'*An Ancient City*,' (195) Hofland.—'*A Mill*,' (207) S. W. Reynolds.—'*A Mill at Dunkirk*,' (212) W. Delamotte, whose capital etchings from nature (4to. 2l. 2s.) ought to be in every amateur's hand.—'*Interior of St. Paul's*,' (219) I. Foggo.—'*Spofforthpepper*,' (241) Hayter.



— ‘*Fishermen*,’ (253) Atkinson.— ‘*Chatelar and Mary of Scotland*,’ (254) Fradelle.— Too much in the *licked* manner of Adrian Vander Werf. The expression of the queen is very elegantly conceived, but we do not admire her love-sick secretary, whose starched, unpliant costume required the tasteful management of Westall, or the admirable Stothard. ‘*Halbert Glendinning, and the White Lady*,’ (271), Halls, is a worthy stride out of the common path.— ‘*A Pastoral Scene*,’ (272) Bone.— ‘*A Brook Scene*,’ (276) Lewis.— ‘*Cleopatra*,’ (278) Hayter, A handsome, rich Venetian looking head.— ‘*A Scene in Windsor Forest*,’ (281) Linton.— ‘*Dinant sur Meuse*,’ (290) Arnald, ARA. is very silvery and chaste; and ‘*A Fog clearing off*,’ (293) Davis, deserves praise, if only for the novelty of the attempt.— Of the Sculpture, it is sufficient to say, that Mr. Gott’s ‘*Jacob and the Angel*,’ (301) has obtained the approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence and Mr. Fuseli; and the best thing we can do for Mr. C. Moore, is to hold our peace and say nothing. If he will give a look at the Michaëls of Raffaele and Guido, and the majestic Satans of Fuseli and Lawrence, he will, we trust, duly appreciate our silence. We had nearly forgotten I. T. C.’s complaint of our slight (as he fancies it) of Mr. Martin’s perspective achievements. We will answer this accusation by a question. Would I. T. C. think it necessary, in reviewing a poem by Coleridge, or Wordsworth, or Scott, or Keates, to compliment them for having joined their words without violating the rules of Grammar? Now this and linear perspective, are parallel subsidiary sciences; both of them are indispensable, yet both of them are as purely mechanical as Tare and Tret, and infinitely more so than the tying on of a cravat.

We have received Major Parlbys Tragedy of the “Revenge,” and should have noticed it amongst our articles of Criticism, had it reached us in any reasonable time after its publication. An interval of two years, however, has somewhat dimmed its freshness; and in such a time, a literary bantling is either in the tomb of the Capulets, or able to walk alone without our assistance. The following is a pretty fair specimen of Major Parlbys poetry.

*Epithalamium.*

From thy couch of orient pearl,  
From thy amber halls arise;  
Thy banner, Constancy, unfurl,  
Serene as cloudless summer skies.  
Thou, whom chaste nymphs delight to sing,  
Thy hyacinthine garland bring;  
Nor leave the sacred mystic ring,  
Apt emblem of unfading spring.  
Wake, God of Love, smile on the fair,  
And crown with soft delight this noble pair.

With thee bring a heavenly guest,  
Modesty in russet vest,  
Gently leading young Desire  
Curbing with modest look his fire;  
Till half-alarm’d, perchance she spy  
The wandering of his wanton eye,  
And smiling, blushing rosy red,  
On thy bosom hides her head.  
Wake, God of Love, protect the fair,  
And crown, with rapture crown, this noble pair.

E. R. will perceive by our immediate insertion of his poem, how anxious we are for a continuance of his friendship. His future communications will be most thankfully received; and the Editor would do a violence to his own feelings, if he did not gratefully acknowledge the very kind and eloquent expressions which accompanied the promise of further contributions.

Is our friend Clarke really in earnest, when he asks us to commit such a sin against song and pun, as to propagate the following

*Impromptu on hearing Miss M. Tree applauded.*

That you, fair maid, appear a tree,  
The wond'ring world allows—  
Where'er you are, we always see  
A multitude of *bows*. (boughs !)

Can the spirit of poor George Selwyn rest peaceably in his grave after this?

---

Mr. WILLIE WINKAWAY is informed, that we shall be very happy to accompany him in his tour to Colloden next month. But is he sure that it is quite *in keeping* for his Scotch valet, M'Ivor, to evince such an anxiety to *return to Scotland*? We shall be happy to avail ourselves of his services in every way but as a reviewer. The plan which he proposes is directly opposed to our principle. When we assume the robe of criticism, we have neither friendships nor enmities. "Fiat justitia," is our critical motto.

---

A fair Correspondent deserves, and, we hope, will always receive every due consideration at our hands; but our friend in Breconshire must excuse us. Even fifteen years of age cannot render such rhymes as "waters," and "meanders" tolerable. Time, however, may do much; and there are some lines in the poem on Mrs. Siddons, which render it far from our wish to discourage so young a writer.

---

We know not well what to say to the "Exiles of Damascus,"—we would not willingly hurt the feeling of an author who says he has neither spirits nor health to attempt the revision of his poem. But a poem should not appear without revision—however, we will read it again, and, if we can with justice, we should be glad to smooth the pillow of sickness by even our humble commendation.

THE  
**London Magazine.**

N<sup>o</sup> XVII.

MAY, 1821.

VOL. III.

A MAY DREAM.

Is not this the merry month of May,  
When love-lads masken in fresh array?  
—Youth's folks now flocken in every where,  
To gather May-baskets and smelling breere,  
But we here sitten as drowned in a dream.

*Spenser, Shepherd's Calendar.*

HAIL to thee once again, fair Maia,  
—most gentle Pleiad!—Since we saw  
thee last, and did thee 'honour due,'  
we have been treading but a weary  
journey. Scorching summer has  
passed over us, and autumn with  
all his floods: winter has swept by  
with his frosted locks, lean January  
and black December, and March has  
blown his stormy trumpet till April  
wept; she has now wept herself even  
to death, in showers.—We too have  
gone our round. We have lived our  
year, fairly,—a regular English year:  
not a meagre slip of time like the  
people of Arcady (their year was  
three months only)—nor a poor four  
months like they of Spain—nor even  
six, as the Carians did; but ours has  
been a twelve month's lune—nay, by  
Saint Mark, a 'year solary' even,  
and here are we again as gay and no  
wiser than formerly.

Therefore, once more a gentle wel-  
come. Oh! mother of the sly Ca-  
ducean, we know thee well. Thou  
art bright as thy star-like sisters,  
who still remain above us: thy step  
is light and springy; thy breath is  
perfumed with flowers; thy smile is  
soft—sweet—arch, and thy cheek,  
soon to be 'by summer half im-  
browned,' is delicate yet. Thou art  
fit for the humour of the time: the  
beauty of the year is all thine own:

VOL. III.

enjoy it, but let us be partakers with  
thee: thou (like all others) art no-  
thing alone.

Happiness was born a twin—

So will we be fraternal unto thee;  
as faithful as though Leda had been  
our common mother, and we will  
show thee, fair sister, in all thy graces  
to the world.

Thus mused we some few weeks  
ago, after having seen a beautiful  
(unfinished) picture by *Leslie*, of  
'the Sports of May.' In it, if we  
remember aright, was a young girl  
right well conceived and delightfully  
dressed, listening to the amorous  
euphuism of an antiquated knight—  
(he might have been of the family  
of Ague-cheek, perhaps, or have  
quartered his arms with the Shal-  
lows)—a cavalier, sitting on the  
sward beside a dowager of bulk,  
eyed with more anger than was ne-  
cessary, the attentions of the ancient  
gallant: a third lady, stiff in bro-  
cade, was important in the corner,—  
a sort of pillar to this pictorial tem-  
ple, while the landscape and distant  
sports, where gaiety was disguised  
in fifty shapes, and folly, happier  
than wisdom, was crowned with  
flowers, completed one of the plea-  
santest works of art that we have  
for a long time seen.



Under the influence of this picture we walked, and meditated somewhat in honour of the month of flowers. We thought of something elaborate, and determined on much that was agreeable. Our intentions, in short—ah! whither can *they* have flown?—Was it not the learned Doctor Samuel Johnson, gentle reader, who said that some place (it is not Heaven, — that is ‘star-paved’) is “paved with good intentions?” If it be so, then is it more honoured than its betters,—more than this goodly earth. What! are all those little infant breathings of virtue embodied and cast down ‘the illimitable gulf?’ are they turned to mere marble and freestone, and begrimed by imps?—*they*, while Sin lifteth his ‘flourished head’ over them, are they with their ‘wrought mosaic,’ polluted and trodden under foot? It cannot be, even though the Doctor shall have averred it, nay though he should swear it also.

We have been digressing a little, kind reader: bear with us, however. The strait road is the shortest certainly, but for our parts, we love a little aberration: the common path is dusty, and fit only for Harris, and Thomson, and Simpkins, and the rest. We, who are pleasant and anonymous, do not profess to lead thee direct to any of the public-houses of knowledge; the turnpike road is for that end, and it is open to all who come,—but we will take thee by the greenest ways, by ‘hedgerow elms and hillocks green,’ and whisper things to thee as we go along (may we not have done this already?) some of which thou mayst not have heard before.

To return, then,—to May,—to Leslie’s charming picture,—to our good intentions. We thought to have written somewhat (prose or verse) in celebration of all, but we were prevented. Prevented!—and how? why, by a dream, and if thou wilt listen, reader, thou shalt hear of it without more ado. We will speak to thee as sincerely as though

thou wast father Dominic himself—(Is not that his name?—We mean him of ‘capacious soul,’ in the *Duenna*, whose mighty thirst it would be impossible to allay, had he less than a girdle of six feet wherein to contain his potations.)

We dreamed—we almost shudder when we talk or think of dreams, knowing that the ingenious Sir Thomas Browne\* is, or was of opinion, that the arch-enemy of mankind is wont to work his purposes ‘by the delusion of dreams.’ We protest that we hate to dream; for if it be unpleasant, it is unpleasant, and therefore not to be desired; and if it be pleasant, then is the waking therefrom a pain. We hate dreams, therefore, as much as the learned knight, though for a reason somewhat unlike that which moved him. “The deceiving spirit,” he says, “by concitation of humours produceth his conceited phantasm, or, by compounding the species already residing, doth make up words which mentally speak his intentions.” [ *Vulg. Errors.* ]

Now, although we hate dreams, yet are we subject to them, like mortals who are not anonymous,—even as Smith, for instance, who shaveth deal, or Banks who writeth ‘I’ to his opinions, and is at once common and singular. We ‘come like shadows,’ it is true, but we have the appetites and the frailties of flesh: We are as incarnate as Daniel Lambert of huge and itinerant memory, or as Mars, when he fled roaring from Diomed before Troy, and shamed his Olympian birth, and became (after we knew this) to us a mere problem. Oh! thou high and sea-born beauty, didst thou kiss his eyelids then,—or didst thou bid him turn again towards Ilium, and gather up the laurels he had lost? Fair Venus! didst thou—really we shall forget ourselves to verse, if we go on in this manner: we must be tranquil. Let us examine the matter coolly, and try the ‘auxiliar god’ by a court martial: he was as bad as

\* It is a curious historical fact, and not generally known, that Sir Thomas Browne, who was a very learned man, full of enquiry, and who devoted a book to the consideration and refuting of ‘*vulgar errors*,’ should nevertheless have actually given testimony as to the guilt of a person accused of witchcraft. The accused was tried before Sir Matthew Hale, (or some other great lawyer) and was, we believe, convicted on the testimony of Sir Thomas Browne. So much for superstition in the time of Charles II.!

some of our 'auxiliars' at — but for the dream? Ah!—truly, it had escaped us. We were going to be pleasant, but we will refrain.

For the dream then, patient reader:—hearken unto it.

We thought we saw a figure like ourself (ourselves,—this plural is so perplexing), wrapped in a deep sleep. It was a sleep sounder than that of Silenus, when the herdsman caught him flushed and fevered in a forest cave, and the pretty *Ægle* stained his bald forehead with mulberries; not that we did in fancy, more than we do in fact, resemble the aforesaid Silenus, either in person or potations. Our laurels, indeed, lay by us, like those of the renowned drinker,—

*Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant;*

but further the resemblance striketh not. Our hair is luxuriant, though grey, our waist is small even as the eagle's talon; our cheek is pale, and our brain unhurt by wine. We are Anacreontic but seldom; our taste is for modester diluents; even tea is right pleasant to us, and coffee (breakfast powder is a delicacy unknown to our palate) delighteth us as it did Kien Long, of yore. We may write an ode to it yet.

We lay, then, sleeping and ungarlanded. A crowd of people surrounded us. Some dressed in fantastic habits, and some in those of our olden time,—all were people of another day—the period might be that of our own Elizabeth. In the centre of the group was an arbour of flowers, with a May-crown hung conspicuously above it. Underneath was written "*For the greatest.*"—We—(we mean the figure, our figure) awoke. Instantly numbers of claimants appeared, each asking that the crown might be awarded to himself. We felt it to be a delicate point. "We must know something more of ye, masters," we said. "Who are ye, for we know ye not?"—"How!" said they all, at once, "not know us? then 'by our sufferings but you shall.'"—"Poor ignorant creature," said a damsel of fifty-five. (She was a spinster who had arrived at the then rare distinction of letters, and ungenerously abused her privilege by twisting her mother's tongue into lines of unamiable proportion.) N'importe! we pass her by, to consider

the claimants of the humbler sex, (the males).—

"Who art thou," we said, "whose face bespeaketh riot, and whose glance an extravagant fire? Stand forth, and let us hear thy verse.—Upon that, a gay bold man,

Like a hot amourist with glowing eye,

stood forward. He shouted dark and appalling words into our ear,—some very musical, and some of mighty sound. There was an unhallowed charm about them all, however,—it was of murder and hate, of communions with the spirit of darkness that he spoke for a time:—but then he turned him to a gentler strain, and told of Helen and her Dardan love, in words such as none but poets ever spoke. 'Twas thus he ended—

Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss.—

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.  
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter,  
When he appeared to hapless Semele:  
More lovely than the monarch of the sky  
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms,  
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

"Are you satisfied?" said Marlow, whom we now knew. "Well pleased, in truth," we answered, "but let us hear thy brethren. In the mean time take thou thy station beneath yon branching oak: we will hereafter consider thy petition." We said this with an official air; there was a spice of authority in our mouth, and we warmed into self-importance. The dramatist carelessly sauntered to his place.

And as he retired we marked a man with a pleasant countenance, who had stood beside him. We beckoned, and he approached. He said (and said it smilingly and sotto voce) that he had fallen in love with Grecian fable, and that he had adopted two as his own. "Here is Endymion," said he,

The very music of whose name has gone  
Into my being;

and here is the contest of Apollo and Midas."—"Oh! we will hear that by all means," we replied; "for our ears' sakes we will decide on that, lest we on the sudden become changed, and as it were asinine."—"My name is *Lyly*," the poet said, "We heed not thy name, friend."

"Pardon me, but I thought



your perfectibility might opine"—  
 "Ah! thou strange Euphuist, is it  
 thou?" we answered: "We hope  
 thou hast none of those weeds cling-  
 ing round this pretty exotic."—  
 "None," he returned, "it is as free  
 as my palm." "It is well, master  
 Lyly; it is very well. Proceed then,  
 in God's name, and be pleasant and  
 brief." He smiled, and read the  
 musical contest in a clear and not  
 ungentle voice, and brought dis-  
 tinctly before our eyes the rival dei-  
 ties,—the old wood-haunting god  
 with his shrill-toned reeds, and the  
 bright lyrist

Apollo, as he played  
 ('Fore Midas) in the Phrygian shade,  
 With Pan, and to the Sylvan lost.

Observing, as Lyly retired (he re-  
 tired with a somewhat courtly step)  
 a steady-looking square-faced man  
 about forty, with a wreath round his  
 head, we enquired what he could pos-  
 sibly want. (A chart being in his hand,  
 we had taken him for a geographer.)  
 He walked towards us with a mea-  
 sured step, and said, that his name  
 was *Drayton*, and that he had "writ-  
 ten the *Polyolbion*." "We don't like  
 foreign titles to English books, mas-  
 ter *Drayton*," we answered: "Pray  
 who or what is this same *Polyolbion*?"  
 The poet looked grave, and said that  
 he had "turned the whole island  
 into verse." "Um!" replied we,  
 "a fearful transmutation, in truth;  
 but let us hear."—He looked sted-  
 fastly at his chart, and said, "After  
 having gone entirely and particu-  
 larly through the several counties of  
 Cambridge, Dorset, Devon, Wilt-  
 shire, Sussex, Essex, Hampshire,  
 Berkshire, Kent, Oxford, Middle-  
 sex, Surrey"—"No more, pry-  
 thee, no more, master *Drayton*, or  
 we perish," we exclaimed. "If thy  
 poem be as fearful as thy catalogue—"  
 —"Thou shalt hear," he said, "a  
 passage from another, which touch-  
 eth not much on topography. I  
 could have wished, in truth, that  
 this my great work—but as you  
 please." He had a strong voice, but  
 a dry and somewhat pedantic me-  
 thod of reciting his verses: part of  
 them was pleasant however; we ra-  
 ther liked the following stanza, which  
 caught our ear:

The lark that holds observance of the sun  
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air;

And on the river's murmuring base did run,  
 While the pleas'd heaven her fairest livery  
 ware,

The place such pleasure gently did prepare:  
 The flowers my smell, the flood my taste  
 to steep,

And the much softness lulled me to sleep.

When in a vision, as it seemed to me,  
 Triumphal music from the flood arose,  
 As when the sovereign we *embarg'd* see—

"Enough!" (we interrupted  
 him,) "enough, master *Drayton*:  
 God be w'ye—we will consider thy  
 claims, presently, to the crown; con-  
 tent thee awhile beside yon tree;  
 there are two already waiting for  
 our award."—He walked directly to-  
 wards the oak.

"And now come forward, thou  
 with thy cap in hand. Hast thou bared  
 thy head ready for the bays? I'faith  
 but thou must first earn them, friend.  
 Thy name?"—"Tis *Decker*," he an-  
 swered mildly. "We like thee,  
*Decker*, well," we answered, "yet  
 not so well as—but let us hear thee;  
 and, in truth, now we bethink us,  
 thou hast a cunning style, master  
*Decker*. Come, let us hear some-  
 thing of *Mattheo*, and bid madam  
*Bellafront* be present to us, and *For-  
 tunatus*, and the rest."—He recited  
 with a rich voice, and among other  
 things, the following lines. They are  
 the recollections of a penitent harlot.

—When in the street,  
 A fair young modest damsel I did meet,  
 She seem'd to all a dove when I passed by,  
 And I to all a raven: every eye  
 That followed her went with a bashful  
 glance;  
 At me each bold and jeering countenance  
 Darted forth scorn: to her as if she had  
 been  
 Some tower unvanquished would they all  
 vail;  
 'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every  
 sail:  
 She crown'd with reverend praises pass'd  
 by them,  
 I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape  
 the 'Hein!'

There was much more; but he at  
 last ended, and we bade him put on  
 his cap and wait for our award.—  
 He bowed gently and left the circle  
 in silence.

A serious placid-looking man next  
 offered himself to our notice, who  
 called himself *Philip Massinger*. He  
 opened his book quietly, and after  
 turning over two or three leaves, as  
 if considering what he should select,



he began to read a scene from a play. We had looked for something argumentative or didactic, we own; but to our surprise, he read us the confession of a lover. With what an unruffled tone did he recite this pleasant passage!—The Prince of Tarento is telling the story of his early passion.

Not far from where my father lives, a lady,  
A neighbour by, blest with as great a beauty  
As nature durst bestow without undoing,  
Dwelt, and most happily as I thought then,  
And blest the house a thousand times she  
dwelt in.

This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,  
When my first fire knew no adulterate in-  
cense,

Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,  
In all the bravery my friends could show  
me,

In all the faith my innocence could give me,  
In the best language my true tongue could  
tell me,

And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend  
me,

I sued, and served. Long did I love this  
lady,

Long was my travail, long my trade to win  
her;

With all the duty of my soul I served her.

We listened attentively, but felt a doubt about his claims. "We will consider—" we said, and waved him towards the tree.

At this moment, we heard a short cough, bespeaking impatience, and noted that it came from a portly-looking man, who stepped a little out of the circle. "We did not call thee, friend," we said; but on catching a closer glance, we knew him at once. "Ha! Ben, we had nigh forgotten thee, indeed: Forgive us, forgive us, excellent Ben, and we will quaff sack with thee another time, in a place where the chimes shall reach us not. Well! we suppose we must hear one of thy pleasant songs too: We had half disposed of the crown amongst yon claimants, and lo! thou art here to dispute it sturdily. Well, drink thy cup, and begin." *Ben Jonson* (for it was he) first read to us a scene from *Volpone*, and the keen humour shot sideways out of his eyes, as he spoke: then (leaving his tragedies) he proceeded at once to his songs, several of which ("Drink to me only," and others) he sang with a mellow voice. This was part of one of them.

Beauties, have ye seen a toy,  
Called Love, a little boy,  
Almost naked, wanton, blind;  
Cruel now, and then as kind?  
If he be amongst ye, say;  
He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover  
Where the winged wag doth hover,  
Shall to-night receive a kiss,  
How, or where herself would wish:  
But, who brings him to his mother,  
Shall have that kiss and another.

"Thou art a wag, Ben," we said;  
"Cease now, for we recollect thy  
song, and know all that thou canst  
urge for thyself. Ben then approach-  
ed to shake hands with us; but we  
(feeling some apprehension as to our  
being of shadowy texture) waved  
him off. He laughed, and walked  
towards the oak.

"I am"—"Be silent," we inter-  
rupted the speaker, "we will call  
thee by and by—thy name?" "*Ed-  
mund Spenser*," he replied in a most  
melodious voice. "Now, now, hon-  
oured and laurelled Spenser; we  
will hear thee now—we pray thee to  
begin;—the crown, we foresee, is  
lost." "Oh! not so, my master,"  
said the poet. "There are many  
worthy ones here, who may well  
compete with me." "We wish to  
listen to thy song, Spenser, begin,  
begin." "What shall it be?" he  
said, "Let me recollect."

A gentle shepherd, born in Arcady,  
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,  
About the grassy banks of *Hæmony*  
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store  
Full carefully he kept them day and night  
In fairest fields, and *Astrophel* he hight.

"No,—that elegy doth not pro-  
ceed so well," said he, "I must try  
again—here is something from ano-  
ther: kindly listen! but I know thou  
wilt, for it is in praise of 'peerless  
poesie.'"

Know, deeds do die however nobly done,  
And thoughts of men do in themselves de-  
cay,

But wise words taught in numbers for to  
run,

Recorded by the muses, live for aye,  
Nor may with storming showers be wash'd  
away;

Nor bitter breathing winds, nor harmful  
blast,

Nor age, nor envy shall them ever waste.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Fame with golden wings doth fly aloft  
Above the reach of ruinous decay,

And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,  
Admired of base born men from far away;  
Then, whose will with virtuous deeds assay  
To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,  
And with sweet poet's verse be glorified.

After this, he gave us a passage or two from his divine Faery Queen, and then, of his own accord, left the circle for other competitors.

—"Ha! who art thou who hast such a serious look and sober? Thy suit of black is worn; thou lookest starch and stiff, and like a figure carved for a tomb." We said this in a pleasant vein, and the statue answered, "The clerk of Saint Andrews"—"Zooks, master Webster, is it thou? give us thy hand—(ah! we forget:!) We regard thee as a pillar of the state literary; but thou must get another to recite for thee: thy tones, accustomed to church solemnities, are doubtless nasal and prolonged. We have short time to listen, friend, so e'en give thy book to Raleigh here, and he shall lend thee his courtly voice for once."—"Not so, Sir, I must be even mine own expounder, an please you," he said. "It doth not please us, Master Webster," we replied, "but as thou hast said it, and as we know thee to be staunch to thy resolutions, even have thy way, and proceed." He accordingly began his voluntary. The book was the Duchess of Malfy. His voice, which was equal at first, trembled a little, when he came to the following passage: well it might. A brother, who has murdered his sister, speaks:—

*Ferd.* Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle:  
she died young.

*Bos.* I think not so: her infelicity  
Seemed to have years too many.

*Ferd.* She and I were twins:  
And should I die this instant, I had  
lived  
Her time to a minute.

"Sit thee down, old man. Sit down, John Webster, 'till we hear the rest," we said, when he had finished. "Thou hast stouter claims than many think, to be considered a high and heart-rending poet.—The clerk of St. Andrew's moved deliberately towards his place.

—"And now, who are these" said we, "who step forward with such grace? Sic fratres Helenæ—twin stars like these, yet scarcely

brighter, surely. Speak, gentles, if ye can, and tell us what ye are. If the inward shame not the outward man, ye are well worth hearing: speak!" "Thou begin, *Beaumont*," one said, and accordingly the graver of the two opened a volume and began a masque. This was part of his recitation.

Thou shalt stand  
Still as a rock, while I, to bless this feast,  
Will summon up, with my all charming  
rod,

The nymphs of fountains, from whose  
wat'ry locks

(Hung with the dew of blessing and increase)

The greedy rivers take their nourishment.  
Ye nymphs, who bathing in your loved  
springs,

Beheld these rivers in their infancy,  
And joy'd to see them, when their circled  
heads

Refresh'd the air, and spread the ground  
with flowers;

Rise from your wells, and with your nimble  
feet

Perform that office to this happy pair,  
Which in these plains you to *Alpheus* did,  
When passing hence, thro' many seas un-  
mix'd

He gain'd the favour of his *Arethuse*!

"Enough! we know ye both, and like ye," we said. "And now, *Fletcher*, will we hear a few pleasant lines from thee." "Shall it be song or speech?" said he. "Even as you please, master dramatist, so it be quiet and soothing;—something between both,—or neither—whatever pleaseth thee, or thy fair muse," we answered—"Here is one that tasteth of wine," he said:—

God *Lyæus* ever young,  
Ever honoured, ever sung;  
Stained with blood of lusty grapes,  
In a thousand lusty shapes,  
Dance upon the mazer's brim,  
In the crimson liquor swim;  
From thy plenteous hand divine  
Let a river run with wine.

God of youth, let this day here  
Enter neither care nor fear.

"Thanks, Master Webster—*Fletcher*, we would have said, but the fatigues of justice have oppressed us somewhat," we observed. "Thou art tired, my Master," said *Fletcher*: "Lie down, then, for a short while, and I will try to send thee, for a space, into *Elysium*."—We sighed—or rather our phantasma sighed, and drooped its head like a languid poppy. This was *Fletcher's* charming song:—



Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
 Brother to death, sweetly thyself dispose  
 On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud,  
 In gentle show'rs; give nothing that is loud,  
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,  
 And as a purling stream, thou son of night,  
 Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,  
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain,  
 Into this prince, gently, O gently slide,  
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

As this song concluded, we ourselves even felt lulled, and, we believe, reposed us awhile, or forgot ourselves. We were awakened, however, by a noise near us, and turning round, noted a quick pleasant-eyed man, who uttered, with a silver voice, the following stanzas: he seemed reciting them to himself.

Let the bird of loudest lay,  
 On the sole Arabian tree,  
 Herald sad and trumpet be,  
 To whose sound chaste wings away.

But thou, shrinking harbinger,  
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,  
 Augur of the fever's end,  
 To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict  
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,  
 Save the eagle, feather'd king,  
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,  
 That defunctive music can,  
 Be the death-divining swan,  
 Lest the requiem lack his right:—

"Whose verse is that?" we said,  
 "'Tis mine," he answered—"Dost  
 thou not know me, as well as these  
 others? Then must I try a merrier  
 song—Hast thou heard this, master  
 judge?"

Crabbed age and youth  
 Cannot live together;  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 Age is full of care:  
 Youth like summer morn,  
 Age like winter weather;  
 Youth like summer brave,  
 Age like winter bare.

He stopped and smiled—"Art thou informed yet?"—"Thou art a merry wag," we answered, "and we like thee, at least: once more, let us hear thee."—"Hark, hark," he said, "Dost thou not hear a storm?"

Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these  
 surges  
 Which wash both heaven and hell; and  
 thou that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in  
 brass,  
 Having called them from the deep.

"Those lines are surely"—"'Tis said they are not mine," he replied and smiled; "but, hush!—

The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard."—

"But Thaisa has died in child-birth, and thou must hear her husband's sorrow, and his blessing on their child."

Now, mild may be thy life,  
 For a more blustering birth had never babe:  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcomed to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!—

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,  
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb.—

—Most wretched queen!—

A terrible child-birth hast thou had, my dear;

No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements  
 Forgot thee utterly: nor have I time  
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight

Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd in the ooze;  
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale,

And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
 Lying with simple shells.

"Thou hast said enough. Oh, mighty poet!—Where *thou* art, peerless SHAKESPEARE, who else may strive with hope?—For us, we dare not award a crown to thee. It is as though the fool of the fable should weigh the merits of the bright Apollo. It is thine without our gift. Look at thy surrounding fellows, who bend them in reverence before thee. We too must bow our knee." He stooped to raise us, but the touch of his hand seemed like an electric shock, and we—*awoke*.

"And what is the meaning or end of the dream?"—Kind reader, if thou art pleased with our relation, or with the poets whom we have cited, our end is answered: it hath no hidden purpose. We cover not our morals with allegory or fiction;—there is no concealed drug in the sugar which we proffer to thee. Our object was to please thee. Let us hope that we have not been writing altogether without success.

THETA.



## LIVING AUTHORS.

## No. V.

## CRABBE.

THE object of Mr. Crabbe's writings seems to be, to show what an unpoetical world we live in: or rather, perhaps, the very reverse of this conclusion might be drawn from them; for it might be said, that if this is poetry, there is nothing but poetry in the world. Our author's style might be cited as an answer to Audrey's inquiry, "Is poetry a true thing?" If the most feigning poetry is the truest, Mr. Crabbe is of all poets the least poetical. There are here no ornaments, no flights of fancy, no illusions of sentiment, no tinsel of words. His song is one sad reality, one unraised, unvaried note of unavailing woe. Literal fidelity serves him in the place of invention; he assumes importance by a number of petty details; he rivets attention by being prolix. He not only deals in incessant matters of fact, but in matters of fact of the most familiar, the least animating, and most unpleasant kind; but he relies for the effect of novelty on the microscopic minuteness with which he dissects the most trivial objects—and, for the interest he excites on the unshrinking determination with which he handles the most painful. His poetry has an official and professional air. He is called out to cases of difficult births, of fractured limbs, or breaches of the peace; and makes out a parish register of accidents and offences. He takes the most trite, the most gross and obvious, and revolting part of nature, for the subject of his elaborate descriptions; but it is nature still, and Nature is a great and mighty goddess. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." It is well for the reverend author that it is so. Individuality is, in his theory, the only definition of poetry. Whatever is, he hitches into rhyme. Whoever makes an exact image of any thing on the earth below, however deformed or insignificant, according to him, must succeed—and he has succeeded. Mr. Crabbe is one of the most popular and admired of our living writers. That he is so, can be accounted for on no other principle than the strong ties

that bind us to the world about us, and our involuntary yearnings after whatever in any manner powerfully and directly reminds us of it. His Muse is not one of the daughters of Memory, but the old toothless mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood, recounting, *totidem verbis et literis*, what happens in every place in the kingdom every hour in the year, and fastening always on the worst as the most palatable morsels. But she is a circumstantial old lady, communicative, scrupulous, leaving nothing to the imagination, harping on the smallest grievances, a village oracle and critic, most veritable, most identical, bringing us acquainted with persons and things just as they happened, and giving us a local interest in all she knows and tells. The springs of Helicon are, in general, supposed to be a living stream, bubbling and sparkling, and making sweet music as it flows; but Mr. Crabbe's fountain of the Muses is a stagnant pool, dull, motionless, choked up with weeds and corruption; it reflects no light from heaven, it emits no cheerful sound:—his Pegasus has not floating wings, but feet, cloven feet that scorn the low ground they tread upon;—no flowers of love, of hope, or joy spring here, or they bloom only to wither in a moment;—our poet's verse does not put a spirit of youth in every thing, but a spirit of fear, despondency, and decay; it is not an electric spark to kindle and expand, but acts like the torpedo-touch to deaden and contract: it lends no rainbow tints to fancy, it aids no soothing feelings in the heart, it gladdens no prospect, it stirs no wish; in its view the current of life runs slow, dull, cold, dispirited, half-underground, muddy and clogged with all creeping things. The world is one vast infirmary; the hill of Parnassus is a penitentiary; to read him is a penance; yet we read on! Mr. Crabbe is a *fascinating* writer. He contrives to "turn diseases to commodities," and makes a virtue of necessity. He puts us out of conceit

with this world, which perhaps a severe divine should do; yet does not, as a charitable divine ought, point to another. His morbid feelings droop and cling to the earth; grovel, where they should soar; and throw a dead weight on every aspiration of the soul after the good or beautiful. By degrees, we submit and are reconciled to our fate, like patients to a physician, or prisoners in the condemned cell. We can only explain this by saying, as we said before, that Mr. Crabbe gives us one part of nature, the mean, the little, the disgusting, the distressing; that he does this thoroughly, with the hand of a master; and we forgive all the rest!—

Mr. Crabbe's first poems were published so long ago as the year 1782, and received the approbation of Dr. Johnson only a little before he died. This was a testimony from an enemy, for Dr. Johnson was not an admirer of the simple in style, or minute in description. Still he was an acute, strong-minded man, and could see truth, when it was presented to him, even through the mist of his prejudices and his theories. There was something in Mr. Crabbe's intricate points that did not, after all, so ill accord with the Doctor's purblind vision; and he knew quite enough of the petty ills of life to judge of the merit of our poet's descriptions, though he himself chose to slur them over in high-sounding dogmas or general invectives. Mr. Crabbe's earliest poem of the *Village* was recommended to the notice of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds; and we cannot help thinking that a taste for that sort of poetry, which leans for support on the truth and fidelity of its imitations of nature, began to display itself much about the time, and, in a good measure, in consequence of the direction of the public taste to the subject of painting. Book-learning, the accumulation of wordy commonplaces, the gaudy pretensions of poetical diction, had enfeebled and perverted our eye for nature: the study of the fine arts, which came into fashion about forty years ago, and was then first considered as a polite accomplishment, would tend imperceptibly to restore it. Painting is essentially an imitative art; it cannot subsist for a moment on empty generalities: the critic, therefore,

who has been used to this sort of substantial entertainment, would be disposed to read poetry with the eye of a connoisseur, would be little captivated with smooth, polished, unmeaning periods, and would turn with double eagerness and relish to the force and precision of individual details, transferred as it were to the page from the canvas. Thus an admirer of Teniers or Hobbima might think little of the pastoral sketches of Pope or Goldsmith: even Thomson describes not so much the naked object as what he sees in his mind's eye, surrounded and glowing with the mild, bland, genial vapours of his brain:—but the adept in Dutch interiors, hovels, and pig-styes must find in such a writer as Crabbe a man after his own heart. He is the very thing itself; he paints in words, instead of colours: that's all the difference. As Mr. Crabbe is not a painter, only because he does not use a brush and colours, so he is for the most part a poet, only because he writes in lines of ten syllables. All the rest might be found in a newspaper, an old magazine, or a county-register. Our author is himself a little jealous of the prudish fidelity of his homely Muse, and tries to justify himself by precedents. He brings, as a parallel instance of merely literal description, Pope's lines on the gay Duke of Buckingham, beginning, "In the worst inn's worst room see Villiers lies!" But surely nothing can be more dissimilar. Pope describes what is striking, Crabbe would have described merely what was there. The objects in Pope stand out to the fancy from the mixture of the mean with the gaudy, from the contrast of the scene and the character. There is an appeal to the imagination; you see what is passing from a poetical point of view. In Crabbe there is no foil, no contrast, no impulse given to the mind. It is all on a level and of a piece. In fact, there is so little connection between the subject-matter of Mr. Crabbe's lines, and the ornament of rhyme which is tacked to them, that many of his verses read like serious burlesque, and the parodies which have been made upon them are hardly so quaint as the originals.

Mr. Crabbe's great fault is certainly that he is a sickly, a querulous,



a fastidious poet. He sings the country, and he sings it in a pitiful tone. He chooses this subject only to take the charm out of it, and to dispel the illusion, the glory, and the dream; which had hovered over it in golden verse from Theocritus to Cowper. He sets out with professing to overturn the theory which had hallowed a shepherd's life, and made the names of grove and valley music in our ears, to give us truth in its stead; but why not lay aside the fool's cap and bells at once, why not insist on the unwelcome reality in plain prose? If our author is a poet, why trouble himself with statistics? If he is a statistic writer, why set his ill news to harsh and grating verse? The philosopher in painting the dark side of human nature may have reason on his side, and a moral lesson or a remedy in view. The tragic poet, who shows the sad vicissitudes of things, and the disappointments of the passions, at least strengthens our yearnings after imaginary good, and lends wings to our desires, by which we, "at one bound, high overleap all bound" of actual suffering. But Mr. Crabbe does neither. He gives us discoloured paintings of things—helpless, repining, unprofitable, unedifying distress. He is not a philosopher, but a sophist, and a misanthrope in verse: a namby-pamby Mandeville, a Malthus turned metrical romancer. He professes historical fidelity; but his vein is not dramatic: he does not give us the *pros* and *cons* of that versatile gipsy, Nature. He does not indulge his fancy or sympathise with us, or tell us how the poor feel; but how he should feel in their situation, which we do not want to know. He does not weave the web of their lives of a mingled yarn, good and ill together, but clothes them all in the same overseer's dingy linsey-woolsey, or tinges them with a green and yellow melancholy. He blocks out all possibility of good, cancels the hope, or even the wish for it, as a weakness; check-mates Tityrus and Virgil at the game of pastoral cross-purposes; disables all his adversary's white pieces, and leaves none but black ones on the board. The situation of a country clergyman is not necessarily favourable to the cultivation of the Muse. He is set down, per-

haps, as he thinks, in a small curacy for life, and he takes his revenge by imprisoning the reader's imagination in luckless verse. Shut out from social converse, from learned colleges and halls, where he passed his youth, he has no cordial fellow-feeling with the unlettered manners of the *Village* or the *Borough*, and he describes his neighbours as more uncomfortable and discontented than himself. All this while he dedicates successive volumes to rising generations of noble patrons; and while he desolates a line of coast with sterile, blighting lines, the only leaf of his books where honour, beauty, worth, or pleasure bloom, is that inscribed to the Rutland family! But enough of this; and to our task of quotation. The poem of the *Village* sets off nearly as follows:

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,  
Which neither groves nor happy valleys  
boast;

Where other cares than those the Muse relates,

And other shepherds dwell with other mates;  
By such examples taught, I paint the cot,  
As truth will paint it, and as bards will not:  
Nor you, ye poor, of letter'd scorn complain,

To you the smoothest song is smooth in vain;

O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by time,

Feel you the barren flattery of a rhyme?

Can poets soothe you, when you pine for bread,

By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?  
Can their light tales your weighty griefs  
o'erpower,

Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?

This plea, we would remark by the way, is more plausible than satisfactory. By associating pleasing ideas with the poor, we incline the rich to extend their good offices to them. The cottage twined round with real myrtles, or with the poet's wreath, will invite the hand of kindly assistance sooner than Mr. Crabbe's naked "ruin'd shed;" for though unusual, unexpected distress excites compassion, that which is uniform and remediless produces nothing but disgust and indifference. Repulsive objects (or those which are painted so) do not conciliate affection, or soften the heart.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake  
grown o'er,



Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor :

From thence a length of burning sand appears,

Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;

Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,  
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye :

There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,  
And to the ragged infant threaten war ; \*

There poppies nodding mock the hope of toil ;

There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;

Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,  
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;

O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,

And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;

With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,  
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,

Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn ;

Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,

While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose ;

Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,

Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

This is a specimen of Mr. Crabbe's taste in landscape-painting, of the power, the accuracy, and the hardness of his pencil. If this were merely a spot upon the canvas, which might act as a foil to more luxuriant and happier scenes, it would be well. But our valetudinarian "travels from Dan to Beersheba, and cries it is all barren." Or if he lights "in a favouring hour" on some more favoured spot, where plenty smiles around,

he then turns his hand to his human figures, and the balance of the account is still very much against Providence, and the blessings of the English Constitution. Let us see.—

But these are scenes where Nature's niggard hand

Gave a spare portion to the famish'd land :  
Hers is the fault, if here mankind complain

Of fruitless toil and labour spent in vain ;  
But yet in other scenes more fair in view,  
Where plenty smiles—alas ! she smiles for few—

And those who taste not, yet behold her store,

Are as the slaves that dig the golden ore,  
The wealth around them makes them doubly poor.

Or will you deem them amply paid in health,

Labour's fair child, that languishes with wealth ?

Go then ! and see them rising with the sun,  
Through a long course of daily toil to run ;  
See them beneath the dog-star's raging heat,†  
When the knees tremble and the temples beat ;

Behold them, leaning on their scythes, look o'er

The labour past, and toils to come explore ;  
See them alternate suns and showers engage,  
And hoard up aches and anguish for their age ;

Through fens and marshy moors their steps pursue,

When their warm pores imbibe the evening dew,

Then own that labour may as fatal be  
To these thy slaves, as thine excess to thee.

Grant all this to be true ; nay, let it be told, but not told in "mincing poetry." Next comes the *WORKHOUSE*, and this, it must be owned,

\* This is a pleasing line ; because the unconsciousness to the mischief in the child is a playful relief to the mind, and the picturesqueness of the imagery gives it double point and *naïveté*.

† This seems almost a parody on the lines in Shakspeare.

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;  
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;  
But like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,  
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse ;  
And follows so the ever-running year  
With profitable labour to his grave :  
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,  
Hath the forehand and vantage of a king.

Henry V.

Who shall decide where two such authorities disagree !

is a master-piece of description, and the climax of the author's inverted system of rural optimism.

Thus groan the Old, till by disease oppress,  
They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish  
poor,  
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken  
door ;

There, where the putrid vapours, flagging,  
play,  
And the dull wheel hums doleful through  
the day ;—

There children dwell who know no parents'  
care ;

Parents, who know no children's love,  
dwell there !

Heart-broken Matrons on their joyless bed,  
Forsaken wives and mothers never wed ;  
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,  
And crippled Age with more than child-  
hood fears ;

The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest  
they !

The moping Idiot and the Madman gay.  
Here too the sick their final doom receive,  
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to  
grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad  
chamber flow,

Mix'd with the clamours of the crowd be-  
low ;

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow  
scan,

And the cold charities of man to man ;  
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,  
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap  
from pride ;

But still that scrap is bought with many a  
sigh,

And pride embitters what it can't deny.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Such is that room which one rude beam  
divides,

And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;  
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch  
are seen,

And lath and mud are all that lie between ;  
Save one dull pane that, coarsely patch'd,  
gives way

To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day ;  
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'er-  
spread,

The drooping wretch reclines his languid  
head ;

For him no hand the cordial cup applies,  
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his  
eyes ; \*

No friends with soft discourse his pain be-  
guile,

And promise hope till sickness wears a  
smile.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now once again the gloomy scene explore,  
Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er,  
The Man of many sorrows sighs no more.—

Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow  
The bier moves winding from the vale be-  
low ;

There lie the happy Dead, from trouble  
free,

And the glad parish pays the frugal fee :  
No more, O Death ! thy victim starts to  
hear

Churchwarden stern, or kingly Overseer ;  
No more the farmer claims his humble bow,  
Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the church behold the Mourners  
come,

Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb ;  
The village-children now their games sus-  
pend,

To see the bier that bears their ancient  
friend :

For he was one in all their idle sport,  
And like a monarch rul'd their little court ;  
The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,  
The bat, the wicket were his labours all :

*Him now they follow to his grave, and  
stand*

*Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand ;*  
While bending low, their eager eyes ex-  
plore

The mingled relics of the parish-poor ;  
The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies  
round,

Fear marks the flight and magnifies the  
sound ;

The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,  
Defers his duty till the day of prayer ;  
And waiting long, the crowd retire dis-  
trest,

To think a poor man's bones should lie  
unblest.

To put our taste in poetry, and the  
fairness of our opinion of Mr. Crabbe's  
in particular, to the test at once, we  
will confess, that we think the two  
lines we have marked in italics,

*Him now they follow to his grave, and  
stand*

*Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand—*

worth nearly all the rest of his verses  
put together, and an unanswerable  
condemnation of their general ten-  
dency and spirit. It is images, such  
as these, that the polished mirror of  
the poet's mind ought chiefly to con-  
vey ; that cast their soothing, start-  
ling reflection over the length of hu-  
man life, and grace with their amia-  
ble innocence its closing scenes ; while  
its less alluring and more sombre  
tints sink in, and are lost in an ab-

\* And the motion unsettles a tear.—Wordsworth.



morbid ground of unrelieved prose. Poetry should be the handmaid of the imagination, and the foster-nurse of pleasure and beauty: Mr. Crabbe's Muse is a determined enemy to the imagination, and a spy on nature.

Before we proceed, we shall just mark a few of those quaintnesses of expression, by which our descriptive poet has endeavoured to vary his style from common prose, and so far has succeeded. Speaking of Quarle he says,—

Of Hermit Quarle we read, in island rare,  
Far from mankind and seeming far from  
care;

Safe from all want, and sound in every  
limb;

Yes! there was he, and there was care  
with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here are no wheels for either wool or flax,  
But packs of cards—made up of sundry  
packs.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fresh were his features, his attire was new;  
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue:  
Of finest *jean*, his trowsers, tight and trim,  
Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim.

To compare small things with great, this last touch of minute description is not unlike that in The-sus's description of his hounds,—

With ears that sweep away the morning  
dew.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! your reverence, wanton thoughts, I  
grant,

Were once my motive, now the thoughts of  
want.

Women like me, as ducks in a decoy,  
Swim down a stream, and seem to swim in  
joy.

\* \* \* \* \*

But from the day, that fatal day she spied  
The pride of Daniel, Daniel was her pride.

As an instance of the *curiosa felicitas* in descriptive allusion (among many others) take the following. Our author, referring to the names of the genteeler couples, written in the parish-register, thus "morals" on the circumstance:—

How fair these names, how much unlike  
they look

To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my  
book!

The bridegroom's letters stand in row  
above,

Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his  
grove;

While free and fine the bride's appear  
below,

As light and slender as her jasmines  
grow.—

Mark now in what confusion stoop or stand  
The crooked scrawls of many a clownish  
hand:

Now out, now in, they droop, they fall,  
they rise,

Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise.  
Much have I tried to guide the fist along,  
But still the blunderers placed their blot-  
tings wrong:

Behold these marks uncouth! how strange  
that men,

Who guide the plough, should fail to guide  
the pen!

For half a mile, the furrows even lie;

For half an inch the letters stand awry!

The *Library* and the *Newspaper*, in the same volume, are heavy and common-place. Mr. Crabbe merely sermonises in his didactic poetry. He must pierce below the surface to get at his genuine vein. He is properly himself only in the petty and the painful. The *Birth of Flattery* is a homely, incondite lay. The writer is no more like Spenser than he is like Pope. The ballad of Sir Eustace Grey is a production of great power and genius. The poet, in treating of the wanderings of a maniac, has given a loose to his conception of imaginary and preternatural evils. But they are of a sort that chill, rather than melt the mind; they repel instead of haunting it. They might be said to be square, portable horrors, physical, external,—not shadowy, not malleable; they do not arise out of any passion in the mind of the sufferer, nor touch the reader with involuntary sympathy. Beds of ice, seas of fire, shaking bogs, and fields of snow, are disagreeable matters of fact; and though their contact has a powerful effect on the senses, we soon shake them off in fancy. Let any one compare this fictitious legend with the unadorned, unvarnished tale of Peter Grimes, and he will see in what Mr. Crabbe's characteristic strength lies. He is a most potent copyist of actual nature, though not otherwise a great poet. In the case of Sir Eustace, he cannot conjure up airy phantoms from a disordered imagination; but he makes honest Peter, the fisherman of the Borough, see visions in the mud where he had drowned his 'prentice-boys, that are



as ghastly and bewitching as any mermaid. We cannot resist giving the scene of this striking story, which is in our author's exclusive manner. "Within that circle none durst walk but he."

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,

To wait for certain hours the tide's delay ;  
At the same times the same dull views to see,

The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;

The water only when the tides were high,  
When low, the mud half-cover'd and half-dry ;

The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,

And bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;  
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,  
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.

When tides were neap, and in the sultry day,

Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,

Which on each side rose swelling, and below

The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;  
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,

There hang his head, and view the lazy tide

In its hot slimy channel slowly glide ;  
Where the small eels that left the deeper way

For the warm shore, within the shallows play ;

Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,  
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood ;—

Here dull and hopeless he'd lie down and trace

How sidelong crabs had scrawl'd their crooked race ;

Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry  
Of fishing gull or clanging golden-eye ;

What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,

And the loud bittern, from the bull-rush home,

Gave from the salt-ditch side the bellowing boom :

He nurs'd the feelings these dull scenes produce,

And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice ;  
Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound,

Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound ;  
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,  
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

This is an exact fac-simile of some of the most unlovely parts of the creation. Indeed the whole of Mr. Crabbe's *Borough*, from which the above passage is taken, is done so to the life, that it seems almost like some sea-monster, crawled out of the neighbouring slime, and harbouring a breed of strange vermin, with a strong local scent of tar and bulgewater. — Mr. Crabbe's *Tales* are more readable than his *Poems*. But in proportion as their interest increases, they become more oppressive. They turn, one and all, upon the same sort of teasing, helpless, mechanical, unimaginative distress ;—and though it is not easy to lay them down, you never wish to take them up again. Still in this way they are highly finished, striking, and original portraits,—worked out with an eye to nature, and an intimate knowledge of the small and intricate folds of the human heart. Some of the best are the *Confidant*, the story of *Silly Shore*, the *Young Poet*, the *Painter* ;—the episode of Phæbe Dawson in the *Village* is one of the most tender and pensive ; and the character of the methodist parson, who persecutes the sailor's widow with his godly, selfish love, is one of the most profound. In a word, if Mr. Crabbe's writings do not add greatly to the store of entertaining and delightful fiction, yet they will remain "as a thorn in the side of poetry," perhaps for a century to come.

#### A BRIEF MEMOIR OF WILLIAM MEYRICK, WITH SOME OF HIS POEMS.

WILLIAM MEYRICK was born at Birmingham, about the year 1770, and was for some time house apothecary at the Dispensary there. Soon after quitting that situation, he established himself as a surgeon in the village of West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

Here he wrote and published a *Novel*, or, as he calls it, a *Miscellaneous History*, in three volumes, entitled "*Wanley Penson, or the Melancholy Man*." The narrative is occasionally interspersed with poetical pieces, some of which have considerable merit. The philosophy of

the following verses forcibly applies in censure of those writers, who affect to exhibit the emotions of sorrow, in language to which the mind would naturally resort, only in seasons of unembarrassed tranquillity.

From the sad soul, immur'd in grief's deep gloom,  
No thought escapes to gather rhetoric's flowers,  
Nor yields its cumber'd habitation room,  
For art's trim feats, or fancy's sportive powers.

No! not the wretch outstretch'd upon the rack,  
Suffers the fleet idea less to roam,  
When every straiten'd life-string holds it back,  
And pain confines it to its own sad home.

During his residence at West Bromwich, Meyrick also composed and published the *Family Herbal*, which, not long since, passed through a fresh edition; and had nearly prepared for the press a *Tour through Wales*, with many beautiful views by a neighbouring artist. Before his labours were completed, however, fortune's frownful interruptions indicated, that medicine and the muses had not effectually co-operated in the attainment of her favour.

From the cause just alluded to, the subject of this *Memoir* engaged as surgeon of a slave ship, which sailed from Liverpool, October 1799. After the usual traffic on the coast of Africa, the vessel, with a valuable cargo of slaves, arrived at Kingston,

Jamaica, about the middle of July, 1800. Soon afterwards he affectionately informed his family, that his gains on the voyage had been so considerable, as to remove every pecuniary difficulty, and that he should re-imbark for England about the 1st of September; when the *Alexander* would have completed her homeward cargo. When the ship sailed at the appointed time, Meyrick was unaccountably absent from her. His trunks reached his family, with the journal of his voyage, much mutilated, from which the subjoined Poems are extracted. Meyrick himself has never since been heard of; the most active inquiries have failed to ascertain his fate.

WRITTEN ON ARRIVING AT MADEIRA.

See at length indulgent gales  
Gently fill our swelling sails,  
Swiftly through the foamy sea,  
Shoots our vessel gallantly,  
Still approaching, as she flies,  
Warmer suns and brighter skies.  
Winter, on my native plains,  
Robed in clouds and tempests reigns;  
Fann'd by Zephyr's gentle wing,  
Here I breathe the balmy spring;  
Yet, fair Isle, thy lovely shades,  
Flowery groves, and tranquil glades;  
Nor yon mountain's pride the vine,  
Parent of delicious wine,  
Mantling o'er its craggy side,  
Here shall tempt me to abide;  
Still my native plains are dear,  
All my joys still centre there.

COMPOSED DURING A STORM.

Loud howls the wind, the foaming billows dash,  
The midnight torrents round me wild descend;  
The thunder rolls, the livid lightnings flash:  
Relentless elements! why thus contend?

Calm and serene amid yon dread uproar  
The buoyant vessel's lofty deck I tread,  
And pleased that those I love are safe on shore,  
Heed not the tempest bursting o'er my head.

He that directs the storm supports my mind,  
 When dangers rise, in Him alone I'll trust,  
 Whate'er his will, I'll strive to be resign'd,  
 And though I perish, own that he is just.  
 But Hope still whispers he'll my safeguard prove,  
 And bring me back to those I fondly love.

## TO A BIRD HOVERING ROUND OUR SHIP AT NIGHT-FALL.

Poor wanderer, whither art thou going?  
 The rain descends, the wind is blowing,  
 The sea runs high;  
 Thy pinions droop, thy strength is gone,  
 The long dark night is hastening on,  
 And ah! no friendly land is nigh.  
 Here then till morning's dawn repose,  
 Thy little wants make known:  
 If cold and wet, I'll warm and dry thee,  
 If hungry, needful food supply thee;  
 And while I sooth thy number'd woes,  
 Strive to forget my own.  
 Perhaps thy mate and helpless young,  
 With grief opprest,  
 Sit brooding in their little nest,  
 No more enliven'd by thy song:  
 If so, their hopeless lot I'll mourn,  
 For ah! to them thou never canst return,  
 Instinct will not direct thee to retrace  
 The vast, immeasurable space:  
 In part, our lot's alike severe,  
 But thus it differs; thou canst ne'er return,  
 While I may roam  
 Far as old Ocean's waters roll,  
 Beneath the sultry equinoctial—burn,  
 Or freeze beneath the pole;  
 And yet to all that I hold dear  
 Get safely home.

*West Bromwich.*

W. R.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

My reading has been lamentably desultory and immethodical. Odd, out of the way, old English plays, and treatises, have supplied me with most of my notions, and ways of feeling. In every thing that relates to *science*, I am a whole Encyclopædia behind the rest of the world. I should have scarcely cut a figure among the franklins, or country gentlemen, in king John's days. I know less geography than a school-boy of six weeks' standing. To me a map of old Ortelius is as authentic as Arrowsmith. I do not know whereabout Africa merges into Asia; whether Ethiopia lie in one or other of those great divisions; nor can form the remotest conjecture of the position of New South Wales, or Van

Dieman's Land. Yet do I hold a correspondence with a very dear friend in the first-named of these two *Terræ Incognitæ*. I have no astronomy. I do not know where to look for the Bear, or Charles's Wain; the place of any star; or the name of any of them at sight. I guess at Venus only by her brightness—and if the sun on some portentous morn were to make his first appearance in the West, I verily believe, that, while all the world were gasping in apprehension about me, I alone should stand unterrified, from sheer incuriosity and want of observation. Of history and chronology I possess some vague points, such as one cannot help picking up in the course of miscellaneous study; but I never de-



liberately sat down to a chronicle, even of my own country. I have most dim apprehensions of the four great monarchies; and sometimes the Assyrian, sometimes the Persian, floats as *first* in my fancy. I make the widest conjectures concerning Egypt, and her shepherd kings. My friend M., with great pains-taking, got me to think I understood the first proposition in Euclid, but gave me over in despair at the second. I am entirely unacquainted with the modern languages; and, like a better man than myself, have "small Latin and less Greek." I am a stranger to the shapes and texture of the commonest trees, herbs, flowers—not from the circumstance of my being town-born—for I should have brought the same inobservant spirit into the world with me, had I first seen it in "on Devon's leafy shores,"—and am no less at a loss among purely town-objects, tools, engines, mechanic processes.—Not that I affect ignorance—but my head has not many mansions, nor spacious; and I have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities, as it can hold without aching. I sometimes wonder, how I have passed my probation with so little discredit in the world, as I have done, upon so meagre a stock. But the fact is, a man may do very well with a very little knowledge, and scarce be found out, in mixed company; every body is so much more ready to produce his own, than to call for a display of your acquisitions. But in a *tête-à-tête* there is no shuffling. The truth will out. There is nothing which I dread so much, as the being left alone for a quarter of an hour with a sensible, well-informed man, that does not know me. I lately got into a dilemma of this sort.—

In one of my daily jaunts between Bishopsgate and Shacklewell, the coach stopped to take up a staid-looking gentleman, about the wrong side of thirty, who was giving his parting directions (while the steps were adjusting), in a tone of mild authority, to a tall youth, who seemed to be neither his clerk, his son, nor his servant, but something partaking of all three. The youth was dismissed, and we drove on. As we

were the sole passengers, he naturally enough addressed his conversation to me; and we discussed the merits of the fare, the civility and punctuality of the driver; the circumstance of an opposition coach having been lately set up, with the probabilities of its success—to all which I was enabled to return pretty satisfactory answers, having been drilled into this kind of etiquette by some years' daily practice of riding to and fro in the stage aforesaid—when he suddenly alarmed me by a startling question, whether I had seen the show of prize cattle that morning in Smithfield: Now as I had not seen it, and do not greatly care for such sort of exhibitions, I was obliged to return a cold negative. He seemed a little mortified, as well as astonished, at my declaration, as (it appeared) he was just come fresh from the sight, and doubtless had hoped to compare notes on the subject. However he assured me that I had lost a fine treat, as it far exceeded the show of last year. We were now approaching Norton Falgate, when the sight of some shop-goods *ticketed* freshened him up into a dissertation upon the cheapness of cottons this spring. I was now a little in heart, as the nature of my morning avocations had brought me into some sort of familiarity with the raw material; and I was surprised to find how eloquent I was becoming on the state of the India market—when, presently, he dashed my incipient vanity to the earth at once, by inquiring whether I had ever made any calculation as to the value of the rental of all the retail shops in London. Had he asked of me, what song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, I might, with Sir Thomas Browne, have hazarded a "wide solution."\* My companion saw my embarrassment, and, the almshouses beyond Shoreditch just coming in view, with great good-nature and dexterity shifted his conversation to the subject of public charities; which led to the comparative merits of provision for the poor in past and present times, with observations on the old monastic institutions, and charitable orders;—but, finding me ra-

---

\* Urn Burial.

ther dimly impressed with some glimmering notions from old poetic associations, than strongly fortified with any speculations reducible to calculation on the subject, he gave the matter up; and, the country beginning to open more and more upon us, as we approached the turnpike at Kingsland (the destined termination of his journey), he put a homie thrust upon me, in the most unfortunate position he could have chosen, by advancing some queries relative to the North Pole expedition. While I was muttering out something about the panorama of those strange regions (which I had actually seen), by way of parrying the question, the coach stopping relieved me from any further apprehensions. My companion getting out, left me in the comfortable possession of my ignorance; and I heard him, as he went off, putting questions to an outside passenger, who had alighted with him, regarding an epidemic disorder, that had been rife about Dalston; and which, my friend assured him, had gone through five or six schools in that neighbourhood. The truth now flashed upon me, that my companion was a schoolmaster; and that the youth, whom he had parted from at our first acquaintance, must have been one of the bigger boys, or the usher.

He was evidently a kind-hearted man, who did not seem so much desirous of provoking discussion by the questions which he put, as of obtaining information at any rate. It did not appear that he took any interest, either, in such kind of inquiries, for their own sake; but that he was in some way bound to seek for knowledge. A greenish coloured coat, which he had on, forbade me to surmise that he was a clergyman. The adventure gave birth to some reflections on the difference between persons of his profession in past and present times.

Rest to the souls of those fine old Pedagogues; the breed, long since extinct, of the Lilys, and the Linacres: who believing that all learning was contained in the languages which they taught, and despising every other acquirement as superficial and useless, came to their task as to a sport. Passing from infancy to age, they dreamed away all their days

as in a grammar school. Revolving in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies; renewing constantly the occupations which had charmed their studious childhood; rehearsing continually the part of the past; life must have slipped from them at last like one day. They were always in their first garden, reaping harvests of their golden time, among their *Flori* and their *Spici-legia*; in Arcadia still, but kings; the ferule of their sway not much harsher, but of like dignity with that mild sceptre attributed to king Basileus; the Greek and Latin, their stately Pamela and their Philoelea; with the occasional duncery of some untoward Tyro, serving for a refreshing interlude of a Mopsa, or a clown Dametas!

With what a savour doth the Preface to Colet's, or (as it is sometimes called) Paul's Accidence, set forth! "To exhort every man to the learning of grammar, that intendeth to attain the understanding of the tongues, wherein is contained a great treasury of wisdom and knowledge, it would seem but vain and lost labour; for so much as it is known, that nothing can surely be ended, whose beginning is either feeble or faulty; and no building be perfect, whereas the foundation and groundwork is ready to fall, and unable to uphold the burden of the frame." How well doth this stately preamble (comparable to those which Milton commendeth as "having been the usage to prefix to some solemn law, then first promulgated by Solon, or Lycurgus") correspond with and illustrate that pious zeal for conformity, expressed in a succeeding clause, which would fence about grammar-rules with the severity of faith-articles!—"as for the diversity of grammars, it is well profitably taken away by the king majesties wisdom, who foreseeing the inconvenience, and favourably providing the remedie, caused one kind of grammar by sundry learned men to be diligently drawn, and so to be set out, only everywhere to be taught for the use of learners, and for the hurt in changing of schoolmaisters." What a *gusto* in that which follows: "wherein it is profitable that he [the pupil] can orderly decline his noun, and his verb." *His noun!*



The fine dream is fading away fast; and the least concern of a teacher in the present day is to inculcate grammar rules.

The modern schoolmaster is expected to know a little of every thing, because his pupil is required not to be entirely ignorant of any thing. He must be superficially, if I may so say, omniscient. He is to know something of pneumatics; of chemistry; of whatever is curious, or proper to excite the attention of the youthful mind; an insight into mechanics is desirable, with a touch of statistics; the quality of soils, &c. botany, the constitution of his country, *cum multis aliis*. You may get a notion of some part of his expected duties by consulting the famous Tractate on Education addressed to Mr. Hartlib.

All these things—these, or the desire of them—he is expected to instil, not by set lessons from professors, which he may charge in the bill, but at school-intervals, as he walks the streets, or saunters through green fields (those natural instructors), with his pupils. The least part of what is expected from him, is to be done in school-hours. He must insinuate knowledge at the *mollia tempora fandi*. He must seize every occasion—the season of the year—the time of the day—a passing cloud—a rainbow—a waggon of hay—a regiment of soldiers going by—to inculcate something useful. He can receive no pleasure from a casual glimpse of Nature, but must catch at it as an object of instruction. He must interpret beauty into the picturesque. He cannot relish a beggarman, or a gypsy, for thinking of the suitable improvement. Nothing comes to him, not spoiled by the sophisticating medium of moral uses. The Universe,—that Great Book, as it has been called—is to him indeed, to all intents and purposes, a book, out of which he is doomed to read tedious homilies to distasting school-boys.—Vacations themselves are none to him, he is only rather worse off than before; for commonly he has some intrusive upper-boy fastened upon him at such times; some cadet of a great family; some neglected lump of nobility, or gentry; that he must drag after him to the play, to the Panorama, to Mr. Bartley's orrery,

to the Panopticon, or into the country, to a friend's house, or his favourite watering-place. Wherever he goes, this uneasy shadow attends him. A boy is at his board, and in his path, and in all his movements. He is boy-rid, sick of perpetual boy.

Boys are capital fellows in their own way, among their mates; but they are unwholesome companions for grown people. The restraint is felt no less on the one side, than on the other.—Even a child, that “play-thing for an hour,” tires *always*. The noises of children, playing their own fancies—as I now hearken to them by fits, sporting on the green before my window, while I am engaged in these grave speculations—at my neat suburban retreat at Shacklewell—by distance made more sweet—inexpressibly take from the labour of my task. It is like writing to music. They seem to modulate my periods. They ought at least to do so—for in the voice of that tender age there is a kind of poetry, far unlike the harsh prose-accent of man's conversation.—I should but spoil their sport, and diminish my own sympathy for them, by mingling in their pastime.

I would not be domesticated all my days with a person of very superior capacity to my own—not, if I know myself at all, from any considerations of jealousy or self-comparison, for the occasional communion with such minds has constituted the fortune and felicity of my life—but the habit of too constant intercourse with spirits above you, instead of raising you, keeps you down. Too frequent doses of original thinking from others, restrain what lesser portion of that faculty you may possess of your own. You get entangled in another man's mind, even as you lose yourself in another man's grounds. You are walking with a tall varlet, whose strides out-pace yours to lassitude. The constant operation of such potent agency would reduce me, I am convinced, to imbecility. You may derive thoughts from others; your way of thinking, the mould in which your thoughts are cast, must be your own. Intellect may be imparted, but not each man's intellectual frame.—

As little as I should wish to be always thus dragged upwards, as little (or rather still less) is it desira-



ble to be stunted downwards by your associates. The trumpet does not more stun you by its loudness, than a whisper teases you by its provoking inaudibility.

Why are we never quite at our ease in the presence of a schoolmaster?—because we are conscious that he is not quite at his ease in ours. He is awkward, and out of place, in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and he cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He cannot meet you on the square. He wants a point given him, like an indifferent whist-player. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching *you*. One of these professors, upon my complaining that these little sketches of mine were any thing but methodical, and that I was unable to make them otherwise, kindly offered to instruct me in the method, by which young gentlemen in *his* seminary were taught to compose English themes.—The jests of a schoolmaster are coarse, or thin. They do not *tell* out of school. He is under the restraint of a formal and didactic hypocrisy in company, as a clergyman is under a moral one. He can no more let his intellect loose in society, than the other can his inclinations.—He is forlorn among his co-evals; *his juniors cannot be his friends.*

"I take blame to myself," said a sensible man of this profession, writing to a friend respecting a youth who had quitted his school abruptly, "that your nephew was not more attached to me. But persons in my situation are more to be pitied, than can well be imagined. We are surrounded by young, and, consequently, ardently affectionate hearts, but *we* can never hope to share an atom of their affections. The relation of master and scholar forbids this. *How pleasing this must be to you, how I envy your feelings,* my friends will sometimes say to me, when they see young men, whom I have educated, return after some years absence from school, their eyes shining with pleasure, while they shake hands with their old master, bringing a present of game to me, or a toy to my wife, and thanking me in the warmest terms for my care of their education. A holyday is begged for the boys;

the house is a scene of happiness; I, only, am sad at heart.—This fine-spirited and warm-hearted youth, who fancies he repays his master with gratitude for the care of his boyish years—this young man—in the eight long years I watched over him with a parent's anxiety, never could repay me with one look of genuine feeling. He was proud, when I praised; he was submissive, when I reproved him; but he did never *love* me—and what he now mistakes for gratitude and kindness for me, is but the pleasant sensation, which all persons feel at revisiting the scene of their boyish hopes and fears; and the seeing on equal terms the man they were accustomed to look up to with reverence."

"My wife too," this interesting correspondent goes on to say, "my once darling Anna, is the wife of a schoolmaster.—When I courted her, when I married her—knowing that the wife of a schoolmaster ought to be a busy notable creature, and fearing that my gentle Anna would ill supply the loss of my dear bustling mother, just then dead, who never sat still, was in every part of the house in a moment, and whom I was obliged sometimes to threaten to fasten down in a chair, to save her from fatiguing herself to death—when I expressed my fears, that I was bringing her into a way of life unsuitable to her, she, who loved me tenderly, promised for my sake to exert herself to perform the duties of her new situation. She promised, and she has kept her word. What wonders will not a woman's love perform?—My house is managed with a propriety and decorum, unknown in other schools; my boys are well fed, look healthy, and have every proper accommodation; and all this performed with a careful economy, that never descends to meanness. But I have lost my gentle, *helpless* Anna!—When we sit down to enjoy an hour of repose after the fatigue of the day, I am compelled to listen to what have been her useful (and they are really useful) employments through the day, and what she proposes for her tomorrow's task. Her heart and her features are changed by the duties of her situation. To the boys, she never appears other than the *master's*

wife; and she looks up to me, as to the boys' master, to whom all show of fond affection would be highly improper, and unbecoming the dignity of her situation and mine. Yet *this*—gratitude forbids me to hint to her. For my sake she submitted to be this altered creature, and can I re-

proach her for it?—These kind of complaints are not often drawn from me. I am aware that I am a fortunate, I mean, a prosperous man"—

My feelings prevent me from transcribing any farther.—For the communication of this letter I am indebted to my cousin Bridget.

ELIA.

## VERSES

### TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

No need there is, in hymning thee,  
 Passionate epithets to borrow;  
 Thy requiem should rather be  
 A tender strain of gentle sorrow:  
 None of the hopeless gloom of woe  
 Should cloud the poet's mind who sings thee;—  
 At least to me, it seems not so,  
 As Memory now thy image brings me.  
 'Tis true—that DEATH,—e'en death like thine  
 Is more than slumber's "brief forgetting:"—  
 Even summer's suns, howe'er they shine,  
 May not be cloudless at their setting.  
 But, if that setting hour be calm,—  
 Those clouds the more enhance its splendour:  
 And round thy own is some such charm,  
 Making it touching, pure, and tender!  
 Young—guileless—gentle—and beloved  
 By the small circle who best knew thee;  
 Fond recollections, unproved,  
 When thou art named, still cling unto thee!  
 No tears may start:—for Hope supplies,  
 For thee, thoughts unallied to anguish;  
 But pensive looks, and softest sighs,  
 Tell how we loved—and for thee languish!  
 For me, I own, though months had past,  
 Ere thy departure, since I met thee;  
 Such spell is round thy memory cast,  
 I cannot, gentle friend! forget thee.  
 O no! some hours I spent with thee  
 Were dear—from various mingled causes;  
 Moments from worldly turmoil free,—  
 For thought, and feeling,—breathing pauses.  
 And they were spent,—not in the din  
 Of crowded streets;—their still lapse found us  
 Where Nature's charms were sure to win;—  
 With fields, and flowers, and sunshine round us.  
 Hence, when I think of thee, I seem  
 Incapable of *mourning* for thee,  
 Though HE—whose will is love supreme—  
 From earth has chosen to withdraw thee.  
 I look on thee as one, who, born  
 In scenes where peace and virtue blossom;—  
 Living—didst those retreats adorn,  
 And now sleep'st calmly in their bosom!

B. B.



## TO MARY.

It is not alone while we live in the light  
 Of Friendship's kindling glance,  
 That its beam so true, and so tenderly bright,  
 Our purest joys can enhance :—  
 But that ray shines on through a night of tears,  
 And its light is round us in after years.

Nor is it while yet on the listening ear  
 The accents of Friendship steal,  
 That we know the extent of the joy, so dear,  
 Which its touching tones reveal :—  
 'Tis in after moments of sorrow and pain,  
 Their echo surpasses music's strain.

Though years have roll'd by, dear Mary! since we  
 Have look'd on each other's face,  
 Yet thy memory is fondly cherish'd by me,  
 For my heart is its dwelling-place ;  
 And, if on this earth we should meet no more,  
 It must linger there still, until life is o'er.

The traveller who journeys the live-long day  
 Through some enchanting vale,—  
 Should he, when the mists of evening are grey,  
 Some neighb'ring mountain scale,—  
 O! will he not stop, and look back to review  
 The delightful retreats he has wander'd through?

So I, who have toil'd up life's steep hill  
 Some steps,—since we parted last,  
 Often pensively pause, and look eagerly still  
 On the few bright spots I have pass'd :—  
 And some of the brightest, dear Mary! to me,  
 Were the lovely ones I enjoy'd with thee.

I know not how soon dark clouds may shade  
 The valley of years gone by ;  
 Or how quickly its happiest haunts may fade  
 In the mists of an evening sky ;—  
 But—'till quench'd is the lustre of life's setting sun,  
 I shall look back, at times, as I now have done !—

B. BARTON.

## SONNET.

'Tis not the sun with all his heavenly light,—  
 Nor morning, when its glory first appears,—  
 Nor yet the silent, sparkling orbs of night,—  
 Nor change of place,—nor Time's revolving years,—  
 Nor mighty river,—nor the murmuring stream,  
 Nor flowers that bloom upon its verdant sides,  
 Nor yet when in it plays the moon's pale beam,  
 Nor evening's breath that calmly o'er it glides ;—  
 Nor dew-besprinkled grass, that glistens in the ray  
 Of morn—but flies the rapid strides of day ;—  
 Nor tender trees though sweetly blossoming,—  
 Nor birds' soft notes ;—No! nor returning Spring,  
 Though dress'd in all its charms, can give relief  
 To the sad heart, where dwells deep-rooted grief.

April, 1820.

M. M.

## EMILY,

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

Persons..... { Lord Mowbray.  
 Amelia, his daughter.  
 Maurice, Amelia's husband.  
 William, a Boy of six years old, the son of Maurice  
 and Amelia.

Scene, the inside of a Cottage.

*Amelia at work singing, Maurice enters during her Song.*

The red rose is queen of the garden bower  
 That glows in the sun at noon ;  
 And the lady lily 's the fairest flower  
 Whose white bells swing in the breeze of June ;  
 But they, who come 'mid frost and flood,  
 Peeping from hedge or root of tree,  
 The primrose and the violet bud,  
 They are the dearest flowers to me.

The nightingale's is the sweetest song  
 That ever the rose has heard ;  
 And when the lark chaunts yon clouds among  
 The lily looks up to the heavenly bird ;  
 But the robin with his eye of jet,  
 Who pipes from the bare boughs merrily  
 To the primrose pale and the violet,  
 He is the dearest bird to me.

*Am.* Ah, art thou there? I thought I was alone.  
 Hast thou been long returned?

*Mau.* Even now.

*Am.* I'm glad ;

For I would feel thy presence,—as I used  
 When I, a conscious girl, if thou didst come  
 Behind my chair, knew thee without the aid  
 Of eye or ear. A wife's love is as strong ;  
 Her sense should be as quick.

*Mau.* But maiden love  
 Is mix'd with shame, and doubt, and consciousness,  
 Which have a thousand eyes, a thousand ears.  
 Amelia, thou art pale. Nay, if thou smilest  
 Thou wilt be pale no longer: thy sick smile  
 Is fitly wedded to a varying blush,  
 That flutters tremulously in thy fair cheek  
 Like shivering wings of new caught butterflies.  
 Ah, there it is!

*Am.* Flatterer!

*Mau.* But thou wast pale,  
 Stooping so long o'er that embroidery,  
 That irksome toil. Go forth into the air.

*Am.* Not yet; there still is light enough to work,  
 I have one flower to finish. Then I'll fly  
 To the sweet joys of busy idleness,  
 To our sweet garden; I am wanted there,  
 So William says; the freshening showers to-day  
 Have scattered my carnations; I must raise  
 Their clear and odorous beauties from the dark  
 Defiling earth.

*Mau.* That task is done.

*Am.* By thee,  
 After thy hard day's toil? Oh what a fond



And foolish lover-husband I have got !  
Art thou not weary ?

*Mau.* Only just enough  
To feel the comfort, sweetest, of repose,  
Of such repose as this, here at thy feet  
Extended, and my head against thy knee.

*Am.* Even as that sweet and melancholy prince,  
Hamlet the Dane, lay at Ophelia's feet  
His lady-love. Wast thou not thinking so ?

*Mau.* I was.

*Am.* And I was likening thee to one—  
Dost thou remember—'tis the prettiest moment  
Of that most marvellous and truest book—  
When her so dear Sir Charles at Harriot's feet  
Lay turning up his bright face smilingly ;—  
Dost thou remember ?

*Mau.* Banterer ! Where is William ?

*Am.* That is a secret. Do not question me,  
Or I shall tell. He will be shortly back.

[Sings.]

But they who come 'mid frost and flood,  
Peeping from hedge or root of tree,  
The primrose and the violet bud,  
They are the dearest flowers to me.

*Mau.* How much thou lov'st that song !

*Am.* He loves it so,

Our William : If far off within the wood  
He do but catch one clear and singing note  
Of that wild cheerful strain, he scuds along  
With his small pretty feet, like the young brood  
Of the hen-partridge to her evening call.

*Mau.* Well, but where is he ?

*Am.* Guess.

*Mau.* Nay, tell me, love.

*Am.* To-day at noon, returning from the farm,  
Where on some trifling errand I had sent him,  
He left the path in chase of that bright insect  
The burnished dragon-fly, with net-work wings  
So beautiful. His shining guide flew on,  
Tracing the channel of the rippling spring  
Up to its very source : there William lost him ;  
But looking round upon that fairy scene  
Of tangled wood and bubbling waters clear,  
He found a fairy carpet ; strawberries  
Spread all about, in a rich tapestry  
Of leaves and blushing fruit, and he is gone  
With his own basket that his father made him,  
His own dear father, to bring home his prize  
To that dear father.

*Mau.* Prythee, love, say on.  
This is a tale which I could listen to  
The live-long day.

*Am.* And will it not be sweet  
To see that lovely boy, blushing all over,  
His fair brow reddening, and his smiling eyes  
Filling with tears, his scarlet lips far ruddier  
Than the red berries, stammering and forgetting  
The little pretty speech that he has conn'd  
But speaking in warm kisses ? Will it not

Be sweet to see my precious William give  
 The very first thing he can call his own  
 To him who gives him all? My dearest husband,  
 Betray me not;—pretend an ignorance,  
 And wonder why that cream and bread stand there,  
 And why that china bowl. Thy precious boy!  
*Mau.* Thy precious boy! Amelia, that child's heart  
 Is like thee as his face.

*Am.* Liker to thee  
 Are both. Our blessing! What a world of love  
 Dwells in that little heart!

*Mau.* Too much! too much!  
 He is too sensitive. I would he had  
 An airy playmate full of mirth and jests.

*Am.* Nature's his playmate; leaves and flowers and birds  
 And the young innocent lambs are his companions;  
 He needs no other. In his solitude  
 He is as happy as the glittering beetle  
 That lives in the white rose. My precious boy!

*Mau.* What are these? Tears! My own Amelia,  
 Weep'st thou for happiness? What means this rain  
 That falls without a cloud. Fy! I must chide thee?

*Am.* Yes, you are right. Useless—not causeless—tears!  
 They will have way.—Forgive me, dearest husband!  
 This is our wedding-eve. Seven years ago  
 I stole, a guilty wanderer, from my home,—  
 My old paternal home!—and with the gush  
 Of motherly love another thought rushed in—  
 My father!

*Mau.* My Amelia!

*Am.* Seven years  
 Have past since last I saw him;—and that last!  
 The pangs of death were in my heart, when I  
 Approach'd to say good night. He had been harsh  
 All day, had press'd Lord Vernon's odious love,  
 Had taunted at thy poverty—my Maurice!  
 But suddenly, when I all vainly tried  
 To falter out good night, in his old tone  
 Of fond familiar love, and with the name  
 Which from his lips seem'd a caress, he said,  
 God bless you Emily! That blessing pierced  
 My very soul. Oft in the dead of night  
 I seem to hear it. Would he bless me now?  
 Oh, no! no! no!

*Mau.* My own beloved wife,  
 Think not too deeply—there will come a time—

*Am.* Oh Maurice! All the grandeur that she left—  
 The splendid vanities, ne'er cost thy wife  
 A sigh, contented in her poverty,  
 Happy in virtuous love. But that kind voice—  
 That tender blessing—that accustomed name  
 Of fondness!—Oh! they haunt my very dreams:  
 They crowd upon my waking thoughts; then most  
 When some sweet kindness of my lovely boy,  
 Some sign of glorious promise, tells my heart  
 How little I deserve—

*Mau.* My Emily!

*Am.* No, not from thee, not even from thee, that name;—  
 'Tis sacred to those dear and honour'd lips  
 Which ne'er will breathe it more.—I am ungrateful  
 Thus to repine, whilst thou and our dear boy—



Where can he now be loitering ! These dark clouds  
Portend a storm.

*Mau.* Already the large drops  
Come pattering on the vine leaves. I will seek—

*Enter William.*

*Am.* He's here. My William, wherefore didst thou stay  
So long?—And where's the basket?

*Wil.* Kiss me first.

*Am.* Now, where's the basket?

*Wil.* I had fill'd it half,  
When a strange gentleman came through the wood  
And sat down by me.

*Am.* Did he eat the strawberries?

*Wil.* Dear mother, no. He talked to me, and then  
I could not gather them.

*Am.* What said he, dearest?

*Wil.* He ask'd my name and your's, and where I lived,  
And kiss'd me.

*Am.* And what else?

*Wil.* Call'd me dear boy,  
Said that a storm was coming on, and ask'd  
If I would go with him.

*Mau.* Ha ! what said'st thou  
To that, my William?

*Wil.* No. But then I ask'd him  
To come with me to my dear home. Look there !  
Do you not see that tall man in the porch—  
His head against the woodbine ? That is he.

*Am.* Dear Maurice, bring him in.

[*Exit Maurice.*

*Wil.* I am so sorry  
That it is grown so dark, you will not see  
What a sweet face he has ; only he's older—  
I think he's like you, mother ; and he kiss'd me  
As you do now, and cried.

*Am.* Oh, can it be !

*Re-enter Maurice with Lord Mowbray.*

*Lord M.* If I intrude—

*Am.* That voice ! O father ! father !  
Pardon ! Oh, pardon !

*Lord M.* Madam !—

*Am.* I'm your daughter—  
Call me so, father ! For these seven years  
I have not seen your face. Disown me not—  
Call me your daughter ! Once from your dear lips  
Let me hear that dear sound ! Call me your Emily,  
And bless my dear, dear child ! For such a blessing  
I'd be content to die. William, kneel here ;  
Hold up your innocent hands.

*Lord M.* Rise, Madam, rise.

*Am.* Oh, call me once your daughter, only once,  
To still my longing heart ! My William, pray  
For your poor mother.

*Wil.* Oh, forgive us, Sir,  
Pray, pray forgive us !

*Lord M.* Madam, I have sought  
A half-hour's shelter here from this wild storm ;  
And as your guest—I pray you to forbear

These harrowing words. I am but lately risen  
From a sick bed.

*Mau.* My wife, compose thyself ;  
Retire awhile.

[*Exit Amelia.*]

Please you to sit, my lord.

*Lord M.* I thank you, Sir.—You have a pleasant cottage  
Prettily garlanded with rose and woodbine,  
And the more useful vine. Has it been long  
Your home ?

*Mau.* Five years.

*Lord M.* And you have left the army ?

*Mau.* Yes, since the peace. I could not bear to drag  
My sweet Amelia through the homeless wanderings  
Of a poor soldier's life. This is a nest,  
However lowly, warm, and full of love  
As her own heart. Here we have been most happy.

[*Re-enter Amelia, with a light and a basket.*]

*Mau.* [*meeting her.*] Thou tremblest still.

*Am.* I could not stay away.

It is such joyful pain to look upon him ;  
To hear his voice ;—I could not stay away.  
William, there is thy basket. Offer it.

*Lord M.* No ; my dear boy.

*Am.* Now blessings on his head.

For that kind word !

*Lord M.* Surely she was not always  
So thin and pale !—Your husband says, Amelia,  
That you are happy.

*Am.* I have only known

One sorrow.

*Lord M.* Ye are poor.

*Am.* Not that ! not that !

*Lord M.* You have implored my blessing on your son ;—  
I bless him.

*Am.* On my knees I offer up  
My thanks to Heaven and thee. A double blessing  
Was that, my father ! on my heart it fell  
Like balm.

*Lord M.* I will do more. Give me that boy,  
And he shall be my heir. Give me that boy.

*Am.* My boy ! give up my boy !

*Lord M.* Why he must be  
A burthen. Ye are poor.

*Am.* A burthen ! William !

My own dear William !

*Lord M.* Miserably poor

Ye are : deny it not.

*Mau.* We earn our bread  
By honest labour.

*Am.* And to work for him—  
Is such a joy ! My William, tremble not !  
Weep not, my William ! Thou shalt stay with me ;  
Here on my lap, here on my bosom, William !

*Lord M.* Why thou may'st have another child, and then—

*Am.* Oh ! never one like this—this dearest child  
Of love and sorrow ! Till this boy was born  
Wretchedly poor we were ; sick, heart-sick, desolate,  
Desponding ; but he came, a living sun-beam !  
And light and warmth seem'd darting through my breast



With his first smile. Then hope and comfort came,  
And poverty, with her inventive arts,  
A friend, and love, pure, firm, enduring love ;  
And ever since we have been poor and happy ;  
Poor ! no, we have been rich ! my precious child !

*Lord M.* Bethink thee for that child, Amelia,  
What fortunes thou dost spurn. His father's love  
Perhaps is wiser.

*Am.* Maurice, say.

*Mau.* My Lord,  
'Tis every whit as fond. You have my thanks.  
But in a lowly station he may be  
Virtuous and happy.

*Wil.* Mother, let me stay,  
And I will be so good.

*Am.* My darling, yes ;  
Thou shalt not leave me, not for the wide world.

*Lord M.* Thou need'st not hug him so against thy bosom ;  
I am no ruffian, from a mother's breast  
To pluck her child.—Amelia, as his arms  
Wind round thy neck, so thou a thousand times  
Hast clung to mine ;—as on his rosy cheeks  
Thy lips are sealed, so mine a thousand times  
Have prest thy face, with such a love, Amelia,  
As thou dost feel for him.

*Am.* O father ! father !

*Lord M.* Thou wert a motherless babe, and I to thee  
Supplied both parents. Many a night have I  
Hung over thy sick bed, and pray'd for thee  
As thou dost pray for him. And thou, Amelia,  
Did'st love me then.

*Am.* Did love ! Oh never, never,  
Can such love pass away ! 'Tis twined with life.

*Lord M.* Then after eighteen years of tender care,  
Fond hopes and fonder fears, didst thou not fly  
From me, thy father, with a light gay youth,  
A love of yesterday ? Did'st thou not leave me  
To die of a broken heart ? Amelia, speak !  
Did'st thou not ?

*Am.* Father ! this is worse than death.

*Lord M.* Did'st thou not ? Speak.

*Am.* I did. Alas ! I did.

*Lord M.* Oh miserably have my days crept on  
Since thou did'st leave me ! Very desolate  
Is that proud, splendid home ! no cheerful meals ;  
No evening music ; and no morning rides  
Of charity or pleasure. Thy trim walks  
Are overgrown ; and the gay pretty room  
Which thou did'st love so well, is vacant now ;  
Vacant and desolate as my sick heart.  
Amelia, when thou saw'st me last, my hair  
Was brown as thine. Look on it now, Amelia.

*Mau.* My lord, this grief will kill her. See, she writhes  
Upon the floor.

*Lord M.* Poor heart ! I go still desolate ;  
I might have found a comfort had I had  
Something to live for still, something to love ;—  
If she who robb'd me of my child had given  
Her child instead—but all is over now—  
She would not trust her father !—All.—Farewell.

*Am.* [*Starting up.*] Take him, whilst I have life to bid thee,  
take him!

Nay, cling not to me, boy! Take, take him! Maurice?

*Wil.* I will not leave you, Mother.

*Am.*

Hush! hush! hush!

My heart is breaking, William.—Maurice, speak.

*Mau.* Dearest and best, be it as thou hast will'd.

I owed thee a great sacrifice, Amelia;—

And I shall still have thee.

*Lord M.*

Thou givest him then?

*Mau.* I do. But for his own sake, good, my lord,

Let not my son be taught to scorn the father

He never will forget, and let his mother

See him sometimes, or she will surely die.

*Am.* I shall die now. My William!

*Lord M.*

Emily!

*Am.*

Ha!

*Lord M.* My sweet Emily!

*Am.*

We are forgiven!

Maurice, we are forgiven!

*Lord M.*

My own dear child,

My children, bless ye all!—forgive this trial,

We'll never part again.

## ETCHINGS OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEN.

### No. I.

#### THE HUMOROUS MAN.

You shall know the man I speak of by the vivacity of his eye, the "morn-elastic" tread of his foot, the lightness of his brow, and the dawning smile of pleasantry in his countenance. The muscles of his mouth curl upwards, like a Spaniard's mustachios, unlike Grief's, whose mouth has a "downward drag austere." He is a man who cares for nothing so much as a "mirth-moving jest;" give him that, and he has "food and raiment." He will not see what men have to cark and care for, beyond to-day; he is for To-morrow's providing for himself. He is for a new reading of Ben Jonson's old play of "*Every Man in his Humour*," he would have it "*Every Man in Humour*." He leaves money and misery, to misers; ambition and blood, to great warriors and low highwaymen; fame, to court-laureates and lord-mayors; honours, to court-pandars and city knights; the dread of death, to such as are not worthy of life; the dread of heaven, to those who are not good enough even for earth; the grave, to parish-clerks and undertakers; tombs,

to proud worms; and palaces to paupers.

It is enough for him if he may laugh the "hours away;" and break a jest, where tempers more *humorous* break a head. He would not barter with you one wakeful jest for a hundred sleepy sermons; or one laugh for a thousand sighs. If he could allow himself to sigh about any thing, it would be that he had been serious when he might have laughed; if he could weep for any thing, it would be for mankind, because they will not laugh more and mourn less. Yet he hath tears for the pitiable, the afflicted, the orphan, and the unhappy; but his tears die where they are born,—in his heart; he makes no show of them; like April showers, they refresh where they fall, and turn to smiles, as all tears will, that are not selfish. His grief has a humanity in it, which is not satisfied with tears only; it teaches him

—— the disparity

'Tween poor and rich, and weal and want,  
and moves

His heart to ruth, his hands to charity.



He loveth no face more than a smiling one; a needlessly serious one serveth him for the whetting of his wit,—as cold flints strike out quick sparks of fire.

His humour shows itself to all things and on all occasions. I found him once bowing on the stairs to a poor alarmed devil of a rat, who was cringing up in a corner; he was politely offering him the retreat honourable, with an "After you, Sir, if you would honour me." I settled the point of etiquette, by kicking the rat down stairs, and received a frown from my humane friend, for my impatient inhumanity.

His opinions of men and things have some spice of singularity in them. He conceives it to be a kind of *puppyism* in pigs that they wear tails. He defines a great coat to be "a *Spenser*, folio edition, with *tail-pieces*." He calls Hercules a man-midwife, in a small way of business; because he had but twelve labours. He can tell you why Horace ran away from the battle of Philippi: it was to prove to the Romans that he was not a *lame* poet. He describes your critics to be a species of door-porters to the temple of fame; and says it is their business to see that no persons slip in with holes in their stockings, or paste buckles for diamond ones; not that they always perform this duty honestly. He calls the sun "the *yellow hair'd laddie*;" the prince of darkness, "the *Black Prince*;" or, when he displeases his sense of virtue, "*Monsieur De Vil*."\* He will ask you, "What is the distinctive difference between a *sigh-heaver* and a *coal-heaver*?" You cannot divine; he tells you, "a *coal-heaver* has a load at his back, which he can carry; a *sigh-heaver* has one at his heart, which he can not carry."

He asserts that the highest delight o' this side the grave, is to possess a pair of bagpipes, and to know that no one within forty miles can play them. Acting on this pleasure, he bought a pair of a Scotch bagpiper, and having pulled down the antlers of his ancestors triumphs, suspended them in their place, to the amazement and amusement of all beholders.

"What i' the name of all the saints but Saint Anthony, have you there over against the wall!" cries his first visitor. "Only an instrument of torture, brought from the Spanish inquisition, by a celebrated traveller: it is used where the rack fails, and it always answers," was his reply. A second questioned him, and it was a surgical instrument, resorted to but in extreme cases of stranguary; and then he quoted a celebrated opinion of one Doctor Shylock, something about a certain affection, felt by musical susceptibles, on hearing a bagpipe "sing i' the nose." A third questioner was answered, "It is an instrument of war, used by the highlanders, which, played in the rear of their clans, screws them up to such a desperate determination of getting their lugs out of the hearing of it, that, rushing onward, they overturn every thing opposed to them,—men, horses, walls, towers, and forts." He professes a great respect for rats, because he has been told that if a bagpipe is played where they haunt, they leave the place, either as a matter of taste or decency. He bought these pipes, as I have said before, of a poor Highlander, giving him five guineas for them; which, as he boasts, sent him home like a gentleman to Scotland, where he bought a landed estate, and is in a probable way of coming into parliament for a Scotch borough. And here he somewhat varied the old proverb, by saying, that "It was an ill bagpipe that blowed nobody good." Indeed, if he quotes a proverb at all, it is "with a difference;" such as "Cobler, stick to your wax,"—a thing more practicable than sticking to his *last*, as the olden proverb adviseth. He will say "What is bred in the bone will not come out *with the skewer*,"—which, to those epicurean persons who have the magpie propensity of prying into marrow-bones, must simplify the proverb to their fat-headed comprehensions. Some one used that very trite old proverb in his hearing, of *necessity having no laws*; upon which, wilfully misunderstanding it, he remarked, "I am very sorry for it: it is surely a pity, considering

\* I suspect that there is an English antipathy to Frenchmen, in his selection of the appellative "*Monsieur*."

the number of 'learned clerks' she might give employ to, if she had. Her chancellor would have no sinecure of it, I trow; hearing the petitions of her poor, broken-fortuned, and bankrupt subjects, would take up all his terms, though every term were a year, and every year a term." Thus he unites humour with seriousness, and seriousness with humour.

He is a polite man, though a wit; which is not what wits usually are; they would rather lose a life than a joke. I have heard him express his detestation of those wits who sport with venomous weapons, and wish them the fate of Laertes, who, in his encounter with Hamlet, got his weapon changed, and was himself wounded with the poisoned foil he had designed for his antagonist. I mean by saying he is a polite man, that he is naturally, not artificially, polite; for the one is but a handsome, frank-looking mask, under which you conceal the contempt you feel for the person you seem most diligent to please; it is a gilt-edged envelope to a blank valentine; a shell without a nut; a courtesan in a fair Quaker's chaste *satinity* and smooth sleekness; the arch devil in a domino:—the other is, as he describes it, taking the hat and cloak of your heart off, and standing uncovered and unconcealed in the presence of worth, beauty, or any one amiable quality.

In short, he is a humane man; and humanity is your only true politeness. I have seen him ridicule that politeness which contents itself with bowing and back-bending, very humorously. In walking through his garden, a tree or tall flower, touched by the passing wind, bowed its head towards him: his hat was off, and the bow was returned with an old school ceremoniousness and etiquette that would, perhaps, have cured Lord Chesterfield, that fine polisher of exteriors, of some of his hollow-nutted notions of manners. In this spirit, I saw him bow very profoundly to the giants, as he passed by St. Dunstan's church. He had asked his friend Hobbes or Dobbs (I know not which) what was the hour? Before Hobbes could reply, the giants had informed him: "Thank you, gentlemen," said he,

bowing to them with a graceful humour.

I have said he is a humane man. He once detected an unintimate cat picking his cold mutton, "on a day, alack the day!" for he was then too poor to spare it well. Some men would have thrown a poker at her; others would have squandered away a gentlemanly income of oaths, and then have sworn by private subscription; an absent man, had he been present, would perhaps have thrown his young son and heir, or his gold watch and seals, at her; another, perhaps, his wig;—he contented himself with saying, "I have two or three doubts, (which I shall put forth as much in the shape of a half-crown pamphlet as possible), as to the propriety of your conduct in eating my mutton;" and then he brushed her off with his handkerchief, supped on half a French roll and a gooseberry, and went happy to bed.

Some of his jokes have a practicality about them; but they neither have the quarter-staff jocoseness of Robin Hood, that brake heads let them be never so obtuse and profound; nor the striking effect of that flourishing sprig of the green Isle, that knocks down friend and foe with a partiality truly impartial.

He is no respecter of persons: the beggar may have a joke of him, (and something better), though they do not happen to apply exactly "between the hours of eleven and four." Those handmaids of Pomona, who vend her fruits about our streets, seem, by their voices, to be legitimate daughters of old Stentor; more especially shall I specify those damsels who sell *walnuts*. To one of these our humourist once addressed himself "to the effect following:"—"Pray, Mrs. Jones, will you crack me fifty walnuts with the same voice you cry them with?"

At dinner, there is purposely but one glass on the table; his lady apologizes for her seeming negligence;—"Time, my dear, hath no more than one glass; and yet he contrives to see all his guests under the table—kings, lord-mayors, and pot-boys."

If he lends you a book, for the humour of the thing, he will request you, as you love clean shoes on a



lord-mayor's day, to make no *thumb-and-butter* references in the margin; and will, moreover, ask you whether you have studied that modern "*art of book-keeping*," which has superseded the "*Italian method*," viz. of never returning the books you borrow?

He has a very ingenious mode of putting names and significations on what he calls the *brain-rack*, and dislocating their joints into words: thus tortured and broken into pieces, *Themistocles* loses his quality, but increases his quantity, and becomes the *Miss Tokeleys*; the *Cyclades*, by the same disorder, become *sick ladies*; a "*delectable enjoyment*" is a *deal-legged-table* pleasure; &c. &c. pun without end. These are what he denominates *punlings*.

For his puns, they fall as thick from him as leaves from autumn-bowers. Sometime since, he talked of petitioning for the office of *pun-purveyor* to his Majesty; but ere he had written "and your petitioner shall ever" *pun*, it was bestowed on the yeoman of the guard. He still, however, talks of opening business as "*pun-wright* in general to his Majesty's subjects," for the diffusion of that pleasant small ware of wit; and intends to advertise "*puns* wholesale, retail, and for exportation. N. B. 1.—A liberal allowance made to captains, and gentlemen going to the East or West Indies. Hooks, Peakes, and Pococks, supplied on moderate terms. Worn-out sentiments and clap-traps taken in exchange.—N. B. 2. May be had in a *large* quantity in a *great deal* box, price five acts of sterling comedy, per packet; or in small quantities in court-plaister-sized boxes, price one melodrama and an interlude, per box.—N. B. 3.—The genuine are sealed with a *Munden grin*; all others are counterfeits. *Long live Apollo!*" &c. &c.

His wit is what he describes the true wit to be: it is brilliant and playful as a fencing-foil; it is as pointed too, and yet it hurts not; it

is as quick at a parry, and as harmless at a thrust. But it were a vanity in me to attempt to pourtray my humourous friend, so that all who run may know him. His likeness cannot be taken: you might as well hope to paint the cameleon of yesterday by the cameleon of to-day; or ask it as a particular favour of a flash of lightning to sit for a whole-length portrait: or Proteus to stand while you chiselled out a personification of Immutability. He is ever-changing, and yet never changed. I cannot reflect back, by my dim mirror, the "*flashings and out-breakings of his fiery mind*," when he is in what he terms "*excellent fooling*" (but it is, to my thinking, true wisdom); sparkle follows sparkle, as spark followed spark from the well-bethumped anvil of patten-footed Vulcan. I give up the attempt.

This is the humorous, and therefore happy, man. Dost envy him, thou with the rugged brow, and pale, dejected cheek? When Fortune frowns at thee, do thou laugh at her: it is like laughing at the threatenings of a bully,—it makes her think less of her power over thee. Wouldst thou be such a man, one-hearted Selfishness, who hast no sympathy with the suffering, no smile with the happy? Feel less for thyself, and more for others, and the happiness of others shall make thee happy.

As he has walked up the hill of life with an equal pace, and without any breathless impatience for, or fear at, the prospect beyond, and the journey has been gentle and serene, so, I have no doubt, will be the end of it. Wishing him, and all who contribute to the happiness of their fellow-men, either by good humour, or goodness of any kind, the same silent conclusion to a noiseless life, I shake his and their hands; and, while the journey lasts, may they have May for their weather, and as many flowers for the roadside as Flora can afford to those who will stoop for them: and inns of plenteousness and joy, at which to sojourn, &c. &c.

C. W.



## MAJOR SCHILL.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT JOURNAL.

IN the year 1813 I made a tour of a considerable portion of the north of Germany. From the Elbe to the Isle of Rugen my route lay through the country which had been the principal scene of the celebrated Schill's operations. The peasantry were full of the recollection, and when they were not afraid of finding a spy, or smarting under a recent visit from the French, they were boundless in their histories of the miraculous achievements of "the Brandenburg Hussar."—Those narratives had gradually grown romantic, little as romance was to be expected from a boor on the edge of the Baltic. But the valour and eccentricity of Schill's attempt, his bold progress, and his death in the midst of fire and steel, would have made a subject for the exaggerations and melancholy of romance in any age.

A thousand years ago a German bard would have seen his spirit drinking in the halls of Odin, out of a Gaelish skull, and listening to the harps of the blue-eyed maids of Valhalla, bending around him with their sweet voices, and their golden hair. Arminius might have been no more than such a daring vindicator of his country; and, but for his narrower means, and more sudden extinction, Schill might have earned from some future Tacitus the fine and touching panegyric, "*Liberator haud dubie Germaniæ, et qui non primordia populi Romani, sicut alii reges ducesque, sed florentissimum imperium lacerasset; præliis ambiguus, bello non victus, septem et triginta annos vitæ explevit. Canitur adhuc barbaras apud gentes, Græcorum annalibus ignotas, qui sua tantum mirantur, Romanis haud perinde celebris, dum vetera extollimus, recentium incuriosi.*" Schill was thirty-six, but a year younger than Arminius at his death. The rude prints and plaster images at the German fairs, gave him a vigorous figure, and a bold physiognomy. He was active in his exercises, superior to fatigue, and of acknowledged intrepidity; fond of adventure in the spirit of his corps, and his natural enthusiasm

deepened and magnified by some intercourse with the *Secret Societies* of Germany, which, with much mysticism, and solemn affectation of knowledge, certainly inculcated resistance to the tyrant of Europe, as among the first of duties.

He was said to be more distinguishable for bravery than for military knowledge or talent. But the man who could elude or overpower all opposition in the heart of an enemy's conquest for months together, must have had talent as well as heroism. Schill's first operation was to pass over the Elbe, and try the state of the public mind in the country round Magdeburgh.

It is still difficult to ascertain, whether his enterprize had a higher authority. The situation of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, in 1806, was one of the most deplorable suffering. The loss of independence, the loss of territory, the plunder of the public property, and the ruin of the Prussian name in Europe were felt like mortal wounds. But the personal insolence of the French, who have always lost by their insolence what they had gained by their rapine, struck deeper into the national mind. The innumerable private injuries to honour and feeling, the gross language, and the malignant tyranny of the French military, inflamed the people's blood into a fever of impatience and revenge. I have often expressed my surprise, on hearing those stories of French atrocity, that no German had taken up the pen to transmit them as a record and a warning to posterity. One evening, standing on the banks of the Elbe, and overlooking the fine quiet landscape of the islands towards Haaburg, I remember to have made the observation, after hearing a long detail of the sufferings of the peasantry, whose white cottages studded the scene at my feet. "My dear sir," said an old German officer, "My countrymen are like that river; their whole course has been through sandbanks and shallows, but they make their way to the end at last." Then, indulging

his metaphor, and waving his hand as if to follow the windings of the stream, "I am not sure but that this very habit of reluctance to unnecessary exertion, may have allowed them to collect comforts by the way, which neither Englishman nor Frenchman would have been calm enough to gather. If that river had been a torrent, should we now be looking on those islands?" There may be some experience in the old soldier's answer, but if Germany is slow to give a history of her misfortunes, she ought not to leave her heroes in oblivion. Schill deserves a better memoir than a stranger can give.

In this fermentation of the public mind, the North of Germany was suddenly denuded of troops to form a part of the grand imperial army, marching against Austria. Slight garrisons were placed in the principal towns, and the general possession of the open country was chiefly left to the gendarmerie. Schill, then major of one of the most distinguished regiments in the service, the Brandenburg hussars, one morning suddenly turned his horse's head towards the gate of Berlin, on the dismissal of the parade, gave a shout for "King and Country," and at the head of this regiment burst from the Glacis. Though the whole garrison of Berlin, French and Prussian, were on the parade, there was no attempt to intercept this bold manœuvre. They were thunderstruck, and by the time that orders were determined on, Schill was leagues off, galloping free over the sands of Prussia. The officers of his corps were among the best families of Brandenburg, and some fine young men of rank joined him immediately. It is uncertain, to this hour, whether he was not secretly urged by his court to make the experiment on the probabilities of insurrection. But Napoleon was too near to allow of open encouragement, and at the demand of De Marsan, the French ambassador, who was, as Trinculo says, "Viceroy over the King," Schill was proclaimed an enemy to the state.

His first attempt was the surprize of Magdeburgh, the principal fortress of the new kingdom of Westphalia, and famous to English ears for the imprisonment of Trenck. He ad-

vanced to the gates, and after sustaining a vigorous skirmish with the garrison, in which the French were on the point of being cut off from the town, was forced to abandon an enterprize, which was probably undertaken merely as a more open mode of declaring, that "war in province" was levied against the oppressors of the population. He then plunged into Westphalia. His plans in this country have been often canvassed; for the Germans are, in a vast proportion to the English, military disputants; and the names of their highest soldiers, from Frederic down to Blucher and Bulow, are discussed without mercy and without end. Schill shares the common fate, and all the armies of Germany would not have been enough to fill up the outline of the campaign, which I have heard sketched for him round the fire of a table d'hôte in the north. According to those tacticians he should have marched direct upon Cassel, and made himself master of Jerome Buonaparte. He should have charged up to the gates of Berlin, and delivered the country. He should have attacked the rear of the grand army, and given time for the arrival of the Arch-duke. He should have made an irruption into the French territory in its unguarded state, and compelled Napoleon to consult the safety of Paris. To all this the natural answer was, that Schill had but from four to six hundred hussars, and a few infantry, deserters from the line. With those he remained for nearly three months master of the communications of Westphalia, continually intercepting officers, functionaries, and couriers, and either eluding or beating every detachment sent to break up his flying camp. In one of his expeditions he took Marshal Victor with his suite and despatches, on his way to join the army before Vienna. But it affords an extraordinary evidence of the apathy, or the terror of Germany, that, during this period of excitement, his recruits never amounted to two hundred men. It, however, grew obviously perilous to leave this daring partizan free to raise the spirit of the country, and a considerable force was despatched against him. A corps from Cassel



moved in direct pursuit, while another, composed of Dutch and Danes, turned towards his rear. It was now time to fly. The experiment on Westphalia was completed; and an escape into Sweden was the only course of safety. Schill has been blamed for lingering on this retreat. But a gentler estimate, and probably a truer one, would have attributed his tardiness to the natural reluctance of a brave man to leave the ground while there is a chance of disputing it. Every hour was full of change; a battle on the Danube might alter the whole fortunes of Germany within an hour, and Prussia would have been the first to raise the standard. But Schill suffered no advantage to be taken of his delay. His marches were regular, he fixed his head-quarters for ten or twelve days at Domitz, a small town on the Mecklinburgh side, which he fortified so far as to be secure from a surprise. He abandoned it only on the approach of the enemy, to whom he left nothing but his sick,—advanced to Stralsund, the strongest fortress in Pomerania, dismantled by the French, but still in their possession, and capable of defence against an ordinary hazard; stormed the gates; drove the French before his cavalry into the great square; and was in possession of the town after a brisk engagement of less than an hour. On the road to Stralsund I was shown the remains of a field fortification where a French detachment had attempted to stop the hussars. It was a rude work, a parapet of earth and a trench filled with water. The gates and guns had probably fallen into the hands of the peasantry. Schill, on proposing a capitulation to those men, had been fired on. He immediately charged at the head of his regiment, leaped the trench, and got into the fortification on horseback. All the French were killed or taken.

Pomerania (in German, Pommern) is one vast flat, which probably was once at the bottom of the Baltic. It is fertile, and was, when I passed through it, covered with a carpet of springing corn. But on my approach to the sea the prospect on the side of the Island of Rugen became diversified. The sea between the island and the main land looked

like a broad river, tranquil and glassy, with a low rich border of vegetation, leading the eye across to the woods and picturesque rocks that crown the shore of Rugen. The country was thinly peopled, but those were times of the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." The Swedish army, under the Crown Prince, going to fight his countrymen, were now moving down from Sweden. A strong corps had just landed at Stralsund, where the head-quarters were now established. As I approached Stralsund from a bend of the shore, I at once saw the dome of the great church and heard the sound of a trumpet, as if to announce its appearance. Then, military sights and sounds followed in quick succession; a squadron of Swedish gun-boats were lying off the shore, with the yellow cross brightening in the sunset. Chaloques and rafts were passing with troops and stores. A line of huge pontoon waggons stood on the shore of Rugen like the bastions of a fortress; the flags of all nations in the harbour were displayed in honour of the presence of royalty; and on driving round to the glacis, I was dazzled by the glare of a whole host of musquets and sabres flashing in a lovely setting-sun, at the close of a review before the Duke of Brunswick, then on his way to the camp of the allies.

But the military spirit of my reception was not yet complete. At the gate I found the Burgher guard of the town returning from their evening parade; and was led to my hotel in the midst of a gallant dissonance of clashing cymbals, drums, trumpets, and restive horses caroling and curvetting under the uneasy heroism of all the chief warriors of the corporation of Stralsund.

Schill had found the principal works destroyed, but yet not to be gained without fighting, and it was not till after a sharp contest that he forced his way over the ramparts.

On his march he had baffled the Dutch general, Gratien, whose express commission was to extirpate him in the field. Schill out-maneuvred the general, and was master of Stralsund a week before he saw the face of a pursuer. There can be no doubt that he might, in



that interval, have made good his retreat into Sweden. But the reluctance to leave Germany was strong upon him at all times. In addition to this, he was now master of a city; the sea was at his back; the state of Germany was hourly fluctuating; and his position still served as a rallying point, if the old genius of Prussia was at length to shake the ashes from her head. Such might have been among the motives for this apparent imprudence in a man who had hitherto taken his measures with equal conduct and intrepidity. In this period of inaction he appears to have lost his habitual temper, and, like Richard before Bosworth, to have given an ill omen by his melancholy. He was said to have indulged in drinking, and to exhibit altogether the aspect of a man expecting ruin. But in his dejection he omitted none of the usual arrangements for defence. He set the peasants at work upon the approaches to the town, collected ammunition, planted a battery to command the principal entrance, I believe, borrowing the guns from the merchant ships, and seems to have neglected nothing but the means of retreat.

Stralsund is a city of much interest for its share in the "thirty years war;" and Wallenstein, the wonder of arms in his day, brought some disgrace on the standard of his imperial master, by his repulse before the walls. Its position renders it the key of Pomerania, on the side of Sweden, and the Crown Prince was now busy in repairing its fortifications to cover his retreat, if the campaign should turn in favour of Napoleon. It has a tolerable commerce, and some of its buildings exhibit the old ponderous magnificence of the time when German traders made head against princes. The principal streets are wide, and the square in the centre, which serves, as in all the German towns, for all imaginable public purposes,—a mart, a parade, and a place of justice,—has the picturesque look of English architecture in the days of Elizabeth. It was in this spot that Schill drew up his reserve on the morning of the attack. Among the accounts of the fight, to be received from persons who, during the day, were hiding

in their cellars from the shots that still had left many a fracture on the front of the buildings, exactness was not to be expected. But the battle seems to have begun about mid-day, and to have continued with desperate determination till three or four in the afternoon. The Dutch division advanced to the great gate, and were repeatedly driven back. Gratien, however, was responsible to a master who never forgave, and the assault was continued under the fire of Schill's only battery. The Danes were embarked in some gun-boats, and landed on the unprotected side of the town. It was said that their red uniforms deceived the Prussians, and that they were looked on as British troops coming to their assistance. This attack took Schill in flank, and his purpose, from this time, was obviously to sell his life as dearly as he could. His corps were gradually forced from the square, down a narrow street leading to the sea-gate, which I often trod with the sentiments not unnatural to the spot where a hero and a patriot fell. The struggle here was long and bloody, from the narrow front which the enemy were compelled to observe. The Prussians were finally pushed through the gate, and the engagement ceased without their surrender. Gratien's loss was supposed to exceed two thousand in killed and wounded. A striking instance of the gallantry of his opponents, whose force did not equal half the number. Of Schill nothing had been known for some time before the close of the battle. He had exposed himself with conspicuous bravery during the day, and had been twice wounded. About an hour after the square was taken, he was seen standing on the steps of a house in the narrow street, with the blood streaming down his face, and cheering the troops with his sabre waving. In the confusion of the next charge he disappeared. In the evening he was found under a heap of dead near the steps, with two musquet wounds on his body, and a sabre cut on his forehead. The remnant of his band of heroes, chiefly cavalry, had retreated to a neighbouring field, and were there found exhausted and unable to move farther. An adjutant of General Gratien, sent out to propose their sur-

render, was answered that they had determined not to receive quarter. Some messages followed between them and the general, but they refused to give up their swords while Schill lived. On their being told of his fall, they obtained leave to send two officers to see the body. The officers were brought to the hall where the corpse had been drawn from the slaughter: they recognised it at once, and at the sight burst into lamentations and tears. On their taking back this melancholy intelligence, the cavalry, then reduced to a small number, surrendered at discretion.

The further history of these brave men is almost still more melancholy. A generous enemy, or even any man with a human heart would have honoured their devoted gallantry.—But Napoleon ordered them for execution. They were taken to Wesel, and the only favour which they could obtain, was that of dying by each other's hands. Some had made their

escape on the way through Germany, but twenty-two, by one account, and twelve or fourteen by another, remained to glut the tyrant's appetite for murder. They were taken to a field on the glacis of Wesel, and there, standing in a line behind each other, each shot the comrade before him, the last shooting himself. Two sons of General Wedel, the Prussian, were among the victims. This was said to be the sole act of Napoleon; those young soldiers were subjects of Prussia, and amenable only to their own sovereign. It is next to impossible to avoid a feeling of indignation and abhorrence at the nature which could have thus rioted in gallant blood; and hoping that, sunk and punished as their enemy is at this hour, he may be destined to exhibit a still deeper example of justice to the world.\*

The following is the translation of a popular song, which I met in the original in Mecklenburg:—

SCHILL.

*Es zog aus Berlin ein muthiger Held.*

Who burst from Berlin with his lance in his hand?  
Who ride at his heel, like the rush of the wave?  
They are warriors of Prussia, the flower of the land,  
And 'tis Schill leads them on to renown, and the grave.

Six hundred they come, in pomp and in pride,  
Their chargers are fleet, and their bosoms are bold,  
And deep shall their lances in vengeance be dyed,  
Ere those chargers shall halt, or those bosoms be cold.

Then, through wood and through mountain, their trumpet rang  
clear,

And Prussia's old banner was waved to the sun,  
And the yager in green, and the blue musketeer,  
By thousands they rose, at the bidding of one.

What summon'd this spirit of grandeur from gloom?  
Was he call'd from the camp, was he sent from the throne?  
'Twas the voice of his country—it came from his tomb,  
And it rises to bless his name, now that he's gone.

Remember him Dodendorf: yet on thy plain  
Are the bones of the Frenchmen, that fell by his blade;—  
At sunset they saw the first flash of his vane,  
By twilight, three thousand were still as its shade.

Then, Domitz, thy ramparts in crimson were dyed,  
No longer a hold for the tyrant and slave.  
Then to Pommern he rush'd, like a bark on the tide,  
The tide has swept on to renown and the grave.

\* We would not make any change willingly in any communication from so valued a correspondent as the author before us. But he is a classical man, and we would simply ask him whether—"Parcere victis, debellare superbis," is not a precept as heroic as it is classical.—ED.



Fly slaves of Napoleon, for vengeance is come ;  
Now plunge in the earth, now escape on the wind ;  
With the heart of the vulture, now borrow its plume,  
For Schill and his riders are thundering behind.

All gallant and gay they came in at the gate,  
That gate that old Wallenstein proudly withstood,  
Once frowning and crown'd, like a King in his state,  
Though now its dark fragments but shadow the flood.

Then up flash'd the sabre, the lance was couch'd low,  
And the trench and the street were a field and a grave ;  
For the sorrows of Prussia gave weight to the blow,  
And the sabre was weak in the hand of the slave.

Oh Schill ! Oh Schill ! thou warrior of fame !  
In the field, in the field, spur thy charger again ;  
Why bury in ramparts and fosses the flame  
That should burn upon mountain, and sweep over plain !

Stralsund was his tomb ; thou city of woe !  
His banner no more on thy ramparts shall wave ;  
The bullet was sent, and the warrior lies low,  
And cowards may trample the dust of the brave.

Then burst into triumph the Frenchman's base soul,  
As they came round his body with scoff and with cry,  
" Let his limbs toss to heaven on the gibbet and pole,  
In the throat of the raven and dog let him lie."

Thus they hurried him on, without trumpet or toll,  
No anthem, no pray'r echoed sad on the wind,  
No peal of the cannon, no drum's muffled roll,  
Told the love and the sorrow that linger'd behind.

They cut off his head—but your power is undone ;  
In glory he sleeps, till the trump on his ear  
In thunder shall summon him up to the throne ;  
And the tyrant and victim alike shall be there.

When the charge is begun, and the Prussian hussar  
Comes down like a tempest with steed and with steel,  
In the clash of the swords, he shall give thee a prayer,  
And his watchword of vengeance be " Schill, brave Schill !"

ΘΨ.

---

#### ON THE WRITINGS OF MR. MATURIN, AND MORE PARTICULARLY HIS "MELMOTH."

WE consider ourselves in some degree culpable for having so long deferred some notice of a writer who has, in its various departments, occupied such a space in contemporary literature as Mr. Maturin. However, the rapid succession of his productions in some degree diminishes our reproach, by rendering the present period as suitable as any other, for the consideration of his pretensions. It is now, we believe, some years since he appeared before the public, under the uninviting appellation of *Jasper Murphy*, a name in itself almost an insurmountable impediment to fashionable immortality. "Unbribed" too, it is to be feared, it "left Hibernia's land," for *Montorio* did but little, and the *Wild Irish Boy* and the *Milesian* still less. To this unpropitious baptism, however, their ill success is principally attributable ; for undoubtedly, the same wild genius, which has flashed a splendour around the muse of *Bertram*, flits occasionally amid the ruined abbeys and spectral creations of *Montorio*. It is impossible to read this last romance without being struck with the powerful capabilities of its author. Full of incident, striking, though incredible—fruitful in imagination, perverted,



but magnificent, it covers its extravagance and its paradox with a robe of eloquence sufficient to adorn, if not to hide, its manifold infirmities. In the language of Mr. Maturin, indeed, many of his errors find a species of redemption—it is clearly the phrase of an informed mind, often elevated, but seldom inflated—copious, and at times, perhaps, even redundant, but totally divested of meagreness and vulgarity. It is at once classical and natural, teeming with allusions which “smell of the lamp,” and with graces to be acquired only in good society—it is the diction of a man who has groped all day amid the dust of the learned, and shaken it off at night on the threshold of the drawing-room. His language, however, is almost the only symptom which he deigns to give of ever having either studied, or associated with, humanity. He glories in caverns—falls in love with goblins—becomes naturalized amid ruins, and revels in the grave. The Devil is a prodigious favourite with Mr. Maturin. He is a principal figure in all his performances; and his sable majesty must be uncompromising indeed, if he feels not compensated by the poem and the romance for the occasional and professional ill usage of the pulpit. It is, perhaps, not generally known, that, in the original outline of his popular tragedy, *Bertram*, who was, in the hands of Mr. Kean, the prince of misanthropes, was, in Mr. Maturin's conception, the “prince of darkness;” and, under the appellation of the *Black Knight*, plunged the whole dramatis personæ into the crater of *Vesuvius*! A noble poet, however, to whom the tragedy was entrusted, protested against any invasion of his monopoly; but old predilections are not easily eradicated, and the author is scarcely yet persuaded that the devil, to be consistent, must have damned his tragedy.

To be serious, however, we consider this as one of the author's most objectionable propensities. There are some subjects too sacred, and some too accursed, for familiarity. The name before which the world bends, and the name at which the world shudders, are not the legitimate topics of romance. Their interest is too awful for contact—their mystery

is too sublime for penetration—even the veil that shadows them is too intensely bright for human vision to gaze upon and live. Mr. Maturin, perhaps, imagines that, because his hand is consecrated he may touch the ark; but he should remember, that its possession was a trust, and its home was the temple. There exists throughout his writings a continual dalliance with other subjects of the same class, though of less solemn import. The novel writer has world enough without encroaching on these confines. The passions, dispositions, adventures, and varieties of man—the pleasures and perplexities of life—the countless modifications of human character—the vices, virtues, incidents, and phenomena of earth, leave no excuse for any intrusion on the topics of eternity—in our most solemn hours we are not serious enough to estimate them—in our gayest, we should never, for a moment even, forget them; but they are too real for romance, and too sacred for pastime. There is no sectarian rigidity in these remarks. We can enjoy, as much as any one, the ideal, but amusing, world of the novelist. “We also” have dreamed sweet dreams in the visionary bower, and wooed the “airy shape,” and wrapt our senses in the substanceless elysium. And this we have done, and hope to do again, without any fear that we are incurring punishment, or accumulating guilt. But far are we from ridiculing the scruple which dissents from us—we respect even the idle prejudice, if it be honest, and should consider ourselves guilty of little less than a crime, did we make faith, however fastidious, the subject of reproach. We are far from sanctioning the blasphemous amalgamation of religion and romance; and though we bow with delight before the spell of the enchanter, his fanciful creations would lose all their potency, if the wand which awoke them was torn from a pulpit, and the hand which waved it was that of an apostle. There are many in the world who carry this feeling farther, and object altogether to the interference of clergymen in these pursuits. They think it profanes the sanctity of the character, and consider any approach to the gay regions of fancy, or of fashion, as

forbidden by the more solemn avocations of their office. Perhaps, however, this objection is too rigid. If any relaxation is to be allowed to such men, and religion is not so "harsh and crabbed" as to deny it, we cannot conceive a relaxation, at once more innocent, and more elegant, than that which the blandishments of literature present to them. Nay more, we can fancy them, in such pursuits, seconding, and not unsuccessfully, the more sacred objects of their calling. There are thousands upon thousands whose eyes will become suffused, and whose hearts will be softened, by the moral interest of a play or a poem, whose ears would be closed with wax to the monotonous *memento mori* of an homily. Few men think the worse of Bishop Hoadley for having written a play, or of Mr. Home's moral character for the fine poetry of Douglas: the Christian must be much more ascetic than charitable who would visit the "Revenge" as a sin on Doctor Young, or postpone the decorated morality of the "Night Thoughts" to the orthodox drawl of many a "drum Ecclesiastic."

But to the performance of all such works, coming indeed from any one, but more especially from a minister of the gospel, we would annex the indispensable condition, not only of a moral effect, but that such effect should be produced by means the most unexceptionable. It is no excuse for a life of pleasure lusciously represented, and tricked out in all the brilliant colouring which genius can bestow on it, that its inevitable end is penitence and affliction—it is no apology for the painted display of adultery, or seduction, that its artificial tints should be finally washed away by the tears of the criminal—there are but too many minds from which the precept will fade, without carrying away with it the prurient introduction by which it was inculcated. Whether this ought to be so, is another question, but the constitution of human nature cannot, by us at least, be altered. Our difference with Mr. Maturin, in this respect, is two-fold. We object to him, that, in some instances, he is too much the divine—in others, not enough so—that, when he is not controverting, he is seducing—that he is alter-

nately the sectarian or the sensualist. The German school had taught us to endure much. The mixture of sentiment and crime—of nature and diabolism—of pathos and villany, all confounded together by the hand of genius, had also in some degree confounded our judgment and our passions, and made it difficult to condemn where there was so much to admire. When we beheld Mrs. Haller, and heard her provocation, and thought on her youth, and saw the bitter tears of her repentance, our hearts were too busy to let us dwell on her criminality. This was bad enough, but still there was some decorum in her guilt—all who mentioned, shuddered at it—it was the result of deep laid artifice and fraud; and even the victim in her very fall believed herself as much "sinned against, as sinning."—But it was reserved for Mr. Maturin to introduce adultery almost before the curtain—an adultery committed in the face of a providential interference for the preservation of the criminal—an adultery deduced not more from the incitement of sexual passion than from the deadly and revolting instigation of revenge; agreed upon by the parties, in the hearing of the audience; and afterwards not detected, or discovered, but shamelessly proclaimed by the adulteress herself, telling all mankind that she had been true to her appointment—that

They met in madness, and in guilt they parted.

There can be no palliation or apology for this. The beauty of the language, the splendour of the imagery, the strength of the descriptions, only serve to aggravate it. The flowers, beneath which such turpitude is sought to be concealed, are worse than the dead-sea fruits which tempt and fall to ashes—they survive and poison. This is our most serious charge against Mr. Maturin. For his theological discussions, perhaps, excuses may be suggested—we can imagine, but do not admit them. Works like these are not their proper theatre—a novel is no place for a polemical disquisition—the acerbities of sects, and the subtleties of theologians, are quite opposed to the levities of a romance—they are like the passing of a thun-



der cloud, dark, and heavy, and death-fraught, athwart the tinted sky of an autumnal evening. But, indeed, the author before us is not so much argumentative as intolerant—he scarcely condescends to discuss—his weapon is sarcasm, and when he is not sneering, he is denouncing.—This is sometimes carried so far, that we have frequently been inclined to doubt which is his real character, a sceptic or a zealot—a bigot or a philosopher. In his exposure, or rather, reproof, of some obnoxious heresy, the primitive faith itself becomes endangered, and we have almost imagined we saw Voltaire in disguise, when we were undeceived by the bitter earnestness of the expostulation, or the animated and indignant sincerity of the invective. Most cordially do we acquit Mr. Maturin of the intention, but with equal truth do we reiterate its tendency. The attacks upon a sect from which he differs, and, of some of whose doctrines, perhaps, we agree with him in disapproving, are not reconciled to us even by the tender, sweet, and nearly angelic, *Eva*, in her own person a more than sufficient atonement for almost all the heterodoxies of her associates. But it is difficult to expose, still more so to ridicule, the peculiarities of a sect, without in some degree involving the faith upon which all sects are founded; and it is both unfair and perilous to collect together the excrescences of a doctrine, and hold them up to the world as the original substance. Mr. Maturin may abjure, indeed he seems almost to abhor, the primitiveness of Methodism—he may despise the abominations of the “lady of Babylon” with all the contempt of a genuine monkish adversary; but he has no right to hold up their absurdities as so many specimens of their unmutated belief—he has no right to make a rigid family sit for the portraiture of an entire sect, or represent the cruel, hellish, and malignant bigotry of a dark age, and a demoniac system, as the perfect exhibition of a creed with whose genuine principles they are, perhaps, utterly at variance. It is always both unjust and intolerant—generally dangerous, and in such works as the present, peculiarly out of place.

But, the mention of *Eva* almost

arrests our pen—with an angel grace she intercedes for her parent, and holding up *her letter*—that letter, for feeling, for eloquence, for heart-touching resignation, and impassioned grief, almost unique in the language—she asks us, is it not an atonement for a thousand imperfections? We admit it is so; and we only wonder how a mind, which could imagine such a character, could harbour the generation of fiends which it has since unchained upon the world! *Eva*, on her bed of death, heart-broken, but resigned—suffering, but patient—so young, so lovely, so afflicted, and so forgiving, seems not so much a being of this world, as an embodied spirit of that into which she is departing—*Immalie* in her isle of flowers and melody—to whom the rose had given colour, the violet breath, and the nightingale a cadence—*Immalie*—fantastic if you will—but still born of beauty, nursed by nature, and inspired by innocence—that vision of the morning—that creature of the spring—who could believe that incarnate dæmons shared the womb of their parent, too frightful for deformity to own, almost too malignant even for charity to tolerate! Yet such is the combination which Mr. Maturin continually presents to us; now shaping forth the purest images of loveliness and virtue; and now stealing, not the fire from heaven, but the fire from hell, to animate his worse than infernal incarnations.

If all this be done to prove the versatility of his talent, we admit he has succeeded, but most earnestly do we deprecate such a triumph. There is, indeed, a terrible fidelity—a murderous consistency in his delineations—but they have no prototype except in his own brain—nature disowns them, and history holds up the monsters, whom every brow has frowned on, and every age abjured, as angels in the comparison. It is a serious fault, we had almost said crime, in Mr. Maturin, that he should not only body forth such creations, but inspire them with such potency of evil; that he should give them talent in proportion to their crimes, and energy commensurate with their malignant dispositions. By way of preserving their consistency, he not only fills them with demoniac propensities, but



demoniac powers, and seizes upon every opportunity, to put both in ferocious and active operation. His manifold demons have a restlessness of mischief, which not even the author of all mischief could surpass, and genius quite adequate to their horrible ambition. To be sure, all this may be consistent. But why create such characters at all, and then, for the purpose of their foul consistency, collect all that infidelity has poured out against religion, all that desperate sophistry has urged for vice, and all that discontented depravity has flung upon the institutions of civilized society, and give them additional circulation and publicity through such perverted and culpable instrumentality. That those characters are contradistinguished from others, who endeavour to oppose and contravene their tenets, is no apology at all. There is no use in raising such disquisitions. The scaffold and the dungeon exhibit every day to crime the practical tendency of its doctrines; and if these and the pulpit are not sufficient, there can be no use in combating them through the medium of romances,—and not merely combating them, but taking care to provide them with weapons for the conflict, sufficient almost to endanger victory. There is a burning eloquence—a sarcastic bitterness—an insidious plausibility about all Mr. Maturin's murderers and demons which well might have been spared. The taunts against religion are too keen, the invectives against society too terrible, the spirit of malignant discontent against the order of things established, is too subtle, too ascetic, and too sustained, to be quite affected; and though we believe that this author, both in his heart and in his life, contradicts such doctrines, he may rest assured that the eloquence with which he enables his devils to enforce them must offend, though it cannot harm, the virtuous; and may, perhaps, but too fatally, mislead many who are as yet hesitating upon the Rubicon of crime.

Having said thus much, generally, on Mr. Maturin's writings, we will proceed to consider his romance of

Melmoth; and if any one should regard our criticism as unmerited, to that work we refer for its justification. It is a most characteristic epitome of all his productions. Genius and extravagance—nature and prodigies—angels and devils—theology and libertinism, contest every line of every page of these volumes, and leave us in doubt, at last, whether we should most admire, or deplore, the perverted talent which they indisputably discover. The idea of the work, we are told in the preface, is taken from a passage in one of the author's *sermons*—the passage runs thus: “at this moment, is there one of us present, however we may have departed from the Lord, disobeyed his will, and disregarded his word—is there one of us who would at this moment accept all that man could bestow, or earth afford, to resign the hope of his salvation? No—there is not one—not such a fool on earth, were the enemy of mankind to traverse it with the offer!” And thus—those sacred truths which as the representative of Christ he has but just promulgated from the pulpit, the moment he descends from it, are converted into the theme of a romance. We marvel much that he waited till he came down, and should marvel less if the congregation doubted what it was he was about to deliver when he went up.—

But how the subject theme may gang,  
Let time and chance determine,  
Perhaps it may turn out a sang—  
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *BURNS.*

We acquit Mr. Maturin, however, of every thing, except the affectation of this impiety. The novel is not taken from any sermon, but from the *Faustus* of Goethe; upon which, in our eighth number, the reader will find a copious and able dissertation. Melmoth is Doctor Faustus, under the title of the “Wanderer,” and closely resembles him, not only in his life and fate, but in many of his adventures. It is a much closer imitation even than the *Manfred* of Lord Byron, who, though he borrowed the idea, has clothed it in a magnificence which is all his own.\* The story is that of a wretched being, who has

\* Perhaps, however, both the German, the English, and the Irish moderns have all derived their idea of this character from old Christopher Marlowe, one of our early English dramatists, who preceded Shakspeare. Doctor Faustus lives “in Marlowe's

sold himself to the enemy of man for the sake of a protracted existence, during which he is to be omnipotent on earth—gifted with unfading youth—with boundless wealth—with the faculty of traversing an hemisphere at a wish—with a spell of persuasion which is perfectly irresistible, and, in short, with every thing except dominion over memory, which embitters all, by perpetually recurring to the price at which they have been purchased. The hero of such a tale must manifestly be possessed of great advantages, which, we think, however, the author has surrendered, by dividing the narrative into several distinct stories, having no very obvious connection, and, of course, losing much of their interest. These stories are told by a Spaniard, who has been wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, and who has been saved by young Melmoth, a descendant—a *co-eval* descendant—of the Wanderer. Before the appearance of the Spaniard, however, there is a terrible delineation of a miser's death-bed, drawn with great power, and with great local accuracy. It is a most faithful portraiture of Irish manners in low life, and an awful one of a departing spirit, frightfully struggling between the fascination of earth's crimes, and the horror of eternity's retribution.

The first of these stories is the Spaniard's own, which, the preface tells us, a *friend* has censured, as tending too much to revive the terror-striking school of Mrs. Radcliffe. He must, indeed, have been a *friend* who made the objection—a much more serious one was obvious. The

tale is tainted throughout with the sins to which we have adverted, and contains descriptions sufficient to terrify a martyr. It is the narrative of the younger son of a Spanish grandee, who, in order to gratify the sordid ambition of his family, and the still more sordid avarice of the priesthood, is half forced, half swindled, into a convent. The details of this convent—the horrors and vices of monastic life—the crimes of the Catholic church, and the hypocrisy of her clergy (with some candid hints that it is not confined to *hers*) are occasionally interspersed with episodes, at which the heart freezes. A few extracts from this first tale will speak much more eloquently than any description of ours. The following passage thus describes the crime of a monk, and the conduct of his superiors.

Some one, it was said, had committed a slight breach of monastic duty. The *slight breach* was *fortunately* committed by a distant relation of the Archbishop of Toledo, and consisted *merely* in his *entering the church intoxicated*, (a rare vice in Spaniards), attempting to drag the matin preacher from the pulpit, and failing in that, getting astride as well as he could on the altar, dashing down the tapers, overturning the vases and the pix, and trying to scratch out, as with the talons of a demon, the painting that hung over the table, —uttering all the while the most horrible blasphemies, and even *soliciting the portrait of the Virgin* in language not to be repeated. A consultation was held. The community, as may be guessed, was in an uproar while it lasted. Every one but myself was anxious and agitated. There was much talk of the inquisition,—the scandal was so atrocious,—the outrage so unpar-

mighty line;" and the play, under the title of "The Tragical Historie of Doctor Fostes," was first published in 4to. in 1604. The reader may judge for himself by the following parallel passages, from the Doctor's last words, as given by Marlowe, and from Melmoth's dying speech, from the pen of Mr. Maturin.

"Faustus. Gentlemen, away lest you perish with me.

Second Scholar. Oh! what may we do to save Faustus?

Faustus. Talk not of me, but save yourselves and depart.

Third Scholar. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First Scholar. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room, and pray for him.

Faustus. Aye, pray for me—pray for me—and whatever noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me."

MARLOWE'S FAUSTUS, p. 83.

"Melmoth. Leave me—I must be alone for the few last hours of my mortal existence—men retire—leave me alone—whatever noises you hear in the course of the awful night that is approaching, come not near this apartment, at the peril of your lives."

MELMOTH, Vol. iv. p. 448.



donable,—and atonement so impracticable. Three days afterwards the archbishop's mandate came to stop all proceedings; and the following day the youth who had committed this sacrilegious outrage appeared in the hall of the Jesuits, where the Superior and a few monks were assembled, read a short exercise which one of them had written for him on the pithy word "Ebrietas," and departed to take possession of a large benefice in the diocese of the archbishop his relative.

The following is from the lips of a parricide, who undertakes to rescue the Spaniard from the convent, and who, while they are benighted in its cemetery, thus in a dream discloses his crime to his companion.—The reader must recollect that he is speaking in his sleep.

"Secure the purse, I know the drawer of the cabinet where it lies, but secure him first. Well, then, you cannot,—you shudder at his white hairs, at his calm sleep!—ha! ha! that villains should be fools. Well, then, I must be the man, it is but a short struggle with him or me,—he may be damned, and I must. Hush,—how the stairs creak, they will not tell him it is his son's foot that is ascending?—They dare not, the stones of the wall would give them the lie. Why did you not oil the hinges of the door?—now for it. He sleeps intently,—aye, how calm he looks!—the calmer the fitter for heaven. Now,—now, my knee is on his breast,—where is the knife?—where is the knife?—if he looks at me I am lost. The knife,—I am a coward; the knife,—if he opens his eyes I am gone; the knife, ye cursed cravens,—who dare shrink when I have griped my father's throat? There,—there,—there,—blood to the hilt,—the old man's blood; look for the money, while I wipe the blade. I cannot wipe it, the grey hairs are mingled with the blood,—those hairs brushed my lips the last time he kissed me. I was a child then. I would not have taken a world to murder him then, now,—now, what am I: Ha! ha! ha! Let Judas shake his bag of silver against mine,—he betrayed his Saviour, and I have murdered my father. Silver against silver, and soul against soul. I have got more for mine,—he was a fool to sell his for thirty. But for which of us will the last fire burn hotter?—no matter, I am going to try."

This *demon*, (for we will not profane the name of *man* by extending it to him,) thus describes to the Spaniard, the treachery which he had practised upon two unhappy lovers of whose escape from the convent he had undertaken to be the instrument,

and whom he had inveigled to the subterranean vault, which is the scene of his narrative.

Once I turned the lamp, on pretence of trimming it, to catch a glimpse of the devoted wretches. They were embracing each other,—the light of joy trembled in their eyes. They were whispering to each other hopes of liberation and happiness, and blending my name in the interval they could spare from their prayers for each other. That sight extinguished the last remains of compunction with which my horrible task had inspired me. They dared to be happy in the sight of one who must be for ever miserable,—could there be a greater insult? I resolved to punish it on the spot. This very apartment was near,—I knew it, and the map of their wanderings no longer trembled in my hand. I urged them to enter this recess, (the door was then entire) while I went to examine the passage. They entered it, thanking me for my precaution,—they knew not they were never to quit it alive. But what were their lives for the agony their happiness cost me? The moment they were inclosed, and clasping each other, (a sight that made me grind my teeth) I closed and locked the door. This movement gave them no immediate uneasiness,—they thought it a friendly precaution. The moment they were secured, I hastened to the Superior, who was on fire at the insult offered to the sanctity of his convent, and still more to the purity of his penetration, on which the worthy Superior piqued himself as much as if it had ever been possible for him to acquire the smallest share of it. He descended with me to the passage,—the monks followed with eyes on fire. In the agitation of their rage, it was with difficulty they could discover the door after I had repeatedly pointed it out to them. The Superior, with his own hands, drove several nails, which the monks eagerly supplied, into the door, that effectually joined it to the staple, *never to be disjoined*; and every blow he gave, doubtless he felt as if it was a reminiscence to the accusing angel, to strike out a sin from the catalogue of his accusations. The work was soon done,—the work never to be undone. At the first sound of steps in the passage, and blows on the door, the victims uttered a shriek of terror. They imagined they were detected, and that an incensed party of monks were breaking open the door. These terrors were soon exchanged for others,—and worse,—as they heard the door nailed up, and listened to our departing steps. They uttered another shriek, but O how different was the accent of its despair!—they knew their doom.

• • • • •



It was my penance (no,—my delight) to watch at the door, under the pretence of precluding the possibility of their escape, (of which they knew there was no possibility); but, in reality, not only to inflict on me the indignity of being the convent gaoler, but of teaching me that callosity of heart, and induration of nerve, and stubbornness of eye, and apathy of ear, that were best suited to my office. But they might have saved themselves the trouble,—I had them all before ever I entered the convent. Had I been the Superior of the community, I should have undertaken the office of watching the door. You will call this cruelty, I call it curiosity,—that curiosity that brings thousands to witness a tragedy, and makes the most delicate female feast on groans and agonies. I had an advantage over them,—the groan, the agony I feasted on, were real. I took my station at the door—that door which, like that of Dante's hell, might have borne the inscription, "Here is no hope,"—with a face of mock penitence, and genuine—cordial delectation. I could hear every word that transpired. For the first hours they tried to comfort each other,—they suggested to each other hopes of liberation,—and as my shadow, crossing the threshold, darkened or restored the light, they said, "That is he;"—then, when this occurred repeatedly, without any effect, they said, "No,—no, it is not he," and swallowed down the sick sob of despair, to hide it from each other. Towards night a monk came to take my place, and to offer me food. I would not have quitted my place for worlds; but I talked to the monk in his own language, and told him I would make a merit with God of my sacrifices, and was resolved to remain there all night, with the permission of the Superior. The monk was glad of having a substitute on such easy terms, and I was glad of the food he left me, for I was hungry now, but I reserved the appetite of my soul for richer luxuries. I heard them talking within. While I was eating, I actually lived on the famine that was devouring them, but of which they did not dare to say a word to each other. They debated, deliberated, and, as misery grows ingenious in its own defence, they at last assured each other that it was impossible the Superior had locked them in there to perish by hunger. At these words I could not help laughing. This laugh reached their ears, and they became silent in a moment. All that night, however, I heard their groans,—those groans of physical suffering, that laugh to scorn all the sentimental sighs that are exhaled from the hearts of the most intoxicated lovers that ever breathed. I heard them all that night. I had read French romances, and all their unimaginable nonsense. Madame Sevigné herself says she would have been

tired of her daughter in a long tête-à-tête journey, but clap me two lovers into a dungeon, without food, light, or hope, and I will be damned (that I am already, by the by) if they do not grow sick of each other within the first twelve hours. The second day hunger and darkness had their usual influence. They shrieked for liberation, and knocked loud and long at their dungeon door. They exclaimed they were ready to submit to any punishment; and the approach of the monks, which they would have dreaded so much the preceding night, they now solicited on their knees. What a jest, after all, are the most awful vicissitudes of human life!—they supplicated now for what they would have sacrificed their souls to avert four-and-twenty hours before. Then the agony of hunger increased, they shrunk from the door, and grovelled apart from each other. *Apart!*—how I watched that. They were rapidly becoming objects of hostility to each other,—oh what a feast to me! They could not disguise from each other the revolting circumstances of their mutual sufferings. It is one thing for lovers to sit down to a feast magnificently spread, and another for lovers to couch in darkness and famine,—to exchange that appetite which cannot be supported without dainties and flattery, for that which would barter a descended Venus for a morsel of food. The second night they raved and groaned, (as occurred); and, amid their agonies, (I must do justice to women, whom I hate as well as men), the man often accused the female as the cause of all his sufferings, but the woman never,—never reproached him. Her groans might indeed have reproached him bitterly, but she never uttered a word that could have caused him pain. There was a change which I well could mark, however, in their physical feelings. The first day they clung together, and every movement I felt was like that of one person. The next the man alone struggled, and the woman moaned in helplessness. The third night,—how shall I tell it?—but you have bid me go on. All the horrible and loathsome excruciations of famine had been undergone; the disunion of every tie of the heart, of passion, of nature, had commenced. In the agonies of their famished sickness they loathed each other,—they could have cursed each other, if they had had breath to curse. It was on the fourth night that I heard the shriek of the wretched female,—her lover, in the agony of hunger, had fastened his teeth in her shoulder;—that bosom on which he had so often luxuriated, became a meal to him now."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Monster! and you laugh?"—"Yes, I laugh at all mankind, and the imposition they dare to practise when they talk of

hearts. I laugh at human passions and human cares,—vice and virtue, religion and impiety; they are all the result of petty localities, and artificial situation.”

Now we would ask the reader, who has had nerve enough to peruse the preceding extract, whether we have been unwarrantable in the comments which we have made on the tendency of such a production? If this were a solitary passage, shocking as it is, we should have been inclined to hesitate—but it is not—it is only one monster out of a den, all animate with the same creation. Melmoth teems with this unsightly progeny—there is scarcely a page on which crime is not written in letters of blood, and in language of desperate and ferocious exultation. If the following passage had issued from the insane pen of French infidelity, we could easily have accounted for it—but coming from a Christian clergyman! the mystery, we confess, is beyond our solution.

“What, wretch!” he cried;—“Do you think it was for your masses and your mummeries, your vigils, and fasts, and mumbling over senseless unconsoling beads, and losing my rest all night watching for the matins, and then quitting my frozen mat to nail my knees to stone till they grew there,—till I thought the whole pavement would rise with me when I rose,—do you think it was for the sake of listening to sermons that the preachers did not believe, —and prayers that the lips that uttered them yawned at in the listlessness of their infidelity,—and penances that might be hired out to a lay-brother to undergo for a pound of coffee or of snuff,—and the vilest subserviencies to the caprice and passion of a Superior,—and the listening to men with God for ever in their mouths, and the world for ever in their hearts,—men who think of nothing but the aggrandizement of their temporal distinction, and screen, under the most revolting affectation of a concern in spiritualities, their ravening cupidity after earthly eminence:—Wretch! do you dream that it was for this?—that this *atheism of bigotry*,—this creed of all the priests that ever have existed in connexion with the state, and in hope of extending their interest by that connexion,—could have any influence over *me*? I had sounded every depth in the mine of depravity before them. I knew them,—I despised them. I crouched before them in body, I spurned them in my soul. With all their sanctimony, they had hearts so worldly, that it was scarce worth while to watch their hypocrisy, the secret developed

itself so soon. There was no discovery to be made, no place for detection. I have seen them on their high festivals, prelates, and abbots, and priests, in all their pomp of office, appearing to the laity like descended gods, blazing in gems and gold, amid the lustre of tapers and the floating splendour of an irradiated atmosphere alive with light, and all soft and delicate harmonies and delicious odours, till, as they disappeared amid the clouds of incense so gracefully tossed from the gilded censers, the intoxicated eye dreamed it saw them ascending to Paradise. Such was the scene, but what was *behind the scene*?—*I saw it all*. Two or three of them would rush from service into the vestry together, under the pretence of changing their vestments. One would imagine that these men would have at least the decency to refrain, while in the intervals of the holy mass. No, I overheard them. While shifting their robes, they talked incessantly of promotions and appointments,—of this or that prelate, dying or dead,—of a wealthy benefice being vacant,—of one dignitary having bargained hard with the state for the promotion of a relative,—of another who had well-founded hopes of obtaining a bishoprick, for what? neither for learning or piety, or one feature of the pastoral character, but because he had valuable benefices to resign in exchange, that might be divided among numerous candidates. Such was their conversation,—such and such only were their thoughts, till the last thunders of the hallelujah from the church made them start, and hurry to resume their places at the altar. Oh what a compound of meanness and pride, of imbecility and pretension, of sanctimony so transparently and awkwardly worn, that the naked frame of the natural mind was visible to every eye beneath it,—that mind which is “earthly, sensual, devilish.” Was it to live among such wretches, who, all-villain as I was, made me hug myself with the thought that at least I was not like them, a passionless prone reptile,—a thing made of forms and dressings, half satin and shreds, half ave’s and credo’s,—bloated and abject,—creeping and aspiring,—winding up and up the pedestal of power at the rate of an inch a day, and tracking its advance to eminence by the flexibility of its writhings, the obliquity of its course, and the filth of its slime,—was it for this?”—he paused, half-cheoked with his emotions.

It is no apology for this to say, that it is the language of an atrocious villain—at war with society—steeped to the lips in crime—upon whose brow parricide is branded, and who, with a most profane license, is described by the author to be “*beyond the redemption of a Saviour!*”



Personages should not be created by a novelist, whose deeds to be characteristic must be criminal, and whose phrase to be consistent must be blasphemous. The moral judgment revolts at such appalling and mischievous fidelity, and the heart of no person can be the better for the initiation. If youth are to be seduced from the more rugged steepes of literature, into its parterres and gardens, it is a sort of literary treason thus to intersperse their path with the *spring guns* of an insidious and death-inducing philosophy.

The other stories of which Melmoth is made up, consist of the "Tale of the Indians," the "Story of the Walbergh Family," and the "Lovers Tale." The first of these is very fantastic, but parts of it are extremely beautiful. The whole sketch of Immalie, in her island—the worship of the peasantry—the innocence of her infancy, and the sad reverses of her maturity, are all finely and powerfully described. Such a being, to be sure, never was, nor can be; but improbability is not an objection to a romance, and, least of all, to a romance of Mr. Maturin's. We cannot avoid transcribing the following description of the "island goddess," though we are aware that an injustice is done to the author, by any fragment of his imagination.

"The sole and beautiful inmate of the isle, though disturbed at the appearance of her worshippers, soon recovered her tranquillity. She could not be conscious of fear, for nothing of that world in which she lived had ever borne a hostile appearance to her. The sun and the shade—the flowers and foliage—the tamarinds and figs that prolonged her delightful existence—the water that she drank, wondering at the beautiful being who seemed to drink whenever she did—the peacocks, who spread out their rich and radiant plumage the moment they beheld her—and the loxia, who perched on her shoulder and hand as she walked, and answered her sweet voice with imitative chirpings—all these were her friends, and she knew none but these.

"The human forms that sometimes approached the island, caused her a slight emotion; but it was rather that of curiosity than alarm; and their gestures were so expressive of reverence and mildness, their

offerings of flowers, in which she delighted, so acceptable, and their visits so silent and peaceful, that she saw them without reluctance, and only wondered, as they rowed away, how they could move on the water in safety; and how creatures so dark, and with features so unattractive, happened to grow amid the beautiful flowers they presented to her as the productions of their abode. The elements might be supposed to have impressed her imagination with some terrible ideas; but the periodical regularity of these phenomena, in the climate she inhabited, divested them of their terrors to one who had been accustomed to them, as to the alternation of night and day—who could not remember the fearful impression of the first, and, above all, who had never heard any terror of them expressed by another,—perhaps the primitive cause of fear in most minds. Pain she had never felt—of death she had no idea—how, then, could she become acquainted with fear?

"When a north-wester, as it is termed, visited the island, with all its terrific accompaniments of midnight darkness, clouds of suffocating dust, and thunders like the trumpet of doom, she stood amid the leafy colonnades of the banyan tree, ignorant of her danger, watching the cowering wings and drooping heads of the birds, and the ludicrous terror of the monkeys, as they skipt from branch to branch with their young.\* When the lightning struck a tree, she gazed as a child would on a fire-work played off for its amusement; but the next day she wept, when she saw the leaves would no longer grow on the blasted trunk. When the rains descended in torrents, the ruins of the pagoda afforded her a shelter; and she sat listening to the rushing of the mighty waters, and the murmurs of the troubled deep, till her soul took its colour from the sombrous and magnificent imagery around her, and she believed herself precipitated to earth with the deluge—borne downward, like a leaf, by a cataract—engulphed in the depths of the ocean—rising again to light on the swell of the enormous billows, as if she were heaved on the back of a whale—deafened with the roar—giddy with the rush—till terror and delight embraced in that fearful exercise of imagination. So she lived like a flower amid sun and storm, blooming in the light, and bending to the shower, and drawing the elements of her sweet and wild existence from both. And both seemed to mingle their influences kindly for her, as if she was a thing that nature loved, even in her angry mood, and gave a commission to the storm to nurture her, and to the deluge to

\* This is not natural—even the instinct of the brute teaches him to fear these terrible phenomena.

spare the ark of her innocence, as it floated over the waters. This existence of felicity, half physical, half imaginative, but neither intellectual or impassioned, had continued till the seventeenth year of this beautiful and mild being, when a circumstance occurred that changed its hue for ever."

Mr. Maturin says that "the wife of Walbergh lives, and *long may she live.*" With this single line we will dismiss that story. If Mr. Maturin really means—what he seems to insinuate—we should be inclined to drop our pen, and weep over the misfortunes of a man of genius, instead of scrutinizing his errors. The reader of the Walbergh family will understand us.

We have already extracted so largely from this extraordinary work, that we have only room for "the Wanderer's Dream," of his death—a death which is described in the next chapter, and which concludes the romance. Our readers are, of course, aware that for a stipulated term of existence (150 years), young and healthy, and with the faculties we have before described, he had sold himself to the powers of darkness—his hour was now come.

#### *The Wanderer's Dream.*

He dreamed that he stood on the summit of a precipice, whose downward height no eye could have measured, but for the fearful waves of a fiery ocean that lashed, and blazed, and roared at its bottom, sending its burning spray far up, so as to drench the dreamer with its sulphurous rain. The whole glowing ocean below was alive—every billow bore an agonizing soul, that rose like a wreck or a putrid corse on the waves of earth's oceans—uttered a shriek as it burst against that adamantine precipice—sunk—and rose again to repeat the tremendous experiment! Every billow of fire was thus instinct with immortal and agonizing existence,—each was freighted with a soul, that rose on the burning wave in torturing hope, burst on the rock in despair, adding its eternal shriek to the roar of that fiery ocean, and sunk to rise again—in vain, and—for ever!

Suddenly the Wanderer felt himself flung half-way down the precipice. He stood, in his dream, tottering on a crag midway down the precipice—he looked upward, but the upper air (for there was no heaven) showed only blackness unshadowed and impenetrable—but, blacker than that blackness, he could distinguish a gigantic outstretched arm, that held him as in sport

on the ridge of that infernal precipice, while another, that seemed in its motions to hold fearful and invisible conjunction with the arm that grasped him, as if both belonged to some being too vast and horrible even for the imagery of a dream to shape, pointed upwards to a dial plate fixed on the top of that precipice, and which the flashes of that ocean of fire made fearfully conspicuous. He saw the mysterious single hand revolve—he saw it reach the appointed period of 150 years—for in this mystic plate centuries were marked, not hours—he shrieked in his dream, and, with that strong impulse often felt in sleep, burst from the arm that held him, to arrest the motion of the hand.

In the effort he fell, and falling grasped at aught that might save him. His fall seemed perpendicular—there was nought to save him—the rock was as smooth as ice—the ocean of fire broke at its foot! Suddenly a groupe of figures appeared, ascending as he fell. He grasped at them successively;—first Stanton—then Walberg—Elinor Mortimer—Isidora—Monçada—all passed him,—to each he seemed in his slumber to cling in order to break his fall—all ascended the precipice. He caught at each in his downward flight, but all forsook him and ascended.

His last despairing reverted glance was fixed on the clock of eternity—the up-raised black arm seemed to push forward the hand—it arrived at its period—he fell—he sunk—he blazed—he shrieked! The burning waves boomed over his sinking head, and the clock of eternity rung out its awful chime—"Room for the soul of the Wanderer!"—and the waves of the burning ocean answered, as they lashed the adamantine rock—"There is room for more!"—The Wanderer awoke.

Such is the conclusion of "the Wanderer," and our limits warn us that it is time to bid Mr. Maturin farewell. We do so with a sincere admiration of his genius—with a thorough conviction of his great powers, and their great misapplication—with profound regret that he is obliged to write romances at all, since he chooses to write them in the spirit which he does; and with a most hearty wish that no *domestic necessity* had ever compelled him to cater to a corrupted taste, or diverted him for a moment from the paths of that profession which we understand he sustains, by the virtues of his private life, and which we are quite sure he might eminently adorn by the proper exertion of his uncommon talents.



## SPRING.

From soft Favonius' mild retreat,  
 Where whispering zephyrs love to meet,  
 Yet trembling from the stormy north,  
 Behold the Spring come blushing forth!  
 She comes in freshening fragrance gay,  
 Borne on the balmy breeze of May;  
 Around she casts her humid eyes,  
 She breathes, and flagging Auster flies.  
 Where'er she moves, her breath inspires  
 Soft loves and elegant desires;  
 Where'er her dewy footsteps tread,  
 The snow-drop rears its trembling head.  
 Around her (emblems of her power,  
 Light mingling with the blossomed shower)  
 All bright and fleeting, fair and gay,  
 Ten thousand radiant flutterers play:  
 Pale as the primrose' palest hue,  
 Soft as the violet's softest blue;  
 Or glowing with imperial pride,  
 With wings in purple splendours dyed.  
 And hark, beneath yon bursting thorn,  
 The blackbird cheers the opening morn;  
 Up springs the lark with carol clear,  
 Wild warbling to the shepherd's ear;  
 Whilst from the elm, the cuckoo's voice,  
 Bids the slow labouring hind rejoice.  
 Now from the copse that skirts the vale  
 Lone sings the love-lorn nightingale,  
 Soft woos her mate the murmuring dove,  
 All fragrance breathes, and life, and love.  
 O! lover's wish, O! poet's song,  
 O! prime of seasons, linger long;  
 Long let me trace thee in the glade,  
 Where dew-drops gem the impervious shade,  
 Long let me trace thee by the rill,  
 When brighter suns embrown the hill.  
 Now from thy latest footstep glows  
 The radiant bloom that decks the rose;  
 And now the deepening tints appear,  
 That mark the swift revolving year.  
 From ardent gales, from glowing skies,  
 Thy freshening hour of fragrance flies—  
 Fast fades each softer, gentler spell,  
 Hail, prime of Seasons! and farewell!

RUSTICA.

## LIFE.

It is the birth of morn: the dreary hours  
 Of silence and repose have pass'd away,  
 And not a trace of night's dark reign exists;  
 Save in the burning records crime has penn'd,  
 Of deeds which sought the shelter of her gloom,  
 To hide the fearful guilt the day would blush at;  
 The earth is studded with those crystal gems,  
 Like diamonds scatter'd o'er an emerald bed,  
 Which shed their dewy evanescent light,  
 In mimic semblance of the orbs of Heaven.

The sun bursts forth, and lo ! Earth's tiny stars  
 Shrink for concealment in each flower's recess,  
 To hide them from the glance of that bright eye,  
 Before whose lustre they must melt away.  
 Oh ! who that gazes now on Nature's face,  
 And sees the radiant garb, the joyous smile  
 It wears while basking in yon glorious beam,  
 Would deem so brief a space had intervened,  
 Since mourning nature wore the hue of death.  
 Thus do the seasons change, and ever thus  
 Does man's existence vary in its course,  
 From happiness to woe, from grief to joy.  
 Awhile the soul, sunk in affliction's gloom,  
 Seems like the earth, dark, desolate, and joyless,  
 And finds, like it, relief in tears alone.  
 The hours glide onward, and the twilight meets  
 That shadowy bond which links the day and night,  
 Smiles faintly on the world, and whispers soft  
 The welcome tale, that morn is nigh at hand.  
 Thus days roll by, and months steal slowly on,  
 And with them bear away a portion small  
 Of that dull weight of misery and pain,  
 Which seem'd to mock the power of time to lessen.  
 Anon Hope's light appears—but, Oh ! so pale,  
 Like the first tint of dawn, that scarce the mind  
 On which it shines can feel its blessed ray.  
 Still fly the years, and though their wings are tinged  
 With something of the hue of former gloom,  
 Yet from that ris'n star they've caught a gleam,  
 So splendid, yet so calm, that as they wave  
 Their pinions blazing in the sweet effulgence,—  
 Above, the drooping suff'rer's wasted heart,  
 That shrine of bliss and woe, touch'd by the beam,  
 Flings off the clouds which cast their shadows o'er it,  
 Becomes illumin'd with a brilliant light,  
 And is once more the seat of peace and joy.

*London, April 5, 1821.*

E. R.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF THE POET J. KEATS.

*Sic pereunt Violaë.*

AND art thou dead ? Thou very sweetest bird  
 That ever made a moonlight forest ring,  
 Its wild unearthly music mellowing :  
 Shall thy rich notes no more, no more be heard ?  
 Never ! Thy beautiful romantic themes,  
 That made it mental Heav'n to hear thee sing,  
 Lapping th' enchanted soul in golden dreams,  
 Are mute ! Ah vainly did Italia fling  
 Her healing ray around thee—blossoming  
 With flushing flow'rs long wedded to thy verse :  
 Those flow'rs, those sunbeams, but adorn thy hearse ;  
 And the warm gales that faintly rise and fall  
 In music's clime—themselves so musical—  
 Shall chaunt the Minstrel's dirge far from his father's hall.

1821.



## TABLE TALK.

## No. X.

## ON ANTIQUITY.

THERE is no such thing as Antiquity in the ordinary acceptation we affix to the term. Whatever is or has been, while it is passing, must be modern. The early ages may have been barbarous in themselves; but they have become *ancient* with the slow and silent lapse of successive generations. The "olden times" are only such in reference to us. The past is rendered strange, mysterious, visionary, awful, from the great gap in time that parts us from it, and the long perspective of waning years. Things gone by and almost forgotten, look dim and dull, uncouth and quaint, from our ignorance of them, and the mutability of customs. But in their day—they were fresh, unimpaired, in full vigour, familiar, and glossy. The Children in the Wood and Percy's Relics were once recent productions; and Auld Robin Gray was, in his time, a very common-place old fellow! The wars of York and Lancaster, while they lasted, were "lively, audible, and full of vent," as fresh and lusty as the white and red roses that distinguished their different banners,—though they have since become a bye-word and a solecism in history.

The sun shone in Julius Cæsar's time just as it does now. On the road-side between Winchester and Salisbury are some remains of old Roman encampments, with their double lines of circunvallation (now turned into pasturage for sheep), which answer exactly to the descriptions of this kind in Cæsar's Commentaries. In a dull and cloudy atmosphere, I can conceive that this is the identical spot that the first Cæsar trod,—and figure to myself the deliberate movements, and scarce perceptible march of close-embodied

legions. But if the sun breaks out, making its way through dazzling, fleecy clouds, lights up the blue serene, and gilds the sombre earth, I can no longer persuade myself that this is the same scene as formerly, or transfer the actual image before me so far back. The brightness of nature is not easily reduced to the low, twilight tone of history; and the impressions of sense defeat and dissipate the faint traces of learning and tradition. It is only by an effort of reason, to which fancy is averse, that I bring myself to believe that the sun shone as bright, that the sky was as blue, and the earth as green, two thousand years ago as it is at present. How ridiculous this seems: yet so it is!

The *dark* or middle ages, when every thing was hid in the fog and haze of confusion and ignorance, seem, to the same involuntary kind of prejudice, older and farther off, and more inaccessible to the imagination, than the brilliant and well-defined periods of Greece and Rome. A Gothic ruin appears buried in a greater depth of obscurity,—to be weighed down and rendered venerable with the hoar of more distant ages,—to have been longer mouldering into neglect and oblivion, to be a record and memento of events more wild and alien to our own times, than a Grecian temple.\*—Amadis de Gaul, and the Seven Champions of Christendom, with me (honestly speaking) rank as contemporaries with Theseus, Pirithous, and the heroes of the fabulous ages. My imagination will stretch no farther back into the commencement of time than the first traces and rude dawn of civilisation and mighty enterprise, in either case; and in attempting to force it upwards by the

\* "The Gothic architecture, though not so ancient as the Grecian, is more so to our imagination, with which the artist is more concerned than with absolute truth."

Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses*, vol. i. p. 138.

Till I met with this remark in so circumspect and guarded a writer as Sir Joshua, I was afraid of being charged with extravagance in some of the above assertions. *Peréant isti qui ante nos nostra dixerunt.* It is thus that our favourite speculations are often accounted paradoxes by the ignorant,—and by the learned reader are set down as plagiarisms.

scale of chronology, it only recoils upon itself, and dwindles, from a lofty survey of "the dark rearward and abyss of time," into a poor and puny calculation of insignificant cyphers. In like manner, I cannot go back to any time more remote and dreary than that recorded in Stow's and Hollingshed's Chronicles, unless I turn to "the wars of old Assaracus and Inachus divine," and the gorgeous events of eastern history, where the distance of place may be said to add to the length of time and weight of thought. That is old (in sentiment and poetry) which is decayed, shadowy, imperfect, out of date, and changed from what it was. That of which we have a distinct idea, which comes before us entire, and made out in all its parts, will have a novel appearance, however old in reality,—and cannot be impressed with the romantic and superstitious character of antiquity. Those times, that we can parallel with our own in civilisation and knowledge, seem advanced into the same line with our own in the order of progression. The perfection of arts does not look like the infancy of things. Or those times are prominent, and, as it were, confront the present age, that are raised high in the scale of polished society,—and the trophies of which stand out above the low, obscure, grovelling level of barbarism and rusticity. Thus, Rome and Athens were two cities set on a hill, that could not be hid, and that every where meet the retrospective eye of history. It is not the full-grown, articulated, thoroughly accomplished periods of the world, that we regard with the pity or reverence due to age; so much as those imperfect, unformed, uncertain periods, which seem to totter on the verge of non-existence, to shrink from the grasp of our feeble imaginations, as they crawl out of, or retire into, the womb of time,—and of which our utmost assurance is to doubt, whether they ever were or not!

To give some other instances of this feeling, taken at random.—Whittington and his Cat, the first and favourite studies of my childhood, are, to my way of thinking, as old and reverent personages as any recorded in more authentic history.

It must have been long before the invention of triple bob-majors, that Bow-bells rung out their welcome never-to-be-forgotten peal, hailing him Thrice Lord Mayor of London. Does not all we know relating to the site of old London-wall, and the first stones that were laid of this mighty metropolis, seem of a far older date (hid in the lap of "chaos and old night,") than the splendid and imposing details of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire?—Again, the early Italian pictures of Cimabue, Giotto, and Ghirlandaio are covered with the marks of unquestionable antiquity: but the Greek statues, done a thousand years before them, shine in glossy, undiminished splendour, and flourish in immortal youth and beauty. The latter Grecian Gods, as we find them there represented, are to all appearance a race of modern fine gentlemen, who *led the life of honour* with their favourite mistresses of mortal or immortal mould,—were gallant, graceful, well-dressed, and well-spoken; whereas the Gothic deities long after, carved in horrid wood or misshapen stone, and worshipped in dreary waste or tangled forest, belong, in the mind's heraldry, to almost as ancient a date as those elder and discarded Gods of the pagan mythology, Ops and Rhea and old Saturn,—those strange anomalies of earth and cloudy spirit, born of the elements and conscious will, and clothing themselves and all things with shape and formal being. The Chronicle of Brute, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, has a tolerable air of antiquity in it: so, in the dramatic line, the Ghost of one of the old kings of Ormus, introduced as Prologue to Fulke Greville's play of *Mustapha*, is reasonably far-fetched, and palpably obscure. A monk in the *Popish Calendar*, or even in the *Canterbury Pilgrims*, is a more questionable and out-of-the-way personage than the Chiron of Achilles, or the priest in Homer. When Chaucer, in his *Troilus and Cressida*, makes the Trojan hero invoke the absence of light, in these two lines:—

Why proffer'st thou light me for to sell?  
Go sell it them that smallé sele's grave!

he is guilty of an anachronism; or at least I much doubt whether there



was such a profession as that of seal-engraver in the Trojan war. But the dimness of the objects and the quaintness of the allusion throw us farther back into the night of time, than the golden, glittering images of the Iliad. The Travels of Anacharsis are less obsolete at this time of day, than Coryate's Crudities, or Fuller's Worthies. "Here is some of the ancient city," said a Roman, taking up a handful of dust from beneath his feet. The ground we tread on is as old as the creation, though it does not seem so, except when collected into gigantic masses, or separated by gloomy solitudes from modern uses and the purposes of common life. The lone Helvellyn and the silent Andes are in thought coeval with the globe itself, and can only perish with it. The Pyramids of Egypt are vast, sublime, old, eternal: but Stone-henge, built, no doubt, in a later day, satisfies my capacity for the sense of antiquity: it seems as if as much rain had drizzled on its grey, withered head, and it had watched out as many winter-nights: the hand of time is upon it,—and it has sustained the burden of years upon its back, a wonder and a ponderous riddle, time out of mind, without known origin or use, baffling fable or conjecture, the credulity of the ignorant, or wise men's search.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle,  
Whether by Merlin's aid, from Scythia's  
shore

To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,  
Huge frame of giant hands, the mighty  
pile,

T'entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's  
guile:

Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human  
gore,

Taught mid thy massy maze their mystic  
lore:

Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage  
spoil,

To victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,  
Rear'd the rude heap, or in thy hallow'd  
ground

Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line;  
Or here those kings in solemn state were  
crown'd;

Studious to trace thy wondrous origin,  
We muse on many an ancient tale re-  
nown'd.

Warton.

So it is with respect to ourselves  
also: it is the sense of change or  
decay that marks the difference be-

tween the real and apparent progress  
of time, both in the events of our  
own lives and the history of the  
world we live in.

Impressions of a peculiar and accidental nature, of which few traces are left, and which recur seldom or never, fade in the distance, and are consigned to obscurity,—while those that belong to a given and definite class, are kept up, and assume a constant and tangible form, from familiarity and habit. That which was personal to myself merely, is lost and confounded with other things, like a drop in the ocean: it was but a point at first, which by its nearness affected me, and by its removal becomes nothing: while circumstances of a general interest and abstract importance present the same distinct, well-known aspect as ever, and are durable in proportion to the extent of their influence. Our own idle feelings and foolish fancies we get tired or grow ashamed of, as their novelty wears out: "when we become men, we put away childish things:" but the impressions we derive from the exercise of our higher faculties last as long as the faculties themselves. They have nothing to do with time, place, and circumstance; and are of universal applicability and recurrence. An incident in my own history, that delighted or tormented me very much at the time, I may have long since blotted from my memory,—or have great difficulty in calling to mind after a certain period: but I can never forget the first time of my seeing Mrs. Siddons act;—which is as if it had happened yesterday: and the reason is, because it has been something for me to think of, ever since. The petty and the personal, that which appeals to our senses and our appetites, passes away with the occasion that gives it birth. The grand and the ideal, that which appeals to the imagination, can only perish with it, and remains with us, unimpaired in its lofty abstraction, from youth to age; as, wherever we go, we still see the same heavenly bodies shining over our heads! An old familiar face, the house that we were brought up in, sometimes the scenes and places that we formerly knew and loved, may be changed, so that we

hardly know them again: the characters in books, the faces in old pictures, the propositions in Euclid, remain the same as when they were first pointed out to us. There is a continual alternation of generation and decay in individual forms and feelings, that marks the progress of existence, and the ceaseless current of our lives, borne along with it; but this does not extend to our love of art or knowledge of nature. It seems a long time ago since some of the first events of the French Revolution: the prominent characters that figured then have been swept away and succeeded by others: yet I cannot say that this circumstance has in any way abated my hatred of tyranny, or reconciled my understanding to the fashionable doctrine of Divine Right. The sight of an old newspaper of that date would give one a fit of the spleen for half an hour: on the other hand, it must be confessed, Mr. Burke's Reflections on this subject are as fresh and dazzling as in the year 1791; and his Letter to a Noble Lord is even now as interesting as Lord John Russell's Letter to Mr. Wilberforce, which appeared only a few weeks back. Ephemeral politics and still-born productions are speedily consigned to oblivion: great principles and original works are a match even for time itself!

We may, by following up this train of ideas, give some account why time runs faster as our years increase. We gain by habit and experience a more determinate and settled, that is, a more uniform notion of things. We refer each particular to a given standard. Our impressions acquire the character of identical propositions. Our most striking thoughts are turned into truisms. One observation is like another, that I made formerly. The idea I have of a certain character or subject is just the same I had ten years ago. I have learnt nothing since. There is no alteration perceptible, no advance made; so that the two points of time seem to touch and coincide. I get from the one to the other immediately by the familiarity of habit, by the undistinguishing process of abstraction.—What I can recal so easily and mechanically does not seem far off: it

is completely within my reach, and consequently close to me in apprehension. I have no intricate web of curious speculation to wind or unwind, to pass from one state of feeling and opinion to the other: no complicated train of associations, which place an immeasurable barrier between my knowledge or my ignorance at different epochs. There is no contrast, no repugnance to mark the interval: no new sentiment infused, like another atmosphere, to widen the perspective. I am but where I was. I see the object before me just as I have been accustomed to do. The ideas are written down in the brain as in the page of a book—*totidem verbis et literis*. The mind becomes *stereotyped*. By not going forward to explore new regions, or break up new grounds, we are thrown back more and more upon our past acquisitions; and this habitual recurrence increases the facility and indifference with which we make the imaginary transition. By thinking of what has been, we change places with ourselves, and transpose our personal identity at will; so as to fix the slider of our improgressive continuance at whatever point we please. This is an advantage or a disadvantage, which we have not in youth. After a certain period, we neither lose nor gain, neither add to, nor diminish our stock: up to that period we do nothing else but lose our former notions and being, and gain a new one every instant. Our life is like the birth of a new day; the dawn breaks apace, and the clouds clear away. A new world of thought and sense is opened to our view. A year makes the difference of an age. A total alteration takes place in our ideas, feelings, habits, looks. We outgrow ourselves. A separate set of objects, of the existence of which we had not a suspicion, engages and occupies our whole souls. Shapes and colours of all varieties, and of gorgeous tint, intercept our view of what we were. Life thickens. Time glows on its axle. Every revolution of the wheel gives a new aspect to things. The world and its inhabitants turn round, and we forget one change of scene in another. Art woos us; Science tempts us into her intricate labyrinths; each step unfolds new vistas, and



closes upon us our backward path. Our onward road is strange, obscure, and infinite. We are bewildered in a shadow, lost in a dream. Our perceptions have the brightness and the indistinctness of a trance. Our continuity of consciousness is broken, crumbles, and falls in pieces. We go on learning and forgetting every hour. Our feelings are chaotic, confused, strange to each other and to ourselves. Our life does not hang together,—but straggling, disjointed, winds its slow length along, stretching out to the endless future—forgetful of the ignorant past. We seem many beings in one, and cast the slough of our existence daily. The birth of knowledge is the generation of time. The unfolding of our experience is long and voluminous; nor do we all at once recover from our surprise at the number of objects that distract our attention. Every new study is a separate, arduous, and insurmountable undertaking. We are lost in wonder at the magnitude, the difficulty, and the interminable prospect. We spell out the first years of our existence, like learning a lesson for the first time where every advance is slow, doubtful, interesting: afterwards, we rehearse our parts by rote, and are hardly conscious of the meaning. A very short period (from fifteen to twenty-five or thirty) includes the whole map and table of contents of human life. From that time we may be said to live our lives over again, repeat ourselves,—the same thoughts return at stated intervals, like the tunes of a barrel-organ; and the volume of the universe is no more than a form of words and book of reference.

Time in general is supposed to move faster or slower, as we attend more or less to the succession of our ideas, in the same manner as distance is increased or lessened by the greater or less variety of intervening objects. There is, however, a difference in this respect. Suspense, where the mind is engrossed with one idea, and kept from amusing itself with any other, is not only the most uncomfortable, but the most tiresome of all things. The fixing our attention on a single point makes us more sensible of the delay, and

hangs an additional weight of fretful impatience on every moment of expectation. People in country places, without employment or artificial resources, complain that time lies heavy on their hands. Its leaden pace is not occasioned by the quantity of thought, but by vacancy, and the continual, languid craving after excitement. It wants spirit and vivacity to give it motion. We are on the watch to see how time goes; and it appears to lag behind, because, in the absence of objects to arrest our immediate attention, we are always getting on before it. We do not see its divisions, but we feel the galling pressure of each creeping sand that measures out our hours. Again, a rapid succession of external objects and amusements, which leave no room for reflection, and where one gratification is forgotten in the next, makes time pass quickly, as well as delightfully. We do not perceive an extent of surface, but only a succession of points. We are whirled swiftly along by the hand of dissipation, but cannot stay to look behind us. On the contrary, change of scene, travelling through a foreign country, or the meeting with a variety of striking adventures that lay hold of the imagination, and continue to haunt it in a waking dream, will make days seem weeks. From the crowd of events, the number of distinct points of view, brought into a small compass, we seem to have passed through a great length of time, when it is no such thing. In traversing a flat, barren country, the monotony of our ideas fatigues, and makes the way longer: whereas, if the prospect is diversified and picturesque, we get over the miles without counting them. In painting or writing, hours are melted almost into minutes: the mind absorbed in the eagerness of its pursuit, forgets the time necessary to accomplish it; and, indeed, the clock often finds us employed on the same thought or part of a picture that occupied us when it struck last. In fact, there are several other circumstances to be taken into the account in the measure of time, besides the number and distinctness of our ideas, or in considering “whom time ambles withal, whom time gallops withal, and whom

he stands still withal."\* Time wears away slowly with a man in solitary confinement; not from the number or variety of his ideas, but their weary sameness, fretting like drops of water. The imagination may distinguish the lapse of time by the brilliant variety of its tints, and the many striking shapes it assumes: the heart feels it by the weight of sadness, and "grim-visaged, comfortless despair!"

I will conclude this subject with remarking, that the fancied shortness of life is aided by the apprehension of a future state. The constantly directing our hopes and fears to a higher state of being beyond the present, necessarily brings death habitually before us, and defines the narrow limits within which we hold our frail existence, as mountains bound the horizon, and unavoidably draw our attention to it. This may be one reason among others, why the

fear of death was a less prominent feature in ancient times than it is at present; because the thoughts of it, and of a future state, were less frequently impressed on the mind by religion and morality. The greater progress of civilization and security in modern times has also considerably to do with our practical effeminacy; for though the old Pagans were not bound to think of death as a religious duty, they never could foresee when they should be compelled to submit to it, as a natural necessity, or accident of war, &c. They viewed death, therefore, with an eye of speculative indifference and practical resolution. That the idea of annihilation did not impress them with the same horror and repugnance as it does the modern believer, or even infidel, is easily accounted for (though a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* thinks the question insoluble) † from this plain reason, *viz.* that not being

---

\* "*Rosalind.* Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orlando.* I prythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven years.

*Orl.* Who ambles time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These time ambles with.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves."—*As You Like It*, Act III. Scene II.

† "On the other point, namely; the dark and sceptical spirit prevalent through the works of this poet (Lord Byron), we shall not now utter all that we feel, but rather direct the notice of our readers to it as a singular phenomenon in the poetry of the age. Whoever has studied the spirit of Greek and Roman literature, must have been struck with the comparative disregard and indifference, wherewith the thinking men of these exquisitely polished nations contemplated those subjects of darkness and mystery which afford, at some period or other of his life, so much disquiet—we had almost said so much agony, to the mind of every reflecting modern. It is difficult to account for this in any very satisfactory, and we suspect altogether impossible to do so in any strictly logical, manner. In reading the works of Plato and his interpreter Cicero, we find the germs of all the doubts and anxieties to which we have alluded, so far as these are connected with the workings of our reason. The singularity is, that those clouds of darkness, which hang over the intellect, do not appear, so far as we can perceive, to have thrown at any time any very alarming shade upon the feelings or temper of the ancient sceptic. We should think a very great deal of this was owing to the brilliancy and activity of his southern fancy. The lighter spirits of antiquity, like the more mercurial of our moderns, sought refuge in mere *gaieté du cœur* and derision. The graver poets and philosophers—and poetry and philosophy were in those days seldom disunited—built up some airy and beautiful system of mysticism, each following his own devices, and suiting



taught from childhood a belief in a future state of existence as a part of the creed of their country, the supposition that there was no such state in store for them, could not shock their feelings, or confound their imagination, in the same manner as it does with us, who have been brought up in such a belief; and who live with those who deeply cherish, and would be unhappy without a full conviction of it. It is the Christian religion alone, that takes us to the highest pinnacle of

the temple, to point out to us "the glory hereafter to be revealed," and that makes us shrink back with affright from the precipice of annihilation that yawns below. Those who have never entertained a hope, cannot be greatly staggered by having it struck from under their feet: those who have never been led to expect the reversion of an estate, will not be excessively disappointed at finding that the inheritance has descended to others. T.

---

### EDINBURGH.

[We cannot prove our sense of Mr. Young's kindness more clearly, than by an immediate insertion of his entertaining letter, and we hope to find him, hereafter, as punctual a Correspondent as he promises to be a pleasant one. Though born upon this side the Tweed, we have an high admiration of—

Scotia's darling seat ;

and with a slight transposition of the words of one of her most charming poets, we sincerely hope that—

Wealth still may swell the golden tide,  
As busy trade his labour plies—  
While architecture's noble pride,  
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;  
May justice from her native skies  
High wield the balance and the rod ;  
And learning, with his eagle eyes,  
Seek science in her coy abode.

To Dr. L. M. Allan, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, London.

Edinburgh, 5th March, 1821.

DEAR DOCTOR,—You have yet to experience the indescribable feelings of returning, as a man, to a place which you knew only as a boy. Not to use any of the common cant upon such occasions about scenes of childhood, early associations, youthful sports, &c. &c. the fact of being a stranger in your native place, is most bewildering and whimsical.—I walk about the streets acquainted with nobody, yet knowing, and seeming to be known by, every body. I am often stared at like a vision,—ad-

dressed in accents of doubtful recognition, by people with whom I was as intimate as I am with you, —steady faced personages, who after a tremulous salutation *proprio nomine* stammer out my nickname at school, and leave me, doubtful of their names or quality, with an invitation to dinner. I was grinned at yesterday by a tall collegian with a strong squint, and this morning he came up to me and asked, if I had forgot the bursting of a penny mortar in our back green when he was about nine years

the erection to his own peculiarities of hope and inclination ; and this being once accomplished, the mind appears to have felt quite satisfied with what it had done, and to have reposed amidst the splendours of its sand-built fantastic edifice, with as much security as if it had been grooved and rivetted into the rock of ages. The mere exercise of ingenuity in devising a system furnished consolation to its creators, or improvers. Lucretius is a striking example of all this ; and it may be averred that, down to the time of Claudian, who lived in the fourth century of our æra, in no classical writer of antiquity do there occur any traces of what moderns understand by the restlessness and discomfort of uncertainty, as to the government of the world and the future destinies of man."

Edinburgh Review, vol. xxx. p. 96, 97. Article, *Childe Harold*, Canto 4.

old, which bursting blew his unfortunate eye into its present uncouth shape!—I am stultified at every turn with the total alteration of appearance, character, and manners of men and things. Imagine our *fifth form* at the high school, sitting gravely down to dinner with their wives and children, talking of politics, city government, property and security!—the tatterdemalions, who, when I last saw them, were squabbling for the first place at the *jib-house*, or *hallooing* for the *brae* at a *bicker*. I know as well as you do, that the change is no more wonderful than a calf growing to a cow, or a young donkey to a jack-ass; but it is, nevertheless, most ludicrous and *apparently* wonderful. The town itself has kept pace with its inhabitants in growth, and its character also seems to have undergone a similar change. It is now, in its manhood, morally and physically the finest specimen of civilization in the world. The local beauties of Edinburgh bid defiance to poetry itself: the sublime, the beautiful, the wild, the cultivated, the antique, the elegant, all that the historian dwells upon, all that the painter delights in, are here the common occurring objects of the place.—One is lost in contemplating excellencies of nature and art: come and see it; for no description whatever can give you an idea of its beauties.

The *mordle* of Edinburgh is likewise of the very highest order—its literary character is acknowledged to be most justly merited; although, probably, that part of its peculiarity is becoming daily of a more questionable nature, as regards a consequent amiability or real intelligence among the inhabitants. Literature, somehow, is degenerating into a kind of staple article of trade in Edinburgh, just as calico is in Glasgow, or metal in Birmingham.—People come here to *make books*, and book-making is, consequently, the *manufacture* of the place:—Only look at the publications from Constables, Blackwood, &c.—Observe the Godwins and Maturins coming from their own country to publish here, and consider the value attached to a book *published in Edinburgh*, and you will agree with me, that it is in danger of becoming like a razor from Birmingham or a

printed gown-piece from the Gorbals.

There is here a *Monde* of literature, as there is in London, of *fashion*.—A literary Grosvenor-square, Bond-street, and St. James's,—abundance of literary *swells*,—and there is most certainly a literary Cheapside, Houndsditch, and Wapping Old Stairs. In the first circle (to keep to my comparison) it is as dead vulgar to know or to speak of any thing out of the pale of criticism, taste, or literary information, as it is in the same grade of fashion in London, to transgress in conversation the limits of the turf, the tandem, the ring, or the card table.—Among the literary *bloods*, you are queered with theories and dogmas upon cause and effect (oftener *causes* and *effects*) discussions upon the merits of the lecturer on moral philosophy, the reviewers, lawyers, and public meeting men.—You hear a glib-tongued youngster begin his remarks with “the last time I spoke to Jeffrey on the subject,”—or “Playfair once remarked to me!”—Another will speak of his friend Sir Walter, and murmur his disapprobation of the way in which people take liberties with his name; and a third will tell you of an old grudge he bears to the Edinburgh Review, ever since they gave him such a “cutting-up,” in the “*Musæ Edinensis*!”

“Literary *Canaille*,” is not the most intelligible phrase in the world, but it expresses what I wish to call a tribe of students, young advocates, clerks, and apprentices, who are to the truly learned what the inhabitants of Cheapside, &c. are to the truly fashionable. These people have as good persons, clothes, nay, sometimes as good manners as the upper ranks in London, but they are never mistaken for them by any body at all practised in observing, even on the streets—just so with the worthies of this place, a race composed of the half-educated darlings of Mamma, who will be all their lives in the leading strings of learning, although they think themselves long past maturity,—of the sweepings of the colleges of Aberdeen and Glasgow, and a highland host from the confines of Forfar, Dundee, Aberbrothwick and Lochaber—a shallow set, who happen to have been put



to the Grammar school at eighteen pence a quarter, besides coal money; and conceive themselves as well entitled to fill up a hole in a lecture room, in the pit of the theatre, or the parliament house, as other very patriarchs of literature!

That same Parliament House, by the by, is a most delightful place, and I know of no institution, if I may so call it, which at all resembles it. It is here that the united talent of Edinburgh, under the general appellation of the "College of Justice" is to be met with.—You enter a beautiful, large, gothic-looking room, with a gigantic statue of the late Lord Melville at one end, and sundry niches or recesses in the wall, called *bars*; and up and down this room you see—walking and lounging, and lolling, and reading, and speaking,—members of "the college," of every grade, from the senator to the fag of a writer's apprentice.—And who do you see?—professors, poets, reviewers, historians, members of parliament, editors, pamphleteers, &c. &c.—All members of the college—some in gowns and wigs, some in gown and no wig, and some in neither gown nor wig—and you have every day the power of bringing together a knot of men, which I am quite sure no city in the world can equal:—this too as easily and naturally (and much more frequently) as you can bring your friends together to your table. I do think that this circumstance alone, sets Edinburgh far above London for society. The continual intercourse, in a professional way, of men of talent, the common-placeness (excuse a vile word) of what in London is made, as you know, a matter of favour and difficulty, certainly give a facility of being in *good company*, which overgrown London, even with its *Row* dinners and Hampstead parties, never can afford. You cannot turn, Sir, but you behold clusters of genius, known and unknown; and acquainted, as I have the good fortune to be, with many of the notables, I have opportunities of joining little corner parties, which the very first of your dinner-givers might congratulate themselves on being able to bring together once in a twelvemonth.

Who should I see capering in a quadrille at an advocate's party, but

our old friend C——, a fellow, who, when we last saw him, seemed as unlikely ever to be in such a situation, as I believe he is now ever to be again what we knew him!—He is an absolute *Exquisite*; and if I did not see it exemplified in more instances than his, I should not believe it possible that a man of so much real knowledge and profound erudition, could degenerate into the walking stick, by turns, of an antiquated Bas-bleu of 1793, and of a Parnassian turned ogler of the *school* of the mountains,—but there is here a most complete refutation of the *beau ideal* of a man of letters, and the affectation of peculiarity in dress or manner; nay, the reality of it, is quite antediluvian. Your author, your reviewer, lecturer, philosopher, poet or proser, furbish up their "good bodies," with a taste and carefulness that would do honour to the very *pinks* of Leadenhall-street, or the back of St. Clement's. I wish I could sacrifice my honesty to my gallantry, so far as to award an equal care (or rather an equal knowledge) of the duties of the toilette to my fair countrywomen.—You recollect Simkinson's eternal jabber, that the *Scotch women* could not put on their clothes, (and I recollect your arch reply to him,—but that is from the point)—there is really more in it than we would ever allow.—I declare that I have not been wrong above once in twenty times, in guessing that such and such a lady was either English, or had resided in England, merely from her dress. But you are tired, and so am I, and so like two poor single devils as we are, we break up our *communings*, as they say here, whenever the more amiable (query—*aimable*) part of the creation come about us.

From all that I can at present see I shall remain here above a month, but my next letter will tell you my motions; and if you like the *taste* of this, you may perhaps have some more of the same *calibre*, comme dit miladi Morgan.

Write on receipt, and tell me all the prattle about Hampstead, Tavistock-square, &c.

Yours, ever,

My dear Doctor,

Most sincerely,

TOM YOUNG.

## THE LAMENT.

If nations weep when kings or princes great,  
 Who long have lived, and reign'd in equity,  
 Yield to the still greater sovereign—Death,  
 And leave their titles—riches—splendour—all—  
 To be possess'd by others: if nations weep  
 When dies the statesman, who in honour's path  
 Has trod for years—whose theme was liberty:—  
 If nations weep when the brave warrior falls,  
 Wrapp'd in a robe of glory, on the field,  
 Where Victory stands to place upon his head  
 Her laurell'd crown of never-dying fame,  
 Whose name is heard upon the infant's tongue,  
 By parent taught—and that too with its prayers;—  
 Though in the general sorrow I would share,  
 And mourn th' unhappy loss—yet more I mourn  
 For him who dies in private life, beloved  
 For virtues and for talents rarely seen:—  
 And when I know that round the cheerful hearth  
 (Once cheerful) he no longer sits; ah, no!  
 And see the widow's garb of woe—and orphans too,  
 Who look into her face with glistening eye,  
 And say, "Where's father gone?"—"how long he stays!"  
 And "when will he come back?"—poor little dears,  
 I sorrow for your sakes—for he is gone  
 Where you ne'er think upon—and you are left  
 On the world's ocean, and without a hand,—  
 A father's hand,—to guide. I weep for her  
 Who was a solace in his darkest hour,  
 And who companionless is left on earth:—  
 But when I think upon a heaven above,  
 And that the wise and good are happy there,  
 I dry my tears—and bid the widow look  
 To that blest place of rest, where not a sigh  
 Shall ever once escape the lips of those  
 Who meet—but all be happiness and love.

*Acton Place.*

M. M.

## THE GUITAR.

WHEN Lælia waked that wild guitar,  
 Each string that own'd her raptur'd touch  
 Gave music to the listening air,  
 And taught the melting heart too much;  
 But now its deep melodious swell  
 Is harshest discord to my ear,  
 For every tone is but the knell  
 Of moments spent with Lælia here.  
 Yet Sylvia's hand might charm the Fates,  
 For she can act a Syren's part,  
 But oh! the notes her skill creates,  
 Though sweet, they never reach my heart:  
 The cause it is not mine to tell,  
 But this I know,—were Love to do it,  
 He'd say, the *guitar* sounds as well,  
 But Lælia's smile is wanting to it.



MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF  
CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

*Now exhibiting in Pall-Mall.*

WE have prefixed to the present number an engraved outline of this picture (which we hope will be thought satisfactory), and we subjoin the following description of it in the words of the artist's catalogue.

*Christ's Agony in the Garden.*—The manner of treating this subject in the present picture has not been taken from the account of any one Apostle [Evangelist] in particular, but from the united relations of the whole four.

The moment selected for the expression of our Saviour is the moment when he acquiesces to (in) the necessity of his approaching sacrifice, after the previous struggle of apprehension.

*Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done.*

It is wished to give an air of submissive tenderness, while a quiver of agony still trembles on his features.—The Apostles are resting a little behind, on a sort of garden-bank; St. John in an unsound doze—St. James in a deep sleep—St. Peter has fallen into a disturbed slumber against a tree, while keeping guard with his sword, and is on the point of waking at the approach of light.—Behind St. Peter, and stealing round the edge of the bank, comes the mean traitor, Judas, with a centurion, soldiers, and a crowd; the centurion has stepped forward from his soldiers (who are marching up) to look with his torch, where Christ is retired and praying; while Judas, alarmed lest he might be surprised too suddenly, presses back his hand to enforce caution and silence, and crouching down his malignant and imbecile face beneath his shoulders, he crawls forward like a reptile to his prey, his features shining with the anticipated rapture of successful treachery.

It is an inherent feeling in human beings, to rejoice at the instant of a successful exercise of their own power, however despicably directed.

The Apostles are supposed to be lit by the glory which emanates from Christ's head, and the crowd by the torches and lights about them.

The printed catalogue contains also elaborate and able descriptions of Macbeth, the murder of Dentatus, and the judgment of Solomon, which have been already before the public.

We do not think *Christ's Agony in the Garden* the best picture in this collection, nor the most striking effort of Mr. Haydon's pencil. On the contrary, we must take leave to say, that we consider it as a comparative failure, both in execution and probable effect. We doubt whether, in point of policy, the celebrated artist would not have consulted his reputation and his ultimate interest more, by waiting till he had produced another work on the same grand and magnificent scale as his last, instead of trusting to the ebb of popularity, resulting from the exhibition of Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem, to float him through the present season. It is well, it may be argued, to keep much before the public, since they are apt to forget their greatest favourites: but they are also fastidious; and it is safest not to appear always before them in the same, or a less imposing, attitude. It is better to rise upon them at every step, if possible (and there is yet room for improvement in our artist's productions), to take them by surprise, and compel admiration by new and extraordinary exertions—than to trust to their generosity or gratitude, to the lingering remains of their affection for old works, or their candid construction of some less arduous undertaking. A liberal and friendly critic has, indeed, declared on this occasion, that if the spirits of great men and lofty geniuses take delight in the other world, in contemplating what delighted them in this, then the shades of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, can find no better employment than to descend again upon the earth, once more teeming with the birth of high art, and stand with hands crossed, and eyes uplifted in mute wonder, before Mr. Haydon's picture of Christ's Agony in the Garden. If we believed that the public in general sympathised seriously in this sentiment, we would not let a murmur escape us to disturb it;—the opinion of the world, however erro-

neous, is not easily altered; and if they are happy in their ignorance, let them remain so;—but if the artist himself, to whom this august compliment has been paid, should find the hollowness of such hyperbolic commendation, a hint to him, as to its cause in the present instance, may not be thrown away. The public may, and must, be managed to a certain point; that is, a little noise, and bustle, and officious enthusiasm, is necessary to catch their notice and fix their attention; but then they should be left to see for themselves; and after that, an artist should fling himself boldly and fairly into the huge stream of popularity (as Lord Byron swam across the Hellespont), stemming the tide with manly heart and hands, instead of buoying himself up with borrowed bloated bladders, and flimsy newspaper paragraphs. When a man feels his own strength, and the public confidence, he has nothing to do but to use the one, and not abuse the other. As his suspicions of the lukewarmness or backwardness of the public taste are removed, his jealousy of himself should increase. The town and the country have shown themselves willing, eager patrons of Mr. Haydon's **AT HOME**:—he ought to feel particular obligations not to invite them by sound of trumpet and beat of drum to an inferior entertainment; but, like our advertising friend, Matthews, compass “sea, earth, and air,” to keep up the eclat of his first and overwhelming *accueil*!—So much for advice; now to criticism.

We have said, that we regard the present performance as a comparative failure; and our reasons are briefly and plainly these following:—First, this picture is inferior in size to those that Mr. Haydon has of late years painted, and is so far a falling-off. It does not fill a given *stipulated* space in the world's eye. It does not occupy one side of a great room. It is the *Iliad* in a nutshell. It is only twelve feet by nine, instead of nineteen by sixteen; and that circumstance tells against it with the unenlightened many, and with the judicious few. One great merit of Mr. Haydon's pictures is their size. Reduce him within narrow limits, and you cut off half his resources.

His genius is gigantic. He is of the race of Brobdignag, and not of Lilliput. He can manage a groupe better than a single figure: he can manage ten groupes better than one. He bestrides his art like a Colossus. The more you give him to do, the better he does it. Ardour, energy, boundless ambition, are the categories of his mind, the springs of his enterprises. He only asks “ample room and verge enough.” Vastness does not confound him, difficulty rouses him, impossibility is the element in which he glories. He does not concentrate his powers in a single point, but expands them to the utmost circumference of his subject, with increasing impetus and rapidity. He must move great masses, he must combine extreme points, he must have striking contrasts and situations, he must have all sorts of characters and expressions; these he hurries over, and dashes in with a decided, undistracted hand;—set him to finish any one of these to an exact perfection, to make “a hand, an ear, an eye,” that, in the words of an old poet, shall be “worth an history,” and his power is gone. His *forte* is in motion, not in rest; in complication and sudden effects, not in simplicity, subtlety, and endless refinement. As it was said in the Edinburgh Review, Mr. Haydon's compositions are masterly sketches:—they are not, as it was said in Blackwood's Magazine, finished miniature pictures. We ourselves thought the Christ in the triumphant Entry into Jerusalem, the least successful part of that much admired picture: but there it was lost, or borne along in a crowd of bold and busy figures, in varied or violent actions. Here it is, not only the principal, but a solitary, and almost the only important figure: it is thrown in one corner of the picture like a lay-figure in a painter's room; the attitude is much like still-life; and the expression is (in our deliberate judgment) listless, feeble, laboured,—neither expressing the agony of grief, nor the triumph of faith and resignation over it. It may be, we are wrong: but if so, we cannot help it. It is evident, however, that this head is painted on a different principle from that of the Christ last year. It is wrought



with care, and even with precision, in the more detailed outlines; but it is timid, without relief, and without effect. The colour of the whole figure is, as if it had been smeared over, and neutralized, with some chalky tint. It does not stand out from the canvas, either in the general masses, or in the nicer inflections of the muscles and surface of the skin. It has a veil over it, not a glory round it. We ought, in justice, to add, that a black and white copy (we understand by a young lady) of the head of Christ has a more decided and finer apparent character. To what can this anomaly be owing? Is it that Mr. Haydon's conception and drawing of character is good; but that his mastery in this respect leaves him, when he resigns the port-crayon; and that, instead of giving additional force and beauty to the variations of form and expression, by the aid of colour and real light and shade, he only *smudges* them over with the pencil, and leaves the indications of truth and feeling more imperfect than he found them? We believe that Mr. Haydon generally copies from nature only with his port-crayon; and paints from conjecture or fancy. If so, it would account for what we have here considered as a difficulty. We have reason to believe that the old painters copied form, colour,—every thing, to the last syllable,—from nature. Indeed, we have seen two of the heads in the celebrated Madonna of the Garland, the Mother, and the fine head of Joseph, as original, finished studies of heads (the very same as they are in the large composition) in the collection at Burleigh-house. By the contrary practice, Mr. Haydon, as it appears to us, has habituated his hand and eye to giving only the contour of the features or the grosser masses:—when he comes to the details of those masses, he fails. Some one, we suspect from the style of this picture, has been advising our adventurous and spirited artist to try to finish, and he has been taking the advice: we would advise

him to turn back, and consult the natural bent of his own genius. A man may avoid great faults or absurdities by the suggestion of friends: he can only attain positive excellence, or overcome great difficulties, by the unbiassed force of his own mind.

The crowd coming, with Judas at their head, to surprise our Saviour, is not to our taste. We dislike mobs in a picture. There is, however, a good deal of bustle and movement in the advancing group, and it contrasts almost too abruptly with the unimpassioned stillness and retirement of the figure of Christ. Judas makes a bad figure both in Mr. Haydon's catalogue, and on his canvas. We think the original must have been a more profound and plausible-looking character than he is here represented. He should not grin and show his teeth. He was, by all accounts, a grave, plodding, calculating personage, usurious, and with a cast of melancholy, and soon after went and hanged himself. Had Mr. Haydon been in Scotland when he made this sketch? Judas was not a laughing, careless wag; he was one of the "Melancholy Andrews."—The best part of this picture is decidedly (in our opinion) the middle ground, containing the figures of the three Apostles. There is a dignity, a grace, a shadowy repose about them which approaches close indeed upon the great style in painting. We have only to regret that a person, who does so well at times, does not do well always. We are inclined to attribute such inequalities, and an appearance of haste and unconcoctedness in some of Mr. Haydon's plans, to distraction and hurry of mind, arising from a struggle with the difficulties both of art and of fortune; and as the last of these is now removed, we trust this circumstance will leave him at leisure to prosecute the grand design he has begun (the Raising of Lazarus) with a mind free and unembarrassed; and enable him to conclude it in a manner worthy of his own reputation, and that of his country!

## PARIS IN 1815,

A POEM, BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, A.M.

*Part the Second.*

MR. CROLY is already well known in literature, by his beautiful poem of the Angel of the World, and by the first part of the work now before us. Having long since given our opinion of his high deserts, we are happy to say, there is nothing in the present production to detract from them. Far from it. The second part of Paris must add considerably to its author's reputation. The same lofty conception—the same gorgeous imagery—the same eloquent and copious diction which distinguished the poet of Arabia, are here, every where discernible. Nor are the graces of its language, and the splendours of its description, the sole, or even principal recommendations of this poem: they are accompanied by a pure strain of moral feeling—a clear and deep gush of patriotism and piety, that do as much honour to Mr. Croly's principles as its intellectual excellencies do to his understanding. In a day like this, when we see some of our noblest spirits flying to the bowers,

Where pleasure lies carelessly smiling at  
fame—

or rising on an impious wing, to brave the very source of their prostituted inspiration, it is delightful to see the poet and the Christian thus meet together, to consummate the sacred union of genius and religion—and it is wise. The loveliest, and the most lasting wreath, which human toil can weave, will surely wither, unless the rose of Sharon consecrates its foliage.

The first part of Paris touched upon the principal events of the French Revolution; and the second dwells upon its consequences to the French capital, and its final close, by the victorious entry of the allies, and the restoration of the Bourbons. The death of Louis XVI, the spoliation of the Louvre, the characteristic beauties of the deathless names whose works adorned its walls, the reign and overthrow of Napoleon, and the solitary and unshaken firmness of England during the awful contest which led to it, are all

sketched with the hand of a master. These interesting and inviting topics are ushered in by a preface, which yields to no part of the poem, either in energy or splendour. Indeed the prose of Mr. Croly is striking and peculiar: he seems to possess an unlimited command of language; and his vocabulary is as select as it is copious: there is a loftiness, both of style and thought about it, which is very singular, and an union of learned lore, and of natural observation, which mark not merely the "child of song," but the child of study. He seems to have drunk deeply both of the Pierian spring and of the waters of Sion. He has manifestly communed with prophets, as well as poets; and, even when ascending the highest summit of Parnassus, his eye is raised to a more celestial and loftier elevation. This is as it should be: studies thus sustained, and thus directed, rather adorn than detract from, his profession; when David strikes the harp, he should not forget his sanctity.

The following extract from the preface, gives an awful, and but too faithful picture of the mad progress of the French revolutionists.

The *Sovereign people* established on its throne, instinctively chose murderers for its ministers; Marat, Danton, and Robespierre, three heads that might have kept the gates of Tartarus. Then began the day of tribulation. The king's blood was spilled; from that hour, the scaffold was red for years. France was delivered over to a reprobate mind, and she rushed out into a drunken prodigality of crime. She had no Sabbath, no Scripture, no soul, no God! But she had one abomination to astonish the world, a crime to which even the darkness of heathenism had never stooped; in the presence of mankind, by a solemn act of her legislature and her people, she worshipped a public harlot. This was religion in the hands of the populace; their philosophic government more cruel than tyranny—their philosophic religion more benighted than paganism. The guilt of France was now accomplished. She was suffered, and spared no more. The hope of freedom was torn from her. She was abandoned to the inflictions of a despotism, that, worse than the Egyptian



plague, smote her first born from year to year. An evil phantom of glory was sent before her, only to lead her deeper into the desert. The final retribution came. That spectral and ominous shape of military fame sank into the earth; and the infidel strength, that had defied the living God, was driven back with protracted defeat and misery, with innumerable wounds streaming in succession upon her, step after step, stripped of armour and spoils, and renown and courage, till at last the corpse was flung into the grave. This was the dominion of the populace urged to its consummation. The noblest contrast of the prosperity of a religious and loyal people was to be found by its side.

This appears to us not to be less powerful than true: as a contrast to the appalling picture, we are proud and happy to be able to present, by the same author, a glorious compendium of England's conduct during this convulsion.

England was the only nation, that, in the midst of universal overthrow, never suffered a signal casualty in arms. She went on, still protected. She had the blessing of the prophet; in the midst of her warfare, "peace was within her walls, and plenteousness within her palaces." She purchased her renown by no interruption of her native pursuits, and she did not draw back a single step in science, in accomplished literature, in noble discovery, in munificent charity, in the purity of her laws, in the sincerity of her established faith; while her walls were beleaguered with the warfare of the world, she held her gates open, day and night, to the exile and the fallen. Like an earthly providence, "she cared for all." In the very whirlwind of her power, she provided for the world's health—her fleets of war spread the Scriptures round the globe! To those who saw that time of the distress and perplexity of nations—the universal polity, like a sea upturned by storms, men's hearts failing them for fear, the mighty of the earth calling to the caves and mountains to hide them;—England—stately and unshaken, standing in a towering and solitary splendour, which grew with the deepening of the storm, her hand stretched out unweariedly to save, and her serene eye fixed on heaven—might have looked less like a being that felt hourly exposed to the common convulsion and decay, than the minister and angel of a superior throne—a being beyond the touch of casualty, impassive and immortal. The triumphs of peace followed the triumphs of war. Her old rival was destined to receive a king only at her hands. The usurper of France was destined to be given up to her only, as her slave. She was yet to wear the noble crown of moral glory. She

had abolished the slave trade. As the crowning and consummation of her fame, she was delegated to abolish Christian captivity among the infidels. Those are the monuments by which she has been permitted to make her name memorable to all time—her two great pillars, the limits to man's progress in that boundless sea of humanity, hitherto reached by no other nation, and if to be passed, to be passed only by her own illustrious adventure.

We will not apologize for giving these two admirable prose extracts in our review of a poem; and we pity the Englishman who cannot look with pleasure on the picture presented by the last. Whatever may be the intestine strifes or trifling, and let us hope, transient differences, which ruffle the fair current of our domestic history, it is a duty to let them cease, though only for a moment, that we may see in its clear and lucid surface so fair a reflection of our country's glory. Mr. Croly has not only told the truth in eloquent and energetic language, but he has most skilfully selected only those prominent and glorious features upon which all parties must look with unmingled admiration. The diffusion of the Bible, in the midst of a war, necessary and inevitable—the abolition of the slave trade—the rescue of Christians from an infidel captivity—these are exploits upon which both royalist and radical may look, and feel his country warm within him, as he beholds them. When all recollection of the war shall vanish, and the French Revolution shall no longer blot the page of freedom, or fright the memory of tyrants; such deeds as these shall associate themselves with our island throne, at once ennobling itself, and consecrating the homage of which it is the object.

The poem opens with an apostrophe to the Carousel, and proceeds to a minute and very poetic description of the Louvre, then daily restoring to Europe the spoils of which it had deprived her. The Venetian horses have their due share of honour from the poet, and not undeservedly: perhaps, there was no one trophy of the war,—we might go farther—and say, not one dynasty which waged it, which had withstood so many revolutions, and survived through such convulsions, as those far-famed steeds. Torn from Corinth by the Consul

Mummius, they were transferred to Rome, which capital they graced for nearly *five hundred years*. They then went with Constantine to his new metropolis, and for *eight hundred years* more adorned Constantinople; from this latter city, they were by the Latins, in 1204, transferred to Venice, whence, after a sojournment of *six hundred years*, Napoleon carried them to Paris, and now Venice has again received them as her ancient property! We question much, whether even Bucephalus himself has ever received the homage of so many potentates. It was Caligula, we believe, who threatened to make his horse a consul; but what was that dignity, compared to the rival love of kings, and emperors, and republicans! It would be a curious subject of speculation to discover what future chieftain shall next yoke them to his car of victory! Venice, however, is the only city which has had the honour hitherto of twice possessing them;—

Back to the Adriatic queen have gone  
The steeds, with princes glorying in their  
train.

We could linger long with Mr. Croly, amid the “living minds,” which breathed throughout the Louvre, and almost wish we could with him have witnessed, its just, perhaps, but melancholy dismemberment.

Strange scene! of wanderers hasting to  
and fro,  
And soldiers on their posts parading  
slow,  
And the fix'd native with his livid  
glare,  
And woman with her ready burst of  
woe,  
And eager artists, scaffolded in air,  
Catching its pomps before that gorgeous  
wall is bare.

We do not wonder at it, and are more than inclined to doubt the stern justice which disrobed that wall, and thereby for ever deprived art of an asylum for study, such as human ingenuity had never formed before. The world had never witnessed such a pantheon of genius—

Corregio, Titian, Raphael, Angelo,  
Who made their age a wonder and despair  
To all the future—

might by their combination have inspired some youthful genius to a no-

ble rivalry. Those who have risen to eminence, almost in every profession, have generally had to struggle, at the commencement, with the *res angustæ domi*, and to such, the sight almost of any one of those masters is now out of the question. The loss to the world may be irreparable. Of course, we do not mean to doubt the *justice* of the reprisal; but it was at best, a little *peddling* reprisal, and it disfigured much the spectacle of assembled Europe triumphing, as they said, in the cause of humanity and freedom, to see her mightiest potentates struggling, and almost squabbling, about their division of the booty. When Napoleon plundered, he made his spoliation subservient to the cause of intellect and art. When the Allies reclaimed the spoil, they thought of nothing, except a mercenary appropriation. But we hurry from this subject to one, which we doubt not, will be more agreeable to the reader, as well as to ourselves. We mean to the fine poetry, in which a kindred spirit is thus apostrophised.

Resplendent Titian! What a host of  
thoughts,  
What memories of stars and midnight  
moons,—  
And long hours passed beneath the emerald  
vaults  
Of forests; and the sweet eve's thousand  
tunes,  
When the breeze rushes through the vine  
festoons,  
Show'ring their dew-drops; are concentrated here!  
And forms of prince and knight, in proud  
saloons,  
And dames, with dark Italian eyes, that  
ne'er  
Knew sorrow, or but wept the heart's bewitching tear.

Prometheus of the pencil! life and light  
Burst on the canvass from thy mighty hand.  
All hues sublime that ever dazzled sight,  
Where tempests die on Heaven, or ever  
waned  
On hills, the evening's azure thrones, or  
stained  
Ruby or beryl in their Indian cells,  
Or glanced from gem-dropt wing or blossom veined,  
Or tinged in Ocean-caves the radiant shell.  
All, at thy sceptre's wave, from all their  
fountains swell.

After describing all the masterpieces of the pencil—particularly,



Guido's "Penitence of Peter," for which the artist had

Flung down his maddening game,

Startling the revellers, who saw his eyes  
Flashing with thoughts that like the light-  
nings came,

And his brow clouding, as the visioned  
cries

Of PETER woke his own repentant ago-  
nies.

the transfiguration of Raphael,

—— as not with hands

Of human weakness wrought;

the "Peter Martyr" of Titian, and  
the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by  
Corregio,

Painter of the heart;

he passes on to the hall of sculp-  
ture, where "The Apollo," "Lao-  
coon," "Venus," and "Dying Gla-  
diator," are thus taken leave of in a  
strain of as fine moral poetry as per-  
haps even the muse of Young ever  
consecrated. We quote them with  
pleasure, because, splendid as they  
are, they are indicative of better  
things, even than genius.

Are they but stone! Aye, many an age the  
wave

Has beat on beds as precious, and the  
sheep

Has nibbled the wild vine roots round the  
cave

Where their white beauty slept, and still  
might sleep,

Had not the master-chisel plunging deep,

Awoke the living image from the stone.

Was their Creator born to swell the heap  
Of earth's decay—be measured by a  
moon?

The soul's supremacy decrees the soul its  
throne.

Tombs are deceivers—what a mass of mind  
Were churchyards,—if the chambers of the  
brain

Dungeon'd the spirit.

There lies the house of bondage, let it lie—  
The ransom'd slave's gone forth—*his free-  
dom was to die.*

I have descended to the ancient vault,  
And held communion with the remnants  
there.

What saw I then? I saw the velvet rot;  
I saw the massive brass like cobwebs tear,  
Showing within its rents a shape of fear.

A wreck of man; from which the reptile  
stole,

Scared by the light.—Decaying slumberer,  
The thunders on thine ear unheard might  
roll!

Is this pale ruin, the tomb, the temple of  
the soul!

Oh misery if it were: that gliding worm  
Might make its mock of us—it feeds, and  
then

Is full and happy.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the freed spirit's gone;—upon the floods  
The rolling of whose waves is life, 'tis gone?  
And it has mingled with the diadem'd  
crowds

That wing not in the light of star or sun,

It lives at last—its being has begun!

Aye, from the moment that its clouded eye

Shut on the chamber hush'd, and taper dun,

It gazed on things unutterable, high

Above all height—all thought—on immor-  
tality.

This we conceive to be very finely  
imagined, and very finely express-  
ed. But comments upon such pas-  
sages are superfluous. The reader's  
heart must make its own comments  
upon subjects of this nature, and  
there is no heart, be it ever so insen-  
sible, by which they will not, at  
some time, make themselves felt;  
and few, be they ever so libertine,  
into which they can intrude, without  
advantage. The following two stan-  
zas are in a different style, and give  
a very picturesque description of the  
motley military crowd, which, fatally  
for Paris, fulfilled the prophetic slang  
of her revolution; and, for the time,  
did indeed make her inhabitants,  
however unwillingly, *citizens of the  
world.*

That crowd itself a wonder; half the world  
Seem'd to have sent it for some final deed.

There gazed the deep brow'd Calmuck, that  
unfurl'd

His flag by China's wall:—in wolf skin  
weed,

The bearded Bashkir with his lance of  
reed;—

There the bold hunter, nursed beneath  
thy sky,

Blue Tyrol; there the Austrian's high  
plumed head;

There the dark Prussian—vengeance in  
his eye,

Till the last debt is paid to bitter me-  
mory.

There the green Russian, that across thy  
wave,

Wild Euxine! shoots his glance of wrath  
and scorn,

On the proud Sultary, stupendous grave!

Where power sits throned in shadowy  
pomp forlorn,

Beneath the crescent's swift-declining horn.

There, towers, in gold and scarlet har-  
nesses,

The lordly Briton, by whose lance was borne

The GODLESS to the earth, no more to rise !

Champion of man and heaven ! the ransom'd world's his prize.

These two or three last lines remind us of almost the only topic in these pages, on which we feel inclined to remonstrate with Mr. Croly ; we allude to the incessant and rancorous abuse of Bonaparte. We can feel as proudly as any one, the signal and glorious triumph of our country ; but we would not sully that triumph by any ungenerous denunciation of a prostrate adversary.

But from this subject we turn with great pleasure to one upon which no Briton can differ from our poet, and which every Briton should be proud to see so represented.—We allude to the following beautiful description of the virtues, afflictions, and funeral of George the Third. We earnestly recommend its universal perusal.—After lamenting the misfortune which deprived the king of a personal participation in the triumphs of the alliance, he goes on—

It was in mercy ! thou hast spared the blow,

Worse than the worst that bruised our victor crest :

Thou didst not see her beauty pale and low,  
Whose infancy was to thy bosom prest.  
She bloom'd before thee, and thine age was blest.

And it was spared the after pang that wrung  
An empire's heart, and she was laid to rest,  
Beneath the banner on thy turrets hung ;  
Thou knew'st not that she slept, thy beautiful, thy young.

Thou didst not stand and mourn beside the bed

That held the dying partner of thy throne.  
Thou didst not bend a father's hoary head  
In hopeless sorrow o'er thy princely son.  
Servant of God ! thy pilgrimage was done !  
And dreams of heaven were round thy lonely tower ;

Still lived to thee each loved and parted one ;  
Till on thine eye-ball burst th' immortal hour,

And the dead met thy gaze in angel light and power.

We talk not of the parting rites—the pomp—  
Our heart above our father's grave decays.  
Yet all was regal there ; the silver trump,  
The proud procession through the Gothic maze,

The silken banner, thousand torches blaze,  
Gilding the painted pane, and imaged stone ;  
The chapel's deeper glow,—the cresset's rays,

Like diamonds on the wall of velvet shown,  
And, flashing from the roof, the helm, and gonfalon.

Yet still the thought is hallow'd ; and the train

Of solemn memories o'er the mind will come  
With long and lofty pleasure, touch'd by pain.

I hear the anthem : now as in the tomb  
Dying away ;—then, through the upper gloom

Roll'd, like the judgment thunders from the cloud,

Above that deep and gorgeous catacomb,  
Where sat the nation's mightiest, pale, and proud,

Thron'd in their dim alcoves, each fix'd as in his shroud.

Still lives the vision of the kingly hall,  
The noble kneeling in his canopy,  
The prelate in his sculptured, shadowy stall,  
The knight beneath his falchion glittering high,

All bending on a central pall the eye,  
Where melancholy gleams a crown of gold,  
An empty crown, 'tis sinking, silently,  
'Tis gone ! yet does the living world not hold

A purer heart than now beneath that crown is cold.

Raise we his monument ! what giant pile  
Shall honour him to far posterity ?

This monument shall be his ocean-isle,  
The voice of his redeeming thunders be  
His epitaph upon the silver sea.  
And million spirits from whose necks he tore

The fetter, and made soul and body free ;  
And unborn millions from earth's farthest shore

Shall bless the Christian king, till the last sun is o'er.

There are some minor poems which our limits will not allow us to transcribe, but which will amply repay the perusal of the reader. The following little stanzas close a volume, which we can safely recommend to the lovers of poetry for its genius, and to the lovers of virtue for its high and dignified morality.

*The Lily of the Valley.*

White bud, that in meek beauty so dost lean

Thy cloister'd cheek as pale as moonlight snow,

Thou seem'st beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,

An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud ! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing,

The broken spirit that its anguish bears  
To silent shades, and there sits offering  
To Heaven, the holy fragrance of its tears.



## HAZLITT'S TABLE TALK.\*

THIS work contains some of the most valuable of those treasures which its author has produced from his vast stores of feeling, and of thought. Admirable as his critical powers are, he is, perhaps, most felicitous when he discusses things rather than books—when he analyzes social manners, or fathoms the depths of the heart,—or gives passionate sketches of the history of his own past being. We are acquainted with no other living writer, who can depict the intricacies of human character with so firm and masterly a hand—who can detect with so fine an intuition the essences of opinion and prejudice—or follow with so unerring a skill the subtle windings of the deepest affections.

The most distinguishing quality of Mr. Hazlitt's essays is that which makes them, in a great degree, creations. They have in them a body of feeling and of wisdom, rarely to be found in the works of a professed observer. They do not merely guide us in our estimate of the works of others, or unravel the subtleties of habit, or explain the mysteries of the heart; but they give us pieces of sentiment in themselves worthy of a high place in the chambers of memory. He clothes abstract speculations with human thoughts, hopes, and fears. He embodies the shadowy, and brings the distant home to the bosom. If he gives a character of a favorite book, he not merely analyzes its beauties, but makes us partakers of the first impression it left on his own heart, recalling some of the most precious moments of his existence, and engrafting them into our own. We, too, seem to have been stunned with him on the first perusal of the *Robbers*, to have luxuriated with John Bunce, to have shed over the *Confessions of Rousseau* delicious tears, to have "taken our ease at our inn," on the borders of Salisbury Plain, and "shaken hands with Signor Orlando Frescobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance we have." There is no other critic who thus makes his comments part of our-

selves for ever after, as is the poet's sweetest verse, or the novelist's most vivid fiction. His hearty manner of bringing before us the finest characters of romance, as Don Quixote, Parson Adams, Lovelace, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison, has stamped them with a more assured reality than they had to us, before he wrote. There is the same *substantiality*, or even more, in his metaphysical speculations; and in his remarks on men and things. In the first, if he does not, like Rousseau, puzzle us amidst flowery paths, and thickets of freshest green; or, like Coleridge, bewilder us in golden mazes; still less does he, like the tribe of philosophers, lead us up a steep and stony ascent, to a cold eminence above the mists of error, and the warmth of humanity. He not only defines the dim verge of the horizon of our being, but fills all the foreground with busy hope, with stately recollection, with forms of old and undying love. He puts a heart into his abstrusest theories. No other writer mingles so much sturdiness with so much pathos; or makes us feel so well the strength of the most delicate affections. He estimates human nature in all its height, and breadth, and depth. He does not, with some who regard themselves as the only philanthropists, think of it as mighty, only in reference to certain glittering dreams of its future progress;—but takes into his account all it *is* and *has been*. With him it is not like the fairy bean-stalk, sprung up in a day from a little root, slender in its stem, and bearing out of sight at its top, an enchanted castle, but rooted far in the earth by innumerable fibres, and lifting up a noble trunk, the more venerable because it has outlasted "a thousand storms, a thousand winters."

Of all Mr. Hazlitt's acknowledged works, that which is now before us is the best example of the hasty character we have ventured to sketch of his powers. It is, we think, the most substantial of any that he has

\* Table Talk, or Original Essays; 3vo. by William Hazlitt. Warren. London, 1821.

written. There is not so much alloy of waywardness, or of splendid trifling, and full as much sense and feeling in it as in the best of his former essays. We will just pass over its leading titles; but it is manifestly impossible thus to convey any adequate idea of a work which is in itself only an index to a world of thoughts.

We shall say but little of the first article "On the Pleasure of Painting," because it has already appeared in our Magazine,\* and is, we are assured, well remembered by our readers. Nothing of the kind, we think, can be more exquisite than the author's own early aspirations and toils after eminence in his beloved art which he here gathers up and embalms. The spirit of long-crushed hope breathes tenderly through every line, and gives a nicer accuracy to every fine distinction, and a deeper beauty to every image.

Though we do not agree with those who regard Mr. Hazlitt as usually a defender of paradox, we think he has appeared in this character in his second essay "On the Past and the Future." He has, in this most eloquent disquisition, attempted to prove that the past is, at any given moment, of as much consequence to an individual as the future—that he has no more interest in what is to come than in what is gone by, except so far as he may think himself able to avert the former by action—that it is as well to have lived and enjoyed, as to have life and enjoyment yet in store. Now we may, without presumption, affirm that this is untrue, even though we should not be able to detect its fallacy. The error seems to us to consist in excluding from the argument all that properly appertains to individual being. The past and future, taken abstractedly, are quite different from the past and future, as they refer to the conscious life of each man;—and Mr. Hazlitt's reasoning appears to us to exist only in confounding these two senses of the terms. He, one moment, takes a stand apart from humanity, and the next speaks from an individual heart. Thus he says, and says most truly—

"a Treatise on the Millennium is dull; but who was ever weary of reading the fables of the golden age?"—But then we have no more personal concern in one than in the other, and where this is the case, we prefer that which human hearts have long been wont to yearn over, which the nurses of our own childhood have talked of, and over which antiquity has spread its mighty wings. Perhaps both the golden age and the Millennium are better as objects of distant contemplation, than of personal interest—for we do not heartily wish to realize either—but, were it otherwise, and the one were just over, and the other just beginning, should we hesitate which to choose, the past or the future? Or, to take a less refined and questionable example—would it be the same to us whether we had just spent a fortune, or were just adopted as a miser's heir? Then, again, Mr. Hazlitt differs from a person who would not like to have been Claude, because then all would be over with him, on the ground that it cannot signify when we live, save the present minute, because the value of human life is not altered in the course of centuries. But that present minute—and the feeling that its consciousness will last—is every thing. Our author forgets that the very desire to have been Claude is part of our present being. The vivid feeling which thus grasps past and future, and throws itself into other existences, refutes his own theory. The past itself has no real being to us except in the present. When it actually was, it had none of those attributes which it assumes now that it is gone. Like a young sapling, we have, at first, as slender roots as stem;—we strike deeper as we advance; and have a mightier hold within the soil as we spread out above it. The recollection of the past not only gives value to the present, but to the future;—because we feel that we cannot lose it till our heart and flesh shall fail us. For this, if for nothing else, we would live on. When it is "all over with us," the past is nothing. Mr. Hazlitt's own examples seem to us to be decisive against him. He

\* In an advertisement prefixed to the work, Mr. Hazlitt informs us that this Essay, and that on the Ignorance of the Learned, have appeared in periodical works. The others are now first published.



instances the agitation of criminals before their trial, and their composure after they are convicted, as proofs that when a future event is certain, "it gives us little more disturbance or emotion than if it had already taken place, or were something to happen in another state of being, or to another person." But is this the secret of their stillness? Is there no distinction between indifference and despair? Because men are less agitated when hope has fled, are they, therefore, at peace? Can it be gravely asserted, that if a man were called on to decide between the recollection of the rack a year ago, or the certain prospect of enduring its agonies in a year to come, he would have no preference! The question may surely be left on this practical issue. It is not, however, fairly stated by our author. The past and the future have both an existence in the present moment,—the first in recollection, the last in hope—and taking the mere value to the *imagination* of the two, the past is incomparably the richest; that is, the definite abstractedly considered as mere matter of contemplation, is better than the visionary; but the latter is of more *value* to us, because another kind of existence is reserved for it—that which the past once had—and which it will one day lose, to take its place in the majestic background of our being.

Though we thus differ from the author on the main doctrine of this essay, we admit that it is full of the deepest sentiments, and of the stateeliest truths. How pregnant is the following refutation of the usual complaints of the brevity and worthlessness of life!

Though I by no means think that our habitual attachment to life is in exact proportion to the value of the gift, yet I am not one of those splenetic persons who affect to think it of no value at all. *Que peu de chose est la vie humaine*—is an exclamation in the mouths of moralists and philosophers, to which I cannot agree. It is little, it is short, it is not worth having, if we take the last hour, and leave out all that has gone before, which has been one way of looking at the subject. Such calculators seem to say that life is nothing when it is over, and that may in their sense be true. If the old rule—*Respicere finem*—were to be made absolute, and no one could be pronounced fortunate till the day of his death, there are few among us

whose existence would, upon those conditions, be much to be envied. But this is not a fair view of the case. A man's life is his whole life, not the last glimmering snuff of the candle; and this, I say, is considerable, and not a *little matter*, whether we regard its pleasures or its pains. To draw a peevish conclusion to the contrary, from our own superannuated desires or forgetful indifference, is about as reasonable as to say, a man never was young because he is grown old, or never lived because he is now dead. The length or agreeableness of a journey does not depend on the few last steps of it, nor is the size of a building to be judged of from the last stone that is added to it. It is neither the first nor last hour of our existence, but the space that parts these two—not our exit nor our entrance upon the stage, but what we do, feel, and think while there—that we are to attend to in pronouncing sentence upon it. Indeed it would be easy to show that it is the very extent of human life, the infinite number of things contained in it, its contradictory and fluctuating interests, the transition from one situation to another, the hours, months, years spent in one fond pursuit after another; that it is, in a word, the length of our common journey and the quantity of events crowded into it, that, baffling the grasp of our actual perception, make it slide from our memory, and dwindle into nothing in its own perspective. It is too mighty for us, and we say it is nothing! It is a speck in our fancy, and yet what canvas would be big enough to hold its striking groups, its endless subjects! It is light as vanity, and yet if all its weary moments, if all its head and heart aches were compressed into one, what fortitude would not be overwhelmed with the blow! What a huge heap, a "huge, dumb heap," of wishes, thoughts, feelings, anxious cares, soothing hopes, loves, joys, friendships, it is composed of! How many ideas and trains of sentiment, long, and deep, and intense, often pass through the mind in only one day's thinking or reading, for instance! How many such days are there in a year, how many years in a long life, still occupied with something interesting, still recalling some old impression, still recurring to some difficult question, and making progress in it, every step accompanied with a sense of power, and every moment conscious of "the high endeavour or the glad success;" for the mind seizes only on that which keeps it employed, and is wound up to a certain pitch of pleasurable excitement or lively solicitude, by the necessity of its own nature.

The following apostrophe of the author to the scenes of his early raptures, "warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires," is not, to our

feeling, inferior to the finest passages in Rousseau's Confessions.

Ye woods that crown the clear lone brow of Norman Court, why do I revisit ye so oft, and feel a soothing consciousness of your presence, but that your high tops waving in the wind recal to me the hours and years that are for ever fled, that ye renew in ceaseless murmurs the story of long-cherished hopes and bitter disappointment, that in your solitudes and tangled wilds I can wander and lose myself as I wander on and am lost in the solitude of my own heart; and that as your rustling branches give the loud blast to the waste below—borne on the thoughts of other years, I can look down with patient anguish at the cheerless desolation which I feel within! Without that face pale as the primrose with hyacinthine locks, for ever shunning and for ever haunting me, mocking my waking thoughts as in a dream, without that smile which my heart could never turn to scorn, without those eyes dark with their own lustre, still bent on mine, and drawing the soul into their liquid mazes like a sea of love, without that name trembling in fancy's ear, without that form gliding before me like Oread or Dryad in fabled groves, what should I do, how pass away the listless leaden-footed hours? Then wave, wave on, ye woods of Tudorley, and lift your high tops in the air; my sighs and vows uttered by your mystic voice breathe into me my former being, and enable me to bear the thing I am!

The two Essays "On Genius and Common Sense," are distinguished by an extraordinary power of observation and analysis, of which we cannot here give examples. But we must lay before our readers the following character of the poet Wordsworth,—chiefly for that noble bursting out of the old love, in the midst of political enmity, with which it does the heart good to sympathize.

I am afraid I shall hardly write so satisfactory a character of Mr. Wordsworth, though he, too, like Rembrandt, has a faculty of making something out of nothing, that is, out of himself, by the medium through which he sees, and with which he clothes the barrenest subject. Mr. Wordsworth is the last man to "look abroad into universality," if that alone constituted genius: he looks at home into himself, and is "content with riches fineness." He would in the other case be "poor as winter," if he had nothing but general capacity to trust to. He is the greatest, that is, the most original poet of the present day, only because he is the greatest egotist. He is "self-involved,

not dark." He sits in the centre of his own being, and there "enjoys bright day." He does not waste a thought on others. Whatever does not relate exclusively and wholly to himself, is foreign to his views. He contemplates a whole-length figure of himself, he looks along the unbroken line of his personal identity. He thrusts aside all other objects, all other interest, with scorn and impatience, that he may repose on his own being, that he may dig out the treasures of thought contained in it, that he may unfold the precious stores of a mind, for ever brooding over itself. His genius is the effect of his individual character. He stamps that character, that deep individual interest, on whatever he meets. The object is nothing but as it furnishes food for internal meditation, for old associations. If there had been no other being in the universe, Mr. Wordsworth's poetry would have been just what it is. If there had been neither love nor friendship, neither ambition, nor pleasure, nor business in the world, the author of the Lyrical Ballads need not have been greatly changed from what he is—might still have "kept the noiseless tenour of his way," retired in the sanctuary of his own heart, hallowing the Sabbath of his own thoughts. With the passions, the pursuits, and imaginations of other men he does not profess to sympathize, but "finds tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." With a mind averse from outward objects, but ever intent upon its own workings, he hangs a weight of thought and feeling upon every trifling circumstance connected with his past history. The note of the cuckoo sounds in his ear like the voice of other years; the daisy spreads its leaves in the rays of boyish delight, that stream from his thoughtful eyes; the rainbow lifts its proud arch in heaven but to mark his progress from infancy to manhood; an old thorn is buried, bowed down under the mass of associations he has wound about it, and to him, as he himself beautifully says, ——"The meanest flow'r that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is this power of habitual sentiment, or of transferring the interest of our conscious existence to whatever gently solicits attention, and is a link in the chain of association, without rousing our passions or hurting our pride, that is the striking feature in Mr. Wordsworth's mind and poetry. Others have felt and shown this power before, as Withers, Burns, &c. but none have felt it so intensely and absolutely as to lend to it the voice of inspiration, as to make it the foundation of a new style and school in poetry. His strength, as it so often happens, arises from the excess of



his weakness. But he has opened a new avenue to the human heart, has explored another secret haunt and nook of nature, "sacred to verse, and sure of everlasting fame." Compared with his lines, Lord Byron's stanzas are but exaggerated common-place, and Walter Scott's poetry (not his prose) old wives' fables. There is no one in whom I have been more disappointed than in the writer here spoken of, nor with whom I am more disposed on certain points to quarrel: but the love of truth and justice, which obliges me to do this, will not suffer me to blench his merits. Do what he can, he cannot help being an original-minded man. His poetry is not servile. While the cuckoo returns in the spring, while the daisy looks bright in the sun, while the rainbow lifts its head above the storm—

"Yet I'll remember thee, Glencairn,  
And all that thou hast done for me!"

We must, we find, make short work with the rest of the volume. The "Character of Cobbett," is worthy of the subject, and will probably be the most popular of these essays;—though, for our own part, we prefer those in which the author takes a wider range of majestic contemplations. His article on "People with one Idea," is a piece of admirable sarcasm, and contains, among many palpable hits, a sketch of Mr. Owen to the life: The next, "On the Ignorance of the Learned," is a masterly dissection of the mere scholastic character; but we admire Mr. Hazlitt more when he vindicates the majesties of the heart, or the grandeurs of antiquity, than when he exposes the emptiness of pretension. In the paper entitled, the "Indian Jugglers," he has written very finely on bodily and mental accomplishments,—and has finally left the question of their relative value nearly where he found it. In that on "Thought and Action," he has, in the same way, given full weight to the claims of poets and heroes—and has eloquently rebuked those who would institute impertinent comparisons between them. He has, in another paper, given an amusing and instructive exposure of "Paradox and Common Place," detecting the inward weakness of Mr. Shelley's vagaries, and crushing Mr. Canning's taudry nets for the understanding, into atoms. We will not follow him through his proofs of the identity of vulgarity with affectation—or his elaborate exposures of the inconsis-

tencies of Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses—but will conclude with a picture of a dreaming, contemplative existence, from the article "On Living to One's-self," which, we think, is in Mr. Hazlitt's finest style, and which is steeped in intense recollection of his own being.

What I mean by living to one's-self is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men, calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamt of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loop-holes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. "He hears the tumult, and is still." He is not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring; starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He feels the truth of the lines—

"The man whose eye is ever on himself,  
Doth look on one, the least of nature's  
works;

One who might move the wise man to that  
scorn

Which wisdom holds unlawful ever"—

he looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest

beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Woe be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment. I can speak a little to this point. For many years of my life I did nothing but think. I had nothing else to do but solve some knotty point, or dip into some abstruse author, or look at the sky, or wander by the pebbled sea-side—

“To see the children sporting on the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever-  
more.”

I cared for nothing, I wanted nothing. I took my time to consider whatever occurred to me, and was in no hurry to give a sophistical answer to a question—there

was no printer's devil waiting for me. I used to write a page or two perhaps in half a year; and remember laughing heartily at the celebrated experimentalist, Nicholson, who told me that in twenty years he had written as much as would make three hundred octavo volumes. If I was not a great author, I could read with ever fresh delight, “never ending, still beginning,” and had no occasion to write a criticism when I had done. If I could not paint like Claude, I could admire “the witchery of the soft blue sky” as I walked out, and was satisfied with the pleasure it gave me. If I was dull, it gave me little concern: if I was lively, I indulged my spirits. I wished well to the world, and believed as favourably of it as I could. I was like a stranger in a foreign land, at which I looked with wonder, curiosity, and delight, without expecting to be an object of attention in return. I had no relations to the state, no duty to perform, no ties to bind me to others: I had neither friend nor mistress, wife nor child. I lived in a world of contemplation, and not of action.

#### LORD BYRON'S MARINO FALIERO, &c.\*

WE cannot speak in terms of very enthusiastic praise of this historical play. Indeed, it hardly corresponds to its title. It has little of a local or circumstantial air about it. We are not violently transported to the time or scene of action. We know not much about the plot, about the characters, about the motives of the persons introduced, but we know a good deal about their sentiments and opinions on matters in general, and hear some very fine descriptions from their mouths; which would, however, have become the mouth of any other individual in the play equally well, and the mouth of the noble poet better than that of any of his characters. We have, indeed, a previous theory, that Lord Byron's genius is not dramatic, and the present performance is not one, that makes it absolutely necessary for us to give up that theory. It is very inferior to *Manfred*, both in beauty and interest. The characters and situations there, were of a romantic and poetical cast, mere creatures of the imagination; and the sentiments such, as the author might easily conjure up by

fancying himself on enchanted ground, and adorn with all the illusions that hover round the poet's pen, “prouder than when blue Iris bends.” The more the writer indulged himself in following out the phantoms of a morbid sensibility, or lapt himself in the voluptuous dream of his own existence, the nearer he would approach to the truth of nature, the more he would be identified with the airy and preternatural personages he represented. But here he descends to the ground of fact and history; and we cannot say, that in that circle, he treads with the same firmness of step, that he has displayed boldness and smoothness of wing, in soaring above it. He paints the cloud, or the rainbow in the cloud; or dives into the secret and subterraneous workings of his own breast; but he does not, with equal facility or earnestness, wind into the march of human affairs upon the earth, or mingle in the throng and daily conflict of human passions. There is neither action nor reaction in his poetry; both which are of the very essence of the Drama. He does

\* *Marino Faliero*, Doge of Venice. An Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts. With the Prophecy of Dante. A Poem, by Lord Byron.—Murray, London.



not commit himself in the common arena of man; but looks down, from the high tower of his rank, nay, of his genius, on the ignobler interests of humanity, and describes them either as a dim and distant phantasmagoria or a paltry fantoccini exhibition, scarce worth his scorn. He fixes on some point of imagination or of brooding thought as a resting-place for his own pride and irritability, instead of seeking to borrow a new and unnecessary stimulus from the busy exploits and over-wrought feelings of others. His Lordship's genius is a spirit of necromancy or of misanthropy, not of humanity. He is governed by antipathies, more than by sympathies; but the genius of dramatic poetry is like charity which "endureth much, is patient, and by humbling itself, is exalted." Lord Byron, for instance, sympathises readily with Dante, who was a poet, a patriot, a noble Florentine, an exile from his country: he can describe the feelings of Dante, for in so doing, he does little more than describe his own: he makes nothing out of Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice, and cares nothing about him, for he himself is neither a warrior, a statesman, nor a conspirator. Lord Byron can gaze with swimming eyes upon any of the great lights of Italy, and view them through the misty, wide-spread glory of lengthening centuries: that is, he can take a high and romantic interest in them, as they appear to us and to him; but he cannot take an historical event in her annals, transport us to the time and place of action, give us a real, living interest in the scene, and by filling the mind with the agonizing hopes, and panic-fears, and incorrigible will, and sudden projects of the authentic actors in the world's volume, charm us of ourselves, and make us forget that there are such half-faced fellows as readers, authors, or critics in existence. Lord Byron's page has not this effect; it is modern, smooth, fresh from Mr. Murray's, and does not smack of the olden time. It is not rough, Gothic, pregnant with past events, unacquainted with the present time, glowing with the spirit of that dark and fiery age: but strewn with the flowers of poetry and the tropes of rhetoric. The author does not try

to make us *overhear* what old Faliero, and his young wife and his wily, infuriated accomplices would say, but makes them his proxies to discuss the topics of love and marriage, the claims of rank and common justice, or to describe a scene by moonlight, with a running allusion to the pending controversy between his Lordship, Mr. Bowles, and Mr. Campbell, on the merits of the natural and artificial style in poetry. "That was not the way" of our first tragic writers, nor is it (thank God) that of some of the last. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:"—one line of Webster, Decker, or Ford, (to say nothing of Shakspeare) is worth all the didactic and descriptive paraphrases of what would neither be seen nor felt by men in a state of strong agitation as they occur in this play. We cannot call to mind, after reading it, a single electric shock of passion; not a spark of genius struck out of the immediate occasion, like fire out of the flint; not one revelation of our inmost nature, forced from the rack of restless circumstance. But this is all that is truly dramatic in any tragedy or poem: the rest is but a form of words, an imposing display of ingenuity, or understanding, or fancy, which the writer (however excellent he may be in any of these respects) might as well or much better make in his own person. We think most highly of Lord Byron's powers "on this side of idolatry;" but we do not think those powers are dramatic, nor can we regard the present work as a splendid exception to that general opinion. But enough of prefatory remark.

Marino Faliero is without a plot, without characters, without fluctuating interest, and without the spirit of dialogue. The events hang together very slenderly and unaccountably. Steno (one of the Senate) has slandered the Doge's wife, Angiolina, and is adjudged by his peers to a month's imprisonment only, which is considered by the haughty Faliero as equivalent to an acquittal and a deliberate insult to himself; and he resolves to revenge it, by destroying the senate and overturning the state. His lady endeavours to pacify him under this indignity, says she is very indifferent to the matter herself, and

a long, cool, dispassionate argument follows, in which she enters into her sentiments of virtue and honour, and gives her reasons at large for marrying the Doge (who is an old man but choleric withal), which amount to this, that she did not care at all about him. The whole of her connection with the play is a very Platonic sort of business. She neither precipitates nor retards the plot, is neither irritated by the imputation on her own character, nor overwhelmed by her husband's fate. She is a very fair, unsullied piece of marble. Just at the moment that the Doge has received this mortal affront from the senate, Israel Bertuccio (an old fellow-soldier and retainer of his) has been struck by a Venetian nobleman, and comes to his patron "with blood upon his face" to supplicate for revenge. This facilitates the object of the Doge. Israel Bertuccio is commander of the arsenal, and it so happens, that a conspiracy is already hatching there, among the officers and workmen, to redress the wrongs of the state, and cut the throats of reverend rogues in office. These things fall out luckily together: there is no connection between them, but they serve as a peg to hang the plot on. The Doge is introduced to their council and becomes their leader; but, though he is represented as a fiery, untameable character, a rough soldier, he pules and whines through the rest of the piece, is continually reproaching his companions with his own scruples of conscience, making out that they have nothing to do with them, because they are only base plebeians, not knit to the senate by the ties of honour and friendship; but yet he persists in carrying into effect his purpose of revenge, and in assisting theirs of patriotism and justice. This is not very natural nor very interesting. The plot is defeated by the old trick of one of the conspirators being a little softer-hearted than the rest, and the Doge ends his inauspicious career by an elaborate denunciation of the senate, and prophetic view of the fall of Venice. Lord Byron has taken no advantage of Otway's *VENICE PRESERVED* to heighten his plot, though the outline is much the same; nor is there any tendency to plagiarism from other authors, ex-

cept an unaccountable pilfering of single phrases from Shakspeare. We will just give a few of these.

————— *There's no such thing.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
We will find other means to make all even.  
\* \* \* \* \*

————— To pass from mouth to mouth  
Of loose mechanics.

————— In the olden time  
Some sacrifices asked a single victim.

*There's blood upon thy face.*

I am a man, my lord.

Groan with the strong conception of their wrongs.

But let that pass.—*We will be jocund.*

The same sin that overthrew the angels.

————— But I have set my little left  
Of life upon this cast.

It is our knell, or that of Venice.

We will not *scotch*, but kill.—&c. &c.

And calmly wash those hands *incarnadine*.

Among the poetical passages in this play, we might instance the following as some of the most striking. The Doge, in addressing his nephew on the cause of their revenge, says passionately—

—Aye, think upon the cause—  
Forget it not:—When you lie down to rest,  
Let it be black among your dreams; and  
when

The morn returns, so let it stand between  
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud  
Upon a summer-day of festival:  
So will it stand to me.

Angiolina's description of her husband is also very graceful.

—Would he were return'd!  
He has been much disquieted of late;  
And Time, which has not tamed his fiery  
spirit,

Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,  
Which seems to be more nourish'd by a  
soul

So quick and restless that it would consume  
Less hardy clay.—Time has but little power  
On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike  
To other spirits of his order, who,  
In the first burst of passion, pour away  
Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in  
him

An aspect of eternity: his thoughts,  
His feelings, passions, good or evil, all  
Have nothing of old age: and his bold brow  
Bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts  
of years,

Not their decrepitude: and he of late  
Has been more agitated than his wont.



Would he were come ! for I alone have  
 power  
 Upon his troubled spirit.

We do not think the Noble Author has, in the sequel, embodied this *Titianesque* conception of his hero, Faliero. On the contrary, he is tetchy and wayward, sceptical, querulous, and full of the gusts and flaws of passion. As an instance of mere haste and irascibility, arising out of nothing, and subsiding into nothing, take his captious assumption of an agony of rage at the mention of his son, or what he chuses to interpret as such.

*Israel Bertuccio.* You must come alone.

*Doge.* With but my nephew.

*Israel Bertuccio.* Not were he your son.

*Doge.* Wretch ! darest thou name my son ? He died in arms  
 At Sapienza for this faithless state.  
 Oh ! that he were alive, and I in ashes !  
 Or that he were alive ere I be ashes !  
 I should not need the dubious aid of  
 strangers.

*Israel Bertuccio.* Not one of all those  
 strangers whom thou doubtst,  
 But will regard thee with a filial feeling,  
 So that thou keep'st a father's faith with  
 them.

*Doge (answers.)* The die is cast. Where  
 is the place of meeting ?

There is very little of keeping, or  
 of "the aspect of eternity," in this.

Angiolina and Marianna, her friend,  
 thus moralize very prettily on the  
 distinction between virtue and repu-  
 tation.

*Marianna.* — Yet full many a dame,  
 Stainless and faithful, would feel all the  
 wrong

Of such a slander ; and less rigid ladies,  
 Such as abound in Venice, would be loud  
 And all-inexorable in their cry  
 For justice.

*Angiolina.* This but proves it is the name  
 And not the quality they prize : the first  
 Have found it a hard task to hold their  
 honour,

If they require it to be blazon'd forth ;  
 And those who have not kept it, seek its  
 seeming,

As they would look out for an ornament  
 Of which they feel the want, but not be-  
 cause

They think it so ; they live in others'  
 thoughts,

And would seem honest as they must seem  
 fair.

The Doge presently after addresses  
 his wife to the following purpose.

— Well I know

'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream  
 Of honesty in such infected blood,  
 Although 'twere wed to him it covets most :  
 An incarnation of the poet's god  
 In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or  
 The demi-deity, Alcides, in  
 His majesty of superhuman manhood,  
 Would not suffice to bind where virtue is  
 not, &c.

To say nothing of the allusion to  
 Shakspeare in the above passage, it  
 is Lord Byron speaking in the 19th  
 century, and not the Doge of Venice  
 in the 14th. The author has *virtù*  
 running in his head, more than vir-  
 tue. There are several of these ana-  
 chronisms of style and sentiment  
 scattered throughout. We have nei-  
 ther space nor inclination to quote  
 them. The following speech of the  
 Doge, giving directions for the first  
 raising the alarm of insurrection, is  
 as spirited as any thing in the play.

— By different routes

Let your march be directed, every sixty  
 Entering a separate avenue, and still  
 Upon the way let your cry be of war  
*And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn \**  
*Discern'd before the port ; form round the*  
 palace,

Within whose court will be drawn out in  
 arms

My nephew and the clients of our house,  
 Many and martial ; while the bell tolls on,  
 Shout ye, " Saint Mark ! — the foe is on  
 the waters ! "

It is no wonder that Calendaro,  
 after this, exclaims—

I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

This is what we mean by dramatic  
 writing. In reading such lines as  
 these, we not only read fine poetry,  
 but we feel, see, and hear the genius  
 of the place, the age, and people,  
 stirring within us and about us.  
 Dramatic poetry, as Shakspeare says  
 of war, should be " lively, audible,  
 and full of vent."

Among the passages calculated for  
 action and stage-effect, are the Doge's  
 tearing off and trampling on the du-  
 cal bonnet in the first act, his pre-  
 sentation to the conspirators in the  
 third, and the entrance of the *Signor*  
*of the Night* to arrest him as a trai-

\* This is a fiction, a *ruse de guerre*.

tor just as he is expecting the signal for the destruction of the senate in the fourth. As he is waiting for the tolling of the bell, he hears other noises.

—Hark! was there not

A murmur as of distant voices, and  
The tramp of feet in martial unison?  
Then

*Enter a Signor of the Night, with Guards.*  
Doge, I arrest thee of high treason, &c.

As a specimen of the political and practical tone of the tragedy, we shall select only one passage.

*Israel Bertuccio.* We have them in the toils—it cannot fail!

Now thou'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt make

A name immortal greater than the greatest:  
Free citizens have struck at kings ere now;  
Cæsar have fallen, and even patrician hands  
Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel  
Has reach'd patricians; but until this hour,  
What prince has plotted for his people's freedom?

Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects?  
For ever, and for ever, they conspire  
Against the people, to abuse their hands  
To chains, but laid aside to carry weapons  
Against the fellow nations, so that yoke  
On yoke, and slavery and death may whet,  
*Not glut*, the never-gorged Leviathan!  
Now, my lord, to our enterprise; 'tis great,  
And greater the reward; why stand you rapt?

A moment back, and you were all impatience!

*Doge.* And is it then decided? must they die?

*Israel Bertuccio.* Who?

*Doge.* My own friends by blood and courtesy,

And many deeds and days—the senators?

*Israel Bertuccio.* You passed their sentence, and it is a just one.

*Doge.* Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you;  
You are a patriot, a plebeian Gracchus—  
The rebel's oracle—the people's tribune—  
I blame you not, you act in your vocation;  
They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you;  
So they have *me*: but *you* ne'er spake with them;

You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt;

You never had their wine-cup at your lips;  
You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept,

Nor held a revel in their company;  
Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor claim'd their smile

In social interchange for yours, nor trusted  
Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have:

These hairs of mine are grey, and so are theirs,

The elders of the council; I remember  
When all our locks were like the raven's wing,

As we went forth to take our prey around  
The isles, wrung from the false Mahometan;  
And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood?

Each stab to them will seem my suicide.

We agree with Israel Bertuccio, who interrupts him here—

Doge! Doge! this vacillation is unworthy Of a child, &c.

It is not the proper way of *backing his friends*. We had intended to give *Lioni* the Senator's description of a Venetian moon-light; but it is too long, and the public are all but glutted with the abstract beauty and dazzling power of Lord Byron's pen. There are some strange inversions of style in different parts of the work, and two instances of bad English.

And in my mind, there is no traitor like *He* whose domestic treason plants the poignard

Within the breast which trusted to its truth.

Lady! *the natural distraction of* Thy thoughts at such a moment *make* the question

Merit forgiveness, &c.

The Doge of Venice, which is to be brought out this evening (April 25th) at Drury-lane, will hardly make a popular acting play.\* Any thing written by Lord Byron, must be read.

The Prophecy of Dante, appended to the tragedy, is a rhapsody in his Lordship's manner, but not in his best manner. The description of Italy, as it bursts upon the traveller from the brow of the Alps, is admirable; but it is such as might come from the lips of a stranger, a native of the frozen North, like Lord Byron, rather than from the old poet Dante, who had bathed from his youth in her vales and azure skies, and was "native and endued unto that sunny element." The author speaks of continuing and completing this fragment, if he meets with encouragement to do so. But is it not for him to write what he pleases, and for the public to read in spite of themselves?

\* It was acted, but did not succeed.



## OLD STORIES.

## No. IV.

TRUTH NOT TO BE TOLD AT ALL TIMES ; OR,  
THE MORAL ENCHANTER.

IN those days, when magicians were rife on earth,—doubtless very delightful times, for even now the mere relation of the wonders which were then common, retains a spell, and a potent charm against the ennui of a long winter's evening—in those days there lived an enchanter, who must himself have been bewitched, being possessed not only by the wish of curing, but by the hope of being able to cure, mankind of their foibles, vanities, and follies, by means of the resources of his art. Many were the astonishing proofs which he is reported to have given of his skill; some of them, indeed, so astonishing as to be incredible even to those, who are not startled at the utmost licentiousness of fiction, or all the wonders of fairy-land. One instance of what he is said to have thus effected, will convince the reader that his repute was not greater than it merited to be. Almaforatati—for such was the imposingly sonorous name of our philosophic magician—almost endued of itself with necromantic power,—had discovered that the female tongue generally acquires an additional and very formidable impetus after marriage; and that the musical tones of a maiden's dulcet voice frequently become shrill and discordant from the same cause: in short, he discovered that another magician, of very capricious temper, and named Gegamos, took a malignant pleasure in frequently transforming the most beautiful nymphs, angels, and goddesses, into shrews and scolds; a more lamentable metamorphosis than any recorded in that delightful romance, written by the Ariosto of antiquity.\* Against these most diabolical transformations, the benevolent Almaforatati contrived a potent talisman—but, unfortunately for posterity, the secret of this talisman was confided to a woman; and therefore, as the sex are as little celebrated for their retention of secrets, as they are for their retention of tongue, I presume that it has long since been lost. Reader, art thou married? Should such happen to be the case, thou wilt

appreciate the benevolence of Almaforatati as it deserves.—It is not my intention, however, to record all that this humane enchanter did for the improvement and amelioration of mankind; since excellent as he was, and excellent as his history could not fail to be when written by myself, it might be somewhat prolix—I will not employ that ominous word *tedious*. For the present, therefore, I shall confine myself to the relation of one of those many cures which he effected by the judicious employment of his necromantic skill.

There was, among others, whom he attempted to bring to reason, a certain Biribissi: this person was afflicted with a most inconvenient and ugly disorder, which was a perpetual source of embarrassment to himself and others; for the poor man was determined, on every occasion, to *speak his mind*, and to manifest by his actions his thorough contempt for what he termed the sophisticated and artificial forms of society. This he frequently did, to the utter disregard of the feelings of every one else. Almaforatati considered him, therefore, as a very fit object of compassion, and resolved to remove, if possible, so desperate a folly; and what can be more egregiously so, than an exposure of one's undisguised sentiments on every occasion, and that, too, in the most wanton and gratuitous manner. In order to accomplish this laudable purpose, Almaforatati transported Biribissi to an enchanted domain; where, upon his arrival, he proceeded towards a spacious edifice, on which was an inscription, purporting that it was the Palace of Unsophisticated Sincerity; and that, within its walls, no restriction was imposed upon either words or actions. Biribissi was enraptured at this discovery, and immediately entered, hoping to be able, for once, not only to speak truth himself, without offending others, but likewise to hear it from them. After passing through many noble and magnificent halls, where there was no one either to receive or welcome him, he found

\* Ovid.

himself in a splendid saloon, filled with a numerous company.

The din and confusion which prevailed here, tended in some degree to dispel the pleasure he had experienced in contemplating the splendour of the other apartments, and in anticipating the enjoyment arising from a complete rejection of those eternal insincerities which are a stain upon social intercourse. Having entered, he soon discovered that each individual was acting with as little restraint as if he were completely alone. Some were gesticulating before the large mirrors that adorned the walls, and throwing themselves into strange attitudes, and each expressing aloud his unqualified admiration of his own person. Others, who held manuscripts in their hands, were extolling the beauties of their own composition, and appeared to be lost in ecstasy at the contemplation of their own genius. Some were dancing—but all singly;—some singing; others talking aloud to themselves, and expressing, very unreservedly, their opinions of the rest of the company; every one, in short, was manifesting his perfect disregard of all form or restraint.

At first, Biribissi was delighted at what he considered to be liberty, freedom, ingenuousness, candour, and a love of veracity; in a short time, however, he was disgusted at their extravagance, particularly as they did not scruple to make certain observations on his person, which, notwithstanding his enthusiasm for sincerity, he could very well have spared; the more so, as his features and countenance were not altogether formed to call forth expressions of admiration. So irritated, indeed, did he at length become, in consequence

of some comments on his figure, very candidly offered to him, that he aimed a blow at the commentator himself, for the purpose of convincing him, not logically, but manually—of the exceeding bad taste of his critique, and how little it was relished. But, lo! no sooner had he struck him, than the whole scene vanished, and he found himself standing in the presence of Almaforatati, who expressed his admiration at his vehemence, by a countenance not of the sternest cast for a magician. “Biribissi,” exclaimed he, “you appear to be somewhat disturbed? How! has any thing occurred within the Palace of Sincerity, that could possibly excite your displeasure?” But the astonished, the indignant, the abashed Biribissi replied not. “Well,” continued Almaforatati, “unless all my science has forsaken me, I may venture to predict that, henceforward your unqualified admiration of unqualified sincerity will be considerably diminished—will be less fervent, less romantic. The lesson you have just received, and the scene you have just been witnessing, must convince you that the forms against which you exclaim as being incompatible with liberty, as abridging—and they undoubtedly do—the freedom of each individual, are precisely that which preserves social intercourse, and polishes down its asperities, rendering it less harsh, and less likely to wound the tenderness of self-love. The insincerity which you so much decry is but that decent veil, without which truth itself disgusts; while the candour you have hitherto affected to admire, is but too often a mere disguise, beneath which may be detected, obstinacy, rudeness, and selfishness.”

---

THE WATER LADY—A LEGEND.

THERE is a mystery in these sombre shades,  
A secret horror in this dark, deep flood:  
’T seems as if beings of another race  
Here lurk invisible, except what time  
Eve’s dusky hour, and night’s congenial gloom,  
Permit them show themselves in human guise.—  
Men say that fays, and elves, and water spirits,  
Affect such haunts—and this is surely one.

On the banks of one of the streams  
falling into the Inn, are the remains  
of an old castle, not far from a nar-

row defile or glen, where the waters,  
being hemmed in, rush with impetu-  
osity through fragments of rock



impeding their course. Of these, the following legend is related. The last possessor of the castle, which had not been inhabited for several centuries, was Count Albert, a youthful nobleman, descended from an illustrious ancestry; daring, enthusiastic, and addicted to study; but his studies were of such a nature that they incurred for him, among his credulous dependants, the imputation of holding unhallowed intercourse with supernatural beings. Independently, however, of the censures his conduct occasioned in this respect, he was admired by all for possessing, in an eminent degree, personal courage and prowess, qualities so necessary, and therefore so highly prized, in those ages. Yet even those who were most forward to commend his undauntedness could not forbear blaming the indiscretions of his curiosity, which led him to venture into scenes that would, by the fancied horror attached to them, have appalled the bravest of his followers. During the most stormy weather, when the spirits of the air were supposed to be wreaking their fury on the elements—in the depth of night, at what hour the departed were supposed to revisit the earth, and forms obscure and terrific to appear to the unfortunate traveller who should be bewildered on his way,—even at such seasons would Albert venture into the recesses of the woods, enjoy the conflict of nature on the blasted heath, and explore the wildest solitudes around his domain.

Such practices occasioned much conjecture and rumour—and many prophesied, that some terrible visitation would overtake the man, who, if not actually leagued with the powers of darkness, delighted in all that was terrific and appalling; nor did the less scrupulous or the more imaginative hesitate to relate, with particular circumstance and detail, the dreadful mysteries he was reported, at such times, to have witnessed.

In the defile, which, as has been stated, was in the immediate vicinity

of the castle, it was said that a fairy, or spirit, named by the peasantry the Water Lady, had been heard by night, singing within a cave hollowed in the rock, just above the most dangerous part of the current.

Albert was determined to ascertain the truth, and, if possible, obtain an interview with the supernatural inhabitant of the *Black Water Vault*. Such a daring project excited the horror of all who heard it; since many were the tales respecting persons having been enticed to listen to the strains of the spirit, and afterwards perishing in the foaming waters: for she was said to delight in attracting the unwary, and the curious. But though the design of the young Count appeared so fraught with danger, and obstinate temerity, nothing could induce him to abandon the enterprize; neither the entreaties of his friends, nor those of Bertha, his betrothed bride, whom he was shortly to conduct to the altar: it rather seemed as if all obstacles and dissuasives did but irritate his unhallowed curiosity. One evening, the third of the new moon, the Count, attended by two companions, whom he had prevailed upon to assist him in rowing his boat, and steering it among the eddies of the torrent, departed for the scene of research.—They proceeded in silence, for Albert was buried in thought, the others were mute from apprehension. No sooner did they approach the narrow pass where the foaming and congregated waters dash furiously through the contracted channel, than was heard the voice of one within the cavern.

The music was so strangely sweet and fascinating, that, although struck with awe at the supernatural sounds, they were induced to advance. A form was soon dimly descried: it was that of a female arrayed in floating drapery, but her features they might not discern, as she wore a thick veil. They continued to approach the spot so as to be able to catch distinctly the following words, which were chaunted in a tone of solemn adjuration.

By the treasures of my cave,  
More than avarice could crave,  
More than Fortune yet e'er gave,  
I charge thee, youth, appear.

Here I wait thy will and hest,  
 Here with me thou'lt safely rest,  
 Thou art he, my chosen guest ;—  
 Then enter thou, nor fear.

Mortal, now, in dead of night,  
 Magic spell of friendly sprite,  
 To favour thee, hath bound aright  
 Aught that would thee harm.  
 Hither, hasten, youthful rower :  
 In my secret, inmost bower,  
 Thou shalt find a worthy dower ;—  
 Defy not, then, my charm.

By this time they had arrived opposite to the cave: Albert motioned to his companions to stay the bark, and scarcely had they obeyed, when having leapt into the flood, he was soon descried by them climbing up the jutting crags below the cavern—he entered beneath its low-browed opening, and disappeared. Gazing upon each other with looks of dread, and fearing to speak, lest there should be horror in the tones of their own voices, they retired to some distance, waiting in the hope that the adventurer might re-appear: at length, they returned to the castle, in the same silence of terror as they had hitherto observed. “Where was their companion, the Count—had he perished?—How had they lost him—what had they beheld?” These and similar questions were put to them by the terrified inmates: their replies were brief, vague, incoherent, but all of dreadful import; and no doubt remained as to the youth’s having become the victim of his own temerity.

The following morning when the family were assembled, and preparing to commence their matin repast, Lord Albert advanced into the hall, and took his wonted station at the table, with the usual salutations. All started as if a spectre had stood before them—yet, strange to say, no one dared to address him as to his absence, or his mysterious return—for he had apparently but just quitted his chamber, clad in his wonted morning apparel: every one was as spell-bound, since no sooner did any attempt to question the Count, than he felt the words die away upon his lips. There sat a wondrous paleness on his brow, yet was it not sad; there was, too, a more than common fire in the expression of his eye;

he was thoughtful—at times abstracted, but instantly roused himself, and essayed to animate the conversation. If the silence of the others was singular, that of Albert himself was equally so, for he took no notice whatever of the occurrences of the preceding evening. No sooner had he quitted the hall, than every one began to inquire of his neighbour, if he knew when, or how the Count had returned—to wonder at their own silence on this topic, and impute it to some magic charm. Day after day did they continue to express to each other their astonishment, their surmises, their apprehensions; but even his most familiar friends did not venture ever to speak a syllable to him on the subject of their curiosity: among other circumstances, which were whispered about, it had been remarked, that instead of the ring the Count used to wear, which was of great value and family antiquity, he now had one, of which the circle itself, and not the ornament, was apparently cut out of a single piece of emerald, and, as some averred, who had taken the opportunity of examining it, unperceived by its wearer, inscribed with mystic characters.

In time, however, these circumstances ceased to be the theme of conversation, and even appeared forgotten during the preparations for the approaching nuptials between the Count and the Lady Bertha; and were never mentioned during the gaieties attendant upon their solemnization. On the evening after the bridal day, while the Count was conversing apart with one of his guests, in the recess of an oriel window, the faint beam of the new moon fell upon his face—he looked up aghast, as if struck by some sudden, dreadful re-



collection, and, dashing his hand against his forehead, rushed wildly out of the apartment. Consternation seized all who witnessed this dreadful burst of dismay, of which none could tell the cause.

Retired from his guests, the Count was hastily pacing to and fro, in a long gallery leading to his private apartments, when Bertha broke in upon him. She did not notice his extreme disorder, being herself hardly less agitated; but informed him, that on the preceding night, a figure, veiled in long flowing drapery, had been seen standing at their chamber door, and the next morning a ring picked up by her attendants on the very spot where this mysterious appearance had been observed. She then gave the ring to her Lord—it was that which he had formerly worn. “Fatal, fatal night! Listen, Bertha!” exclaimed he, in a tone of anguish. “Impelled by curiosity, I visited the cave of the ‘Water-Lady;’ it was on the third of the moon. She compelled me to an interchange of rings: from her it was that I received this fatal one, which you observe on my finger, and which I am bound by a solemn vow never to lay aside. I vowed also,”—he shuddered as he spoke—“to consent to receive a visit from her on the third of the moon—this I was obliged to do, or incur all the consequences of her wrath, while yet in her power: from that fatal period, I have been obliged to submit to these intercourses with a strange being—the consequence of my unhallowed curiosity. Last night was due to her!” Bertha listened in horror—the Count looked on his finger, the circlet of emerald was gone; how he knew not, but he hoped

that he was now released from his terrible vow, yet felt a strange presentiment of impending misfortune. Bertha, notwithstanding her own distress, endeavoured to cheer him, but became alarmed herself at the ashy paleness of his countenance: he tried to persuade her he was not so disturbed as she imagined, and turned to a mirror, for the purpose of seeing whether his features wore the deadly aspect she fancied—but a cry of horror issued from his lips; the mirror had reflected his dress, but neither his hands nor his face. He felt that he was under the bann of that mysterious being, with whom his fate was so strangely linked. A deadly chill darted through his heart; he rushed to his chamber, but no sooner had he laid his fingers upon the bolt of the door, than he felt them grasped by a cold icy hand. “Albert,” cried a voice, “thou hast broken the compact so solemnly ratified between us. Last night was the third of the moon: know that spirits may not be trifled with.” Bertha had followed her bridegroom: she had heard the awful voice—she felt that some strange visitation was at hand, yet was not therefore deterred from entering the apartment.

The next day, no traces of either Albert or Bertha could be discovered, they were never seen again; and all agreed that they had perished by the revenge of the “Water-Lady.” The castle was deserted; became a ruin—and the peasantry used ever afterwards to point out with dismay the fatal cavern of the Black Water Vault, and to relate to the traveller the legend of the Water-Lady.

---

## THE DRAMA.

### No. XVI.

WE must make short work of the drama this month. The managers have been sparing of novelties, and we must necessarily have something to write upon: we must have thread whereon to string our glittering conceits, or they and our readers would speedily be in ‘gay confusion,’ to the utter discredit of us and our magazine.

When a man is about undertaking to write, with little or nothing for a subject, it behoves him to make a pause,—and to weigh the chances of his saying little or nothing upon it. We have none of that faculty, so good at a pinch, which enabled an ingenious\* person to make ropes out of sea-sand, to the utter dismay of an

\* *Diabolus*:—this is Latin, and for gentlemen only.—The story wants confirmation.

insolent sceptic. We cannot build our castle on air, nor present our readers with visions of our own, instead of honest matters of theatrical fact. We might indeed feign that certain plays had been acted, and proceed to dissect them, without more ado, and offer up their mangled limbs to the keen appetites of our country readers, but we should be 'found out' in the end; and—like the Barmecide, who, in the spirit of princely fun, proffered to his guest his shadowy refectory, we might get our box o' the ear, as soundly as the Persian did, for our pains.

We must be even brief therefore.

The only plays which have been lately represented are '*Venice Preserved*,'—'*The Duenna*,'—and one or two others of ancient date: and there has been a new melo-drama also, called '*Undine*,' and two interludes. We will say a few words upon each.

#### COVENT-GARDEN.

*Venice Preserved* has been brought forward in order that Miss Dance (the new actress) might attempt the character of Belvidera.—This tragedy is almost the only one (perhaps the only one) which may be considered to have broken the dull line of mediocrity, which connects our living dramatic writers with those of the Elizabethan age. It has faults, doubtless, and very great faults of language; but there is a nerve and a strength about it, and a redeeming dramatic power also, which lifts it beyond all the other tragedies which have been written since the restoration of Charles the Second. Southern's diction was generally in better taste than that of Otway, but his muse was weaker, and his dramatic skill was less. Finer images might be selected, perhaps, from the extravagant writings of Lee, but he had the pomp rather than the power of poetry, and he had not that tact for character, nor had he the good keeping of Otway.

Yet *Venice Preserved*, with all its merits, has scenes which are insufferably tedious: it has some tumid and much unnatural writing: Jaffier and Belvidera are too much spread and beaten out, as it were: they say so much to (and of) each other, that

they do not say a great deal that is profound. There is little of that concentrated style of speech,—that pith of expression for which the writers of the time of Elizabeth were so remarkable, and less of their simplicity. Pierre, indeed, is a bold and striking figure, who stands out, like a rock, from amidst that sea of sorrow which Belvidera and her weak and vacillating husband pour forth. He is, in fact, the hero of the play; and, like a pleasant discord in music, he saves it from the monotony which would otherwise attend it. If the character of Jaffier had been more condensed, it would have been very good, for it is good in the conception; but it is eked out too much, and Otway (who had not a very great poetical faculty) has given him too much of flowery phrase to render him altogether pleasant to any one besides his wife. Still, Jaffier has great passion and great tenderness; though, in representation, he shrinks before the firm and more masterly spirit of Pierre.—To give the reader an idea of what we object to, we will quote a passage, from the first act, which is supposed to be spoken by Jaffier. The first three lines may well have been uttered by an exulting husband or lover; but what shall we say of the simile that follows?—is it not misplaced and most tediously prolonged?—is it not dull, unnatural?

Reign, reign ye monarchs, that divide the world;

Busy rebellion ne'er will let ye know  
Tranquillity and happiness like mine!  
Like gaudy ships the obsequious billows  
fall

And rise again to lift you in your pride;  
They wait but for a storm and then devour you;

I, in my private bark already wreck'd,  
Like a poor merchant driven to unknown land,

That had by chance packed up his choicest treasure

In one dear casket, and saved only that:  
Since I must wander further on the shore,  
Thus hug my little but my precious store,  
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.

Pierre is less metaphorical, and so (properly so) is Belvidera, though she complaineth too much at large. Miss Dance's acting (which, in the tenderest parts of a character, that



is, almost entirely tender, was very pleasant), did not convince us of the contrary. This young lady excels in gentle expression, and in the utterance of those trembling, half-stifled tones of anguish and love, with which the character of Otway's heroine abounds. Thus she gave the celebrated words, "Remember twelve!" with great effect; and in the mad scene, where she supposes that she has caught her husband in her arms, and says, "I have him, father," her tones were really heart-touching. But she is not at present of age to wear the crown, and wield the sceptre of tragedy: she does not look the matron or the queen, or (as Mrs. Siddons, who was all and each by turns)

Like the towered Cybele,  
Mother of a hundred gods.

She wants, in short, that depth and magnificence of voice, that serious and proud dignity of person, and the knowledge to use or subdue both to her purposes, which we have once seen exemplified, and never but once, upon the English stage.—Miss Dance may, nevertheless, in a certain range, excel, as a graceful and touching actress; and, indeed, she may in time (for she is yet young on the stage) accomplish even more than we will now venture to prophecy on her behalf.—Mr. C. Kemble's Jaffier is quite excellent, but it is well known, and we will not therefore dilate upon it. Mr. Macready's Pierre (we saw him on the second night of its performance) was a high and sternly striking portrait. It did him and Otway honour.

*The Duenna* is one of the best operas in the world. The wit (which is Sheridan's) is pleasant, and the songs are pleasant also: they have much of character in them, and are not thrust in upon all occasions, like the songs of our present operas, or the jokes of our modern farces. There are the celebrated songs of "Had I a heart for falsehood framed."—"Adieu, thou dreary pile;"—and "Oh! the days when I was young;" and also that renowned glee and chorus, where the reverend Father Paul and his co-adjutors are discovered mortifying themselves with wine.—It is very edifying, as well as the dialogue that follows it.

*Glee and Chorus.*

The bottle's the sun of our table,  
His beams are rosy wine;  
We, planets, that are not able  
Without his help to shine.  
Let mirth and glee abound,  
You'll soon grow bright,  
With borrow'd light,  
And shine as he goes round.

There is, moreover, a capital piece of wit in this play, of which we wish to apprize the uninformed reader. "Isaac Mendoza," a stupid half-converted Jew, conjectures that he is in love with, and asks in marriage, the daughter of Don Jerome. The father is willing, but the daughter and her brother rail against Isaac in his absence. One says that he has "left his religion for an estate;" to which the lady answers—"But he stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament."

Miss Hallande played Carlos, and sung the songs delightfully; her tones are almost matchless. We heard one of the first singers and best judges of the day say truly, that the stream of her voice was like balm. Why do not the managers cause her to be placed under some eminent teacher? It would surely answer their purpose to do so. Miss Stephens performed Clara, and gave the difficult air of "Adieu, thou dreary pile," very felicitously; though she, like Miss Hallande, excels in simpler strains. When they sing together they are like a pair of nightingales.

*Virginius*, (Mr. Knowles's excellent Tragedy) has been revived for the benefit of the holiday-makers. George Barnwell reposes at last, safe from the jeers of the critics in the pit, and unaffected by the riotous inattention of the galleries; and the Roman Virginius has been brought forward, and the pale Virginia martyred, in dumb show, in order that the revellers of Easter may be satisfied. The Gods (as they are called) of the gallery, like the pagan deities of old, require that tragedies shall be presented to them on their gay and gaudy days; they will not come to see comedy, or opera, or farce; and tragedy, which they do come to see, they will not hear. This was not

altogether the case, however, on Easter Monday, though it generally is the case. On the contrary, we heard the play indifferently well, and saw Miss Beaumont perform the part of *Virginia*, which she did very agreeably. She does not look so pretty as Miss Foote was wont to do, neither did she play it on the whole so well, but she was nevertheless very agreeable; (that is the word which we arrive at, again;—excellent is too much, and respectable is not enough.) Mr. Macready's *Virginius* is well known, and it deserves to be known. Mr. C. Kemble was a spirited  *Icilius*.

*Undine, or the Spirit of the Waters*, is a melodrama, which followed the representation of *Virginius*. It is founded on a beautiful tale, written by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué, but it is scarcely adapted to terrestrial machinery. Some liberties had been taken with the original, even by the translator, Mr. Soane; but the melodrama-wright (this word may be forgiven us,—at least, by manufacturers of melodrama) has departed much from the tale of La Motte Fouqué. Even a goblin of Sir Walter Scott's has been pressed into the service, and has been drafted from Scotland to Germany, in full possession of his alarming qualities. This personage (the same who used to shriek—*tint—tint*—in the forests of Reedsdale) was well acted by Grimaldi.

That dwarf was scarcely an earthly man,  
If the tales were true that of him ran  
Thro' all the border:

And it must be owned, that he lost none of his brightness in the hands of our peerless clown. There was no alloy—no approach to humanity or beauty; but, wild as the woods from which he sprung, when he first showed himself to Henry of Cranstoun, the goblin page stood confessed before the eyes of all the marvellers of Easter Monday. Miss Dennet was a graceful *Undine*, and Farley, in crystal sandals, the terrible *Kuhlborn*. The melo-drame is worth seeing, if it be only for its scenery, and Mr. Soane's translation of the story is an exceedingly interesting little book.

*The London Stars*. This is merely an interlude, written for the purpose of displaying Yates's mimicry, in which he is really clever.

#### DRURY-LANE.

*Jane Shore*.—At the time our theatrical article went to press, nothing new (of any importance) had occurred at this theatre. The tragedy of Lord Byron, *Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice*, was announced only; but as we have given a review of that work in our present number, our readers will be glad, perhaps, that the criticism on the acted play is postponed. It must be materially curtailed.—'Jane Shore' has introduced Mr. Wallack to the public, as the Duke of Gloster, and Mr. Cooper as Hastings, and Mrs. West as the penitent mistress of Edward. Mr. Wallack is always a respectable actor, and sometimes a very good one; but the vein does not run through an entire character. Mr. Cooper never offends us, and, it must be owned, seldom pleases us. If Mrs. West would spare herself and her auditors a little, she would be a very respectable actress; but her tones are too much in the 'Ercles' key, and are painfully prolonged. Her voice resembles an instrument where one note keeps ringing in the ear until the next is struck, and there is no cessation of sound till the song be ended. We do not know how this may be in music, but, in speaking, it is bad, and we recommend Mrs. West to reform the habit. With all her faults, however, Mrs. West is an effective actress: a certain part of the house admires her, and the rest forgive her, and so it is very well.

*Giovanni in London*. Miss Cubitt has appeared, instead of Madame Vestris, in this after-piece; but she is not equal to her predecessor, who sings delightfully, and has a good deal of comic talent.

*Mystification*, a brief entertainment, seems to have ended its course. As this is the case, we shall forbear any criticism upon it; and we now mention it only for the sake of putting it on our records.



## Town Conversation.

No. V.

MR. MATURIN'S FORTHCOMING POEM.

CIRCUMSTANCES have, we understand, delayed for a time the publication of the "Universe," by Mr. Maturin, which we last month announced to be forthcoming. We have, however, been gratified by a perusal of the poem, and have much pleasure

in presenting a passage or two as specimens to our readers. It is in three parts, and evinces poetic genius of a very high order. The following passage, describing the instability of human affairs, seems to us finely expressed:

— here the joyous train,  
Zephyrs, and sunbeams, and young flowers of Spring  
Breathe life and gladness ;—desolation there,  
Wan smiling on the landscape, with her cold  
Sepulchral index, points from her grey throne  
Of most prevailing ruin, to the sweet  
Young vales of April, and, with hollow voice,  
Taunts the young spirit of delight, with tales  
Of other times ! Until the gazer feels  
The future in the mournful past, and—while  
His lonely footsteps strike sounds, deadlier  
Than silence, o'er the paths of ancient men,—  
Thinks, how—within those proud and populous halls  
Where neighbours, kindred, and compatriots dwell,—  
How may the same dead echoes be returned  
In springs of ages more remote—by sons  
Of far posterity ! As gentle night  
Once veiled the desert, with her silent wings  
Most beautiful,—upon the dusky air,  
A sound of awful burthen, rose from far  
Over my spirit ;—"Twas the voice of Time !  
Another arch had fall'n, among the towers  
Of lone Palmyra :—and the Syrian land,  
From its wide, echoing wastes of regal ruins  
And shattered citadels, replied aloud.  
Far startled in his lair, the desert beast  
Howled his long hymn of desolation, up  
To the starr'd brow of night—who still, o'er head,  
Wore her bright silver frontlet, unperturb'd !

As a companion to the above, we select a description of the comparative permanency of the works of nature.

Come ye ! who, wrapt in some peculiar lore,  
Self-dazzled—call it wisdom—ye, who think  
The pomps of pride worth gazing—or who love,  
In distant lands, to hunt for monuments  
Of fallen empire, and are struck with awe  
By pillar, arch, or pile,—who stand transfix'd  
Where old Pantheon, beautifully vast,  
Uplifts its airy concave—or sublime,  
The sky-aspiring dome of Angelo !  
Come, and behold this Temple :—when still night  
Hath silenced the loud hum of wakeful hours—  
And the lone pulses beat, as if it were  
The general pulse of nature : then, with eye  
Of fix'd and awe-struck meditation, look  
From world to world ! See yonder in the South,  
How, with its vast and bright diameter,  
The proudest of the planets seems afar  
Diminish'd to a point ; yet there, perchance,

Are cities with gay spires and towers, above  
 The pitch of earthly mountains; still beyond,  
 —At sunless distances and thicker far  
 Than all earth's living myriads!—hosts of suns  
 Throng ether with fix'd rays; or, widely launched  
 Sail awful cycles round the throne of heaven  
 With their attendant spheres: They are the same  
 Enduring constellations seen by them,  
 Your Sires, before the flood; still fix'd serene  
 O'er yon ethereal vault; that lifts itself  
 In distant grandeur.—'Tis the ancient dome,  
 Of God's most durable fabric: far beneath,  
 Crown'd with her populous kingdoms, Earth revolves!  
 An atom in the host of worlds—and still—  
 A world to little man—who looks around,  
 Within his small circumference, struck with awe  
 At his own bulk diminutive, and works,  
 The insect monuments of human power,  
 From Nature's ampler kingdom won by time,  
 And soon by Time to Nature's sway restored.

We do not feel ourselves at liberty, under circumstances, any further to anticipate the publication of this poem. When, however, it becomes

public property, we shall make a little freer with it, and give both ourselves and our readers a more prolonged gratification.

#### SPEECHES OF GRATTAN AND CURRAN.

New editions of the speeches of two very eminent Irish orators, Mr. Curran and Mr. Grattan, are spoken of in the literary world, as in progress of publication. We confess we do not expect any great novelty in these volumes, but from very different causes. Mr. Curran's speeches were so heedlessly reported, that they are but imperfect transcripts of their author's mind; and his characteristic

carelessness was such that, we fear, he has left behind him but little means of improving them.—Mr. Grattan's, on the contrary, were so laboured, revised, polished, and corrected in his life-time, that the mind must be intelligent, and the hand industrious, which can increase or improve the stores of which the daily press has already given us the possession.

#### MR. HAYNES.

Mr. James Haynes, the author of the last successful tragedy at Drury-lane, has an epic poem in a considerable state of forwardness. We are glad of this, and so we are sure will every body who had an opportunity

of witnessing the representation of "Conscience." Its poetry was of the very highest order, and evinced powers, which, if properly exerted, may place their possessor amidst the most eminent of our living bards.

#### DOGE OF VENICE.

The injunction obtained by Lord Byron, against the further representation of the "Doge of Venice," has caused a great sensation in the theatrical world. It will, at all events, set at rest a question of much interest to dramatic authors, viz. whether the mere printing and

publishing of a play gives any theatre a right to appropriate it. They order those things better in France. Every theatre in that country which exhibits an author's play, is bound to give him a certain proportion of the profits.

#### EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS BY LIVING ARTISTS.

THIS interesting establishment, of which we announced the intention in our last, presents some exceedingly fine specimens from the best artists in this country, in almost every

branch of engraving. Those, who consider novelty as a sine-qua-non, may be disappointed at meeting with so great a proportion of prints with which they had been long acquaint-



ed; but the real admirers of the art will not regret a circumstance, perhaps unavoidable in the present year, when, for want of previous preparations, it might have been impossible to collect together so many treasures of the art, had not novelty been postponed to more important considerations. There are some exceedingly fine landscape and architectural subjects by the Cookes, and the Le Keux, and a great number of very superior portraits; some of the minor ones are remarkably brilliant and delicate. With the exception of Holloway's wonderful performances, there is but a slight sprinkling of historical plates. Cheesman's engraving of the Lady's

Last Stake, from Hogarth, will attract the admirers of that unrivalled satirist; although the subject is one that afforded but little scope for the display of his forcible satire, and peculiar humour. A few of the lesser things, we are of opinion, might very well be spared, and among the rest, Storer's Views of Edinburgh, which have no merit as engravings, and but little as local portraits. The frames appear to have been numbered before they were put up—as there is great confusion in this respect—a carelessness which is very provoking to a visitor, who has frequently great difficulty in discovering any particular print.

---

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE, &c.

*Antiquities in France.*—The Academy 'Des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres' at Paris, has instituted three prizes of five hundred franks each, which are to be adjudged annually to the authors of the three best dissertations on national antiquities. They hope thus to excite greater attention to this branch of archæology relating to their own country, and to encourage those who engage in studies calculated to throw so much light upon its history, both political and moral.

*Earthquake in the Morea.*—The ravages committed in the island of Zante, and throughout the south of Greece, by this dreadful visitation, have been nearly unprecedented for duration and extent. The flourishing Turkish town of Lalla, a place of considerable importance, though of no very great date, is said to have been entirely destroyed by the earthquake. In this town, which was situated upon the Alpheios, and already contained about 3,000 houses, 500 persons perished among the ruins by which they were overwhelmed. Several other towns and villages have likewise suffered more or less, and some been entirely destroyed. At Pyrgos, where the population is entirely Greek, the destruction was very great, no fewer than 300 houses having been thrown down, and the rest much shattered and injured. The shocks of the earthquake were felt at intervals of a few hours, for several days together, and with con-

siderable violence. Both Lalla and Pyrgos are seated on the western coast and in elevated situations; the latter is so near the sea as to have a port belonging to it, at about an hour and a half's distance from the town.

*Crystallo-Ceramic Manufacture, or Glass Incrustations.*—This may be deemed a very important discovery for the arts of design and embellishment. The effect is novel and singularly elegant; for the ornament, whether painted in metallic colours, or left plain, instead of being placed externally, either *en creux*, or in relief, or being painted upon the surface of the glass, it is actually incrustated with that substance, and is thus more effectually secured from injury. Hitherto, the modes employed for forming patterns and devices on glass, are all more or less defective: the effect is either meagre or confused; not unfrequently both; vases, cups, &c. of this material have been more admirable for their pellucidity and brilliancy, than for purity of form or elegance of design; but this invention will create a new æra in the manufacture of this useful article. Classical figures and devices will now be employed, and elegance of form as much studied as in vases modelled after the antique. The effect is considerably heightened by the jar or vase being filled with some brilliant liquid, similar to those displayed by chemists, for the figures and ornaments being opaque, they have then

very much the appearance of being raised on a coloured ground, yet with a certain undefineable peculiarity of look that sufficiently distinguishes them so as to form another species of ornament.

*Antwerp.*—The Literary Society of this city have announced their intention of bestowing a gold medal for the best paper, in the Dutch language, on their distinguished countryman Rubens. Another of equal value to the author of the best dissertation on the following subject, viz. "Whether the vernacular tongue ought to serve as the basis for the study of foreign languages and the sciences; also, how far it may be usefully employed for this purpose?" A silver medal is offered for the best poem (of not fewer than 150 or more than 400 lines) the subject of which is to be "The Union of the seventeen Provinces and of the Netherlands in 1814 into one Kingdom." These papers are to be sent in, before the 1st of July.

*Russia.*—Karamsin has nearly finished the ninth volume of his History of Russia, which will contain many important details relative to the reign of Ivan Vassilievitch, surnamed the Terrible. The events of this interesting period are said to be narrated with the finest eloquence of History, and the style to be remarkable for its precision, elegance, purity, and force.

A new romantic Poem, in ten Cantos, entitled Roustan and Ludmila, has appeared at St. Petersburg, and is highly spoken of by those best able to appreciate it. The story, which is national, is founded upon the most popular narratives from the time of Vladimir: its beauties are said to be of the first order; the style frequently energetic, always pure and correct; altogether, it is a production of extraordinary merit, and augurs well for the future reputation of its youthful author, Pouchkin, who is not more than twenty-two years old.

*Improved Printing-press.*—M. Hellfarth, a printer at Erfurth in Germany, has contrived a press capable of printing eight sheets at a time, and of throwing off seven thousand copies of each sheet in the space of twelve hours; which amount altogether, to no fewer than fifty-six

thousand sheets printed on both sides. The machinery is put into motion by a single horse, and three men are able to supply the paper and remove it. Each sheet perfects itself.

*Views in the Ionian Islands.*—The first number of an interesting publication of Views in these islands, has just appeared. The publication will be complete in four numbers, each to contain four highly coloured fac-simile engravings, executed by Messrs. Havell, from drawings, by Cartwright. Independently of their worth, as exhibiting the scenery of these celebrated places, these plates are valuable, as showing the costumes, manners, and usages of the inhabitants as far as it was possible to do. Coloured engravings ought not to be decried so violently as they generally are, as an illegitimate and spurious branch of art; since, although but an imperfect substitute for painting, they may be a very adequate one for tinted drawings, especially when so carefully executed as to present nearly fac-similes of them.

*Tenerani.*—The name of this sculptor will be more generally known throughout Europe than it is at present. He is a native of Carrara: was first a pupil of Canova, and subsequently of the no less celebrated Thorvaldsen. The exquisite figure of Psyche, which he has produced, would alone suffice to stamp his reputation, displaying, as it does, powers that promise a rich maturity of genius. This statue has been greatly admired at Rome, and in the opinion of some connoisseurs it possesses greater purity, simplicity, and beauty, than are to be found in any of the works of the two eminent men, his instructors in the art.

*Architecture.*—Two interesting Architectural Works are now publishing in Germany. One of these, which is by the Architect Gärtner, appears at Munich, and contains views, admeasurements, and details of the best preserved Grecian monuments extant in Sicily. The engravings are accompanied with concise letter-press descriptions, and explanations. The other publication is a series, in outline, of Schinkel's Architectural Designs, either of such buildings as he has already executed,



or of such as are intended to be erected: among these, are designs for the completion of the Town Hall, or *Rathhaus*, at Berlin.

*Venetian Architecture.*—"Le piu conspicue fabriche di Venezia misurate, &c. &c." This truly magnificent and splendid work, consisting of two volumes in large folio, embellished with 250 plates, cannot fail of interesting every lover of art, and every traveller, who has visited that romantic city. As a pledge for the accuracy of the measures and delineations, it may be sufficient to state, that the drawings and engravings were made by the members of the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, of which the celebrated Cicognara is President; and that the work enjoyed all the advantage of his direction and superintendence. An excellent chronological table of the different buildings will be found of admirable utility to those who study architecture historically: it is divided into æras; the first comprises all the buildings anterior to the fourteenth century; the second, those of the fifteenth; the third, the edifices erected at the commencement of the sixteenth; the fourth, those of Sanmicheli, Sansovino, Palladio, Scamozzi, &c.; lastly, the fifth exhibits all the buildings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The architecture of Florence, Genoa, and Milan, is now illustrating on a similar plan.

*Scientific Travels in Brazil.*—Drs. Spix and Martin, Members of the Academy of Sciences, at Munich, returned last autumn from their travels in Brazil, undertaken for the purpose of exploring the natural curiosities of that region. They brought home with them a very extensive collection of rare specimens in natural history, the fruit of their researches; and the publication of their travels is looked forward to, with considerable expectation, by naturalists, and men of science.

*Lord Byron's Corsair.*—A German Translation of this powerful and interesting poem, appeared last year at Altona: it is by Mad. E. F. von Hohenhausen; but, though the production of a female pen, it possesses all the vivid energy of the original, while the character of the heroine has received some touches of delicate and graceful sensibility that add to

its former interest. This version is, in fact, distinguished by a spirit, rarely to be found in the best translations—which is no slight merit, and such an excellent copy of an admirable original, cannot fail to add to the reputation of its author, who is esteemed one of the most charming female writers that Germany possesses.

*Egyptian and Nubian Antiquities.*—About three years ago M. Gau, of Cologne, began to explore the most remote districts of Egypt—that land of prodigy and antiquity—in search of hitherto undiscovered monuments, for which purpose he commenced his researches where those of other travellers have generally terminated. His attention was directed to antiquities extant in Nubia, and between the first and second cataract of the Nile. On his return to Rome last year, he immediately began to prepare for publication an account of his researches, which cannot fail to excite much interest, since, from his professional knowledge as an architect, and his talent for drawing landscapes and figures, his delineations of the objects he beheld may be depended upon for the utmost accuracy and fidelity. His drawings, which will exhibit specimens of whatever he discovered most remarkable in architecture, painting, and sculpture, are now engraving by a number of the best artists at Rome. It is expected that M. Gau's work will throw considerable light on the state of art and civilization in those countries. Many of these antiquities have never been before examined at all, and many but imperfectly; the most ancient of these are those at Girsh, Essebua, and Abussembul. They consist of extensive excavations, containing colossal and half colossal figures hewn out of the rock, decorated also with a vast number of hieroglyphics, and historical representations, both in relief and *en creux*, the greater part of which are painted: one of the most conspicuous subjects is a temple, which was discovered and cleared away by M. Gau himself. The first volume will comprise all the Nubian antiquities; the second will consist of a selection from those of Egypt, to which will succeed a third, or supplementary volume, containing the ancient monuments of Jerusalem.

## REPORT OF MUSIC.

## No. XV.

ON Saturday, the 14th of April, the Opera of *Il Tancredi*, introduced to the stage and to an English audience Signora Marinoni, who sustained the character of the Hero. The part is written for a low soprano, and was first performed at Venice by Madame Adelaide Malnotti. Bellocchi was the original hero, *Il Tancredi* having been brought out for her benefit last season. Bellocchi, though her voice was a little on the decline, was a singer of fine science and admirable execution, in the manner of the best schools: she had great command and mastery in her art, both as an actress and a musician. Signora Marinoni had therefore not only to contend with the disadvantage of a first appearance, but to combat the recollections of her successful and accomplished predecessor. Her voice and style are not greatly above mediocrity. The part requires compass, power, energy, elocution, and elegant facility. There is scarcely to be found a recitative and air, demanding all these attributes in higher perfection than *O Patria*, and the fascinating air which follows, *Tu che accendi*. Signora Marinoni, in the dearth of contraltos, may be a useful, but she is not a great singer. Of the merits of the Opera we have before spoken at large (vol. ii. p. 94). The new tenor, Signor Curioni is arrived in this country, and appears for the first time in Garcia's character, the Count in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, or in an Opera of Mozart. He has a good figure, a very pleasing, fair, English physiognomy; possesses graceful action, a voice powerful and of excellent quality, and a manner purely Italian. The manager is reported to be in treaty with other performers of acknowledged talent, and every thing indicates that the conduct of the house will be as spirited and successful as might be anticipated from the enterprize and ability now employed in the direction. Signora Corri, whom we cannot but esteem to be a singer of exquisite polish, is not yet engaged, and Miss Naldi is about to return, we understand, immediately to the Continent.

The chorus has this season been particularly an object of attention, and consists of thirty-six carefully selected voices.

Mr. Kiesewetter, a violinist of the first rank, played at the Philharmonic Concert of March 26, and since at the Oratorios, and is considered as a very great performer. His superiority is, however, attributable rather to exquisite polish, neatness and brilliancy, than to extraordinary force. His intonation is admirable, particularly in the very highest notes, which he takes with a delicacy and precision peculiarly his own. There were passages in the slow movement of his Concerto, which excited enthusiastic approbation; but while he is esteemed by some to be the finest player yet heard in England, very good judges do not class him on the whole above our admirable Mori. A boy is just arrived from Paris, who is said to be a very extraordinary player on the violin. At the same Concert, M. Tulou, a professor from Paris, performed on the flute, but with subordinate effect; his playing is extremely neat and pleasing, but his execution is very far short of that of Drouet; and in his tone, he is considered to be inferior to Nicholson.

The conductors of the Oratorios have enjoyed a successful season, but not more than commensurate with their uncommon exertions. The predominating charm, besides the diversity of first-rate performers, has been in the application of happy accompaniments upon the extended orchestral scale which we noticed in our last, to a variety of pieces. Mr. Bochsa's *requiem* is a magnificent composition, and he has also produced a new grand National Cantata, entitled *Peace*, accompanied by three orchestras of harps. The bills at both theatres were principally made up of selections from Mozart's and Rossini's popular Operas, nor was the grand battle Sinfonia entirely forgotten. Sacred music undoubtedly made only a secondary figure. But the public "will have it so," and conductors must yield. Sir George Smart endeavoured, in a former year,



to sustain the formulary characteristic of the Lent performances, and Handel's glorious composition, *Israel in Egypt*, was attentively and strongly got up. But it failed altogether to attract, and after the second or third night it was laid aside. This season terminates the subsisting engagement both of Sir George Smart and Mr. Bishop with the two theatres, and it seems both were desirous of concluding their reign with eclat.

Vocal science has lost one of its greatest ornaments in Mr. Bartleman, who died on Sunday the 15th of April, after an illness of several years, which had subjected him to various painful operations, and had been attended with gleams of hope, brief and fallacious. He was a member of the Chapel Royal and other choirs, a scientific and erudite musician, and as a bass singer, has raised the art of expression to a higher pitch than any of his predecessors. He revived the music of Purcell, and supported the school of Handel, indeed the ancient schools generally, with a degree of energy, purity, and effect, for which the musical world may now long look in vain. With this imaginative and energetic singer, the traditionary manner of such things, as Purcell's *Let the dreadful engines*, *The frost scene* in *King Arthur*, and *Saul and the Witch of Endor*, will, we apprehend, be entirely lost. His voice had power and richness, yet these were joined with a lightness that is seldom met with in singing. He was, perhaps, the first Englishman who endeavoured to relieve the mechanical effects before his time considered inalienable from basses, and to inform this part with spirit, fancy, finish, and a certain portion of elegance; and he was, perhaps, as successful in the addition of these attributes to the native majesty and volume of tone that are the foundations of bass singing, as any man ever was or ever will be. His style was strictly English, both in the formation of his tone, and in his elocution, which was highly animated, and full of effective transitions. The test of his peculiar excellence appears to be, that no one has succeeded in follow-

ing or imitating his manner, nor, indeed, has he left behind him any successor sufficiently strong, by many, many degrees, to buckle on his armour. In private life, Mr. Bartleman was refined and informed, lively in conversation, and enthusiastically fond of his art; he lived amongst the best society, was one of the first ornaments of his profession, and he dies universally esteemed and lamented.\*

At this season of the year, composers, like trees, put forth their leaves, and little less numerous. The selections from operas, &c. are abundant. We need only enumerate them. Paer's overture to *Leonora*, is arranged as a duet for the piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violincello, by Rim-bault. The airs from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, by Watts. The second book of selections from *Il Turco in Italia*, by Latour,—selections from *Il Tancredi* for the harp, by Bochsá, all with flute accompaniments. Mr. Rophino Lacy has arranged the overtures to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, as a quintett for two violins, flute, viola, and violincello. Novello has given us the first number of selections from Himmel's Opera of *Fanchon*, arranged as duets for the piano-forte, and Mr. Burrowes has again arranged the Hallelujah chorus as a duet for the harp and piano-forte, with accompaniments for the flute and violincello, being the first number of a series that promises great excellence.

*The second Book of French Romances*, arranged as easy lessons for the harp, by Dizi; *La nouvelle Tyrolienne*, with variations for the harp, by Horn; the subject is very sweet, and well preserved throughout eight variations which are light and brilliant, though far from difficult.

*The Tyrolean Waltz*, with variations; and a French Air, also with variations, by Dussek, are lessons for the harp. They afford practice in the usual arpeggio passages, &c. without rising to much difficulty, and are very agreeable.

*A Polonoise for the Pianoforte*, by Kalkbrenner, is an original, and somewhat singular composition. The

\* A more expanded account of this singer's powers and accomplishments will be found at page 661 of our second volume.

rhythm gives it great lightness, and it contains some very melodious passages, the effect of which is heightened by the rapidity of execution which the piece requires.

*Trois Sonates avec l'accompagnement d'un Violon et Violoncelle*, by Leopold Kozeluch, are in a light, easy style, and contain much imagination and elegance.

No. 7, of the *Operatic Airs*. The theme is from Sebastian and Leonora (better known as the Portuguese Air, *Flow on thou shining river*, selected by Mr. Moore, for the National Melodies) and is arranged with variations, by Kiallmark. The introduction is effective, but the variations are very common-place, and in the old, tiresome forms. Their chief merit lies in preserving the subject. This number is the easiest and the worst of the set.

No. 4, of the *Quadrille Rondos*, is by Rawlings. The composer has not been very fortunate in the choice of his subject. The introduction is good, and the Rondo playful, and somewhat graceful, notwithstanding an evident deficiency in air, which is chiefly owing to the poverty of the theme.

From the vocal list, we select (for our limits allow us only to select) the recitative and beautiful, singular, and florid canon, *M' affretto di mandarvi i contrasegni*, from *La Gazza*

*Ladra*. This is a composition of fine science, and great genius: It includes all the novelty in the adaptation of ornamental passages to the purposes of expression, which we venture to prophecy, will hereafter become the grand characteristic of Rossini's inventive faculty. It is for two basses and a soprano, and requires considerable execution, and very peculiar powers of expression; but is well worth the study it will cost to attain.

Mr. and Mrs. John Byng Gattie give us two compositions, the first, *Hope thou Nurse of Young Desire*, (originally by Weldon, in 1699) arranged for three voices, two trebles, and a bass. Good trios for these voices are rather scarce, and this will form an elegant addition to the scanty stock. Mrs. Gattie's work is a very light, pleasing, and fanciful canzonet, upon the errand of Puck, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and is highly creditable both to her imagination and her judgment.

There are two ballads from Mr. Wesley Doyle, (the words by Mrs. Opie) both elegant, expressive, and in good modern taste. *O that I could re-call the Day*, is, however, to be greatly preferred to *I know you False*. Indeed, we think it is excelled by few in true feeling and effect.

---

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

---

### ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

During this "piping time of peace," but little variety can be expected in our foreign relations, and in fact very little has occurred of interest since our last. The Neapolitan insurrection is at an end. Never, since insurrection first began to affright the dreams of legitimacy, did any hostile threat upon the part of a people evaporate into such "thin air" as that of the loud and timorous inhabitants of Naples. Menace, and proclamation, and gasconade, chased each other in quick succession—but the moment an enemy appeared, they all proved

themselves "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The Austrians traversed the territory in a sort of military triumph, and entered Naples without having discharged a single musket. Whether this is to be imputed to cowardice, or treachery, or a mixture of both, we are yet to learn. General Pepe, the leader of the insurrection, has issued a proclamation severely upbraiding his countrymen for their conduct, disclaiming alike their soil and their association, and indignantly declaring himself a voluntary but virtuous exile.



Another, and as it appears a formidable, rising has, however, taken place in the Greek provinces under the dominion of the Porte. This originated at first in Little Wallachia, under the guidance of a person named Theodore, who had been an officer in the Russian service; and was afterwards much more widely and seriously extended by the efforts of a young prince called Ypsilanti, the son of a former Hospodar of Moldavia, and a Major General in the same service with Theodore. On the 7th of March this prince issued proclamations to the inhabitants both of Moldavia and Wallachia, declaring himself called upon by many thousands of the Greeks to effect their liberation from the thralldom of the Turks, and invoking the assistance of these provinces in the great work of emancipation. The style of these proclamations is eloquent, and even poetic; and they are said to have produced a corresponding effect upon the people to whom they are addressed. Documents have been issued by the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, disclaiming all participation in these events, declaring their intention of preserving a strict neutrality, and avowing their policy to be alien to every intrigue which may threaten the tranquillity of any country whatever. In confirmation of this, Prince Ypsilanti has been deprived of all rank and emolument in the Russian service; and severely reprehended by the Emperor for an enterprise, which, however, he chiefly attributes to his youth, and the rashness which is supposed to be its natural characteristic. In the meantime Ypsilanti proceeds every day in the organization of his troops, and the recruiting of his adherents, in both of which he is represented as very successful. The struggle promises to be serious and interesting, and the impotency evinced by the Porte in the contest with Ali Pacha renders it extremely critical.

A dreadful account has arrived of a massacre of the strangers at Manila by the Indians, excited, as the report goes, by Spanish interference. It took place on the 9th of October, and was perpetrated under the eyes of the Captain General and all the constituted civil and military authorities, without the slightest opposition whatever! There seems to have been

no favour or affection shewn; and English, French, and Chinese fell indiscriminately before the savage and murderous banditti. The plunder, of the French alone, amounted to 212,000 dollars, and that of the Chinese is estimated at a much larger sum. A considerable number of French and English, including ten of our seamen and eighty-five Chinese, are known to have fallen. It is to be hoped that the respective governments, whose subjects have been thus inhumanly plundered and sacrificed, will insist on the punishment of so horrible a breach of religion, humanity, and social order. There appears never to have been an outrage at once more sanguinary and more unprovoked.

The naval power of Tunis has experienced a signal, and, as it would almost seem, a providential visitation. It appears that the Bey had long meditated an extensive piratical expedition, and for that purpose had concentrated the flower both of his navy and army in a particular port. They were well prepared for the purposes for which they were destined—the brass cannon alone amounted to 300 pieces, and the military force to 3000 effective men, distributed among nineteen ships of war. The 6th of the month was the day appointed for their departure, and on the morning of the 5th the exulting barbarian saw them, in grand review, exhibit the skill and prowess which he hoped would soon freight them with the spoils of Christendom. On the night of the 5th, however, a tremendous hurricane incidental to those climates arose, and the day, which was to dawn upon their departure, showed the disappointed Pirate the entire and utter annihilation of his impious armament. Never was there desolation more sudden and more universal—not a sail—not an individual, escaped the fury of the raging element; and the dungeons of Tunis are, we hope, to remain long untenanted by Christian captives.

A new heir has succeeded to the throne of China, and the will of the late Emperor exhibits a characteristic specimen of the arrogant simplicity of those lords of the "celestial empire." After enumerating all he has done for his subjects, and detailing the principles of general policy by which his reign was guided, he mentions that

he fears he is about to die in the hunting lodge from which the will is dated. "But," says he, "my ancestors visited this lodge annually, and therefore why should I be *indignant at dying here.*"

The debates of Parliament during the last month embraced some questions of much national importance. The Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which, for the first time had passed the Commons, was thrown out in the House of Lords, upon the second reading, by a majority of thirty-nine.

Mr. Western's Malt Tax Repeal Bill has also been lost on the second reading in the House of Commons; and the debate, on Mr. Lambton's Reform motion, was disposed of by a premature division.

Mr. Hume submitted to the House of Commons a statement of the expenses incurred by England during the year 1819, for the detention of Napoleon Buonaparte in the island of St. Helena. The estimate amounted to 439,674*l.* which, as it was not disputed by Ministers, we may presume to be accurate.

Sir James Macintosh, who seems to have succeeded the lamented Sir Samuel Romilly in an attempt to ameliorate the penal code, has introduced three bills for rendering the offences of forgery, stealing on canals and navigable rivers, and house robberies, liable to a lighter punishment than at present existing. The debates, however, upon those, and indeed almost every other important subject, have been deferred through courtesy to Lord Castlereagh, who has been obliged to vacate his seat in the House, in consequence of the death of his father, the Marquis of Londonderry, who expired, a few days ago, at the advanced age of eighty-three. As the Marquis was not an English Peer, the Noble Lord, now Marquis, is of course again eligible to a seat in the House of Commons, and means have been taken for his immediate re-election. The representation, however, of the county of Down, vacant by this demise, is likely to be tediously and warmly contested. The Marquis of Downshire's interest is very considerable; and from his family the principal opposition is expected to spring. The Marquis of Londonderry, in consequence of the delay inevitable on such

a contest, does not dispute the representation in his own person, but comes in for a ministerial borough. The preceding are the principal topics of parliamentary interest, and the Houses have adjourned during the Easter recess.

We have seldom had to record a case of more melancholy, and indeed romantic domestic affliction, than one which has lately occurred in the Isle of Man. A Miss Fell, a beautiful young lady, resident on that Island, walked out to amuse herself on the cliffs, near Douglass Head, from one of which she fell, and was precipitated upon a shelving rock, at a considerable distance below. She was much bruised by the fall, the sea almost surrounded her, and the part on which it was bounded by the land was so precipitous, that escape was impossible. Here she remained from the 10th till the 23d, unnoticed by the few boats which passed so far beneath her; that she could not have appeared larger than a bird, and her voice quite gone by her repeated attempts to render herself audible. A small well of spring water, which she fortunately found upon the cliff, afforded her only nourishment. On the 23d, however, the waving of her handkerchief attracted the notice of a boatman, who rowed towards her, and found her almost insensible, on her knees, her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer, and her voice scarcely strong enough to disclose her residence. She was carried home, where she found her wretched mother worn out by her brother's illness, and her own absence, and was only just in time to receive her dying breath. The wretched young lady, agonized and exhausted, terminated her existence in a fit of insanity.

The preparations for the coronation are again resumed, and going rapidly forward. A day, however, has not yet, we believe, been fixed for that magnificent ceremonial. The King's coronation robes are most splendid, and his mantle is said to have cost 20,000*l.* Some decay having been suspected in the roof of Westminster Hall, a general survey of it was ordered, and the cherry-tree rafters, being found unsound, were taken down, and replaced. It is curious enough that the oak, which, according to popular tradition, was



imported into this country from Ireland, by William Rufus, was perfectly undecayed. It is said to be the property of this timber to kill the worms which eat into other kinds of wood. Six weeks must occur between the issuing of the coronation proclamation, and the celebration of the ceremony. A rumour is again in circulation, that his Majesty intends in the course of the summer, to visit not only Ireland, but Hanover. It is, however, as yet, merely rumour.

Mr. Kean is so popular in the United States of America, that the box tickets of the Boston theatre have been put up to auction, and sold on an average at four dollars each, a thing unprecedented, we believe, in theatrical annals.

A duel took place, within the last week, between Lord Petersham and Mr. Webster Wedderburne, in consequence of a misunderstanding of a very delicate nature. After an exchange of two shots each, the parties separated, no mischief having taken place.

In consequence of the unfortunate issue of the meeting between the late

Mr. Scott and Mr. Christie, the latter gentleman, and his friend, Mr. Trail, underwent their trial at the Old Bailey, and were acquitted.

Colonel Berkeley has had a verdict of 1,000*l.* given against him at the last assizes of Gloucester, for criminal conversation with the wife of a Mr. Waterhouse. The defendant read the letters of the lady in evidence, to prove that he was not guilty of a deliberate seduction, but that the passion originated on her part.

An abrupt, and let us hope, salutary incursion was made during the month, by a Bow-street patrol, upon one of those Pandora boxes at the West End of the Town, called gaming houses. No less than fifty fashionables were *had up* to the office at two in the morning, and the assemblage afforded a truly ludicrous exhibition. Squires, lawyers, M. P's, pigeons and rooks, Greeks and Romans, were all held to bail, very much to the annoyance of some who had been left little *loseable*, except their characters. One gentleman tried to escape by jumping out of the window, and broke his leg.

---

#### AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

On Wednesday the 21st of March Mr. Western moved the House of Commons for the repeal of the last duty of one shilling and twopence per bushel upon malt. He insisted strongly on the benefits to be derived from assenting to his motion. He showed that the sum raised to the state from barley, in the several forms of malt, beer, and spirits, amounted to no less than ten millions per annum. In 1780, the duty on malt was no more than ten shillings and sixpence per quarter; since that period additions had been made, by which every acre of land that produced four quarters of barley was now subjected to a taxation amounting to an aggregate of fifty-two pounds. During Mr. Pitt's administration the impost of ten shillings and sixpence had never been increased. An addition of threepence per bushel had, indeed, been consented to as a temporary measure; but so convinced was parliament of the evil tendency of this tax, that in 1792 it was repealed. In England the average consumption of the last five years, as compared with that of 1791, had decreased five millions of bushels, or something more than one sixth part of the whole. In Scotland the diminution was even greater.

VOL. III.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed these statements, by asserting that the inferences were unfairly drawn, and that of late the consumption had not declined; for since 1819, when Mr. Peel's act was passed, it had increased upwards of a million of bushels. The House, however, supported Mr. Western's proposition, and the motion was carried by 149 against 125.

But on the second reading of the bill, Lord Castlereagh opposed it upon the general principles, that the repeal of the tax could afford no relief to agriculture, and that such a diminution of revenue would compel *the government to depend upon precarious loans raised upon a ruined exchequer*. His lordship thought the agricultural distresses had been too highly coloured in some parts, while in others no description could exceed the reality. It was not, however, the taxation, but the reduction of the price of his commodity, that had involved the farmer. *It was proved*, Lord Castlereagh said, *that if the whole amount of taxation could be withdrawn from his expences, he would hardly be eased by it*. The House yielded, and the bill was thrown out by a division of 242 to 144.

2 U

In the mean time, the committee, intrusted to enquire into the agricultural petitions, are very earnestly prosecuting their investigations. Mr. Ellman, junior, and Mr. Webb Hall have been examined at great length, the latter gentleman, during two entire mornings. Mr. Baring and Mr. Ricardo appear to be extremely vigilant in guarding the commercial interests. Since this committee sat, the repeal of the tax on horses used in husbandry has been brought before the House of Commons, but the motion was superseded, under an admission from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that if relief from this impost be amongst the measures recommended by the committee in their report, it should be taken off, although he knew not how to replace the 500,000*l.* which must thus be lost to the revenue.

Our curiosity is strongly turned towards the development of facts, which so elaborate an investigation as the committee is engaged in must elicit, though we entertain not the most remote hope or belief, that the landed interest, and especially the farmer, can be benefited by legislation. A great advantage will, however, be deducible from the facts which the evidence will convey. The report may be expected early in May.

On the 9th and 10th of April the first annual cattle show, instituted by the Board of Agriculture, took place in Aldridge's yard, Upper St. Martin's-lane. A large number of noblemen, distinguished patrons of agriculture, together with a more numerous body of practical breeders and farmers, were present. Ten bulls, nine cows and heifers, several fat steers and cows, seven pens of Leicester and Cotswold rams and ewes, twelve of Downs, and nine or ten of Merinos, were exhibited, together with several boar and sow pigs. As a curiosity, a ram from the south of Italy was also shown; it had very long horns, a narrow back, flat shaggy sides, and wool resembling the coat of a polar bear.

Several implements were also produced, and the seedsman to the Board attended with samples. A carcase of mutton so immensely fat that each quarter weighed 60 *lbs.* was shown.

T. Tower, Esq. sent with his excellent show of pigs, a carcase of his Essex breed crossed with a Neapolitan boar (presented to him by Mr. Coke) to prove that their dark lead colour is not imparted to the skin when dead. A sow of this breed, which had produced three farrow in the year, was shown, with some of her progeny. Three of them (one the carcase above mentioned, and two alive) weighed from 40 to 45 stone each. The premiums for bulls were adjudged to W. B. Thomas, Esq. Lady Ongley, and John Hutchinson,

Esq. For cows and heifers, to John Wetherall, and Richard Griffin, Esqrs.; for fat steers, to Sir J. Sebright; Messrs. John Walker and Willan, for stallion horses; to Mr. Hazell, for rams (long wooled); to Mr. Faulkener, Sir Thomas Dike (South Downs); John Fane, Esq. Marinos; for ewes, H. J. Nichols, Esq. (long wooled); Mr. Stephen Grantham (short wooled); and Thomas Henty, Esq. (Merinos); for boars, to C. C. Western, and C. T. Tower, Esqrs.; Messrs. Daniel Brown, William Hayward, A. H. Chambers, and Stephen Grantham. For sows to C. T. Tower, Esq.; Messrs. W. Hayward, H. Hayward, W. Warrel, and A. H. Chamberlin. About fifty gentlemen dined together, the Earl of Macclesfield in the chair. Some misunderstanding having arisen respecting the objects of the premiums, a memorial was handed in and read, but withdrawn on the recommendation of Mr. Curwen, whose conciliatory speech composed all differences. The premiums were presented, and the evening was passed with great harmony. Topics very interesting to agriculture were discussed; but Mr. Tower anticipated the extinction of the Board, auguring that the public funds hitherto appropriated to its support would be withdrawn.

The weather has been variable and wet, and, on the whole, not very propitious for out-door operations; but a great breadth was sown early in February, which left less to be done.

In the eastern part of the kingdom, a larger quantity of Talavera and spring wheat has been sown this year, than was ever before remembered. The effect upon the price of barley, is not, however, likely to be much felt, as it is almost ascertained that the stocks in hand will be more than sufficient for this year's supply, and will go some way towards meeting the demand of next. The turnip crop is fast disappearing, except the Swedes, which are still found in preserved stores, and amply repay the care and expence. The wheats have been kept back by the variability of the weather; but upon the whole do not look ill. A considerable superiority is, however, observable in those which are drilled, over those (now annually rapidly decreasing) sown broadcast. Stock is selling very low, and we have heard several instances of careful and excellent graziers, who have lately sold cattle, in admirable condition, for less money than they bought in for, last May and June. Wool is improving in value, but the county reports still continue their grievous complaints, pointing their hopes towards the result of the labours of the agricultural committee. All sorts of grain have declined in value; nor do we see the most remote chance of their doing otherwise.



## COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, April 21st.)

While the government is still engaged in obtaining, by means of Committees of both Houses of Parliament, information on various subjects interesting to the commerce of the empire, we can but hope that they may lead to some permanent legislative measures, calculated to place the commercial relations of the country with other nations on a footing which shall be advantageous and satisfactory to all parties. The contemplated alteration in the duties on timber will, it is hoped, induce Russia to admit British manufactures, and colonial produce, on terms much more favourable than by the tariff now in force, a change which would naturally give a considerable impulse to the export trade. The important report laid before parliament relative to the extensive and lucrative trade carried on for a series of years by the Americans, between India and the continent of Europe, will, most probably, lead to the long wished-for measure of throwing open that trade direct to the British flag, by which great benefits would accrue to our shipping and commercial interest, without any injury to the East India Company, whose just rights nobody, we believe, desires to see infringed. We have, ourselves, had frequent occasion to converse with intelligent American merchants and captains on this subject, both here and abroad; they have almost uniformly expressed their surprise that the British government had never thought of granting its subjects this liberty, it being in their opinion impossible for the East India Company ever to compete on the European Continent, in the Hanse Towns, for instance, with the Americans, who were able to undersell the Company, at least 20 per cent.; from the superior lightness of their vessels, the far shorter time in which they perform their voyages, and the greater economy of their equipments in every respect.

The accounts from the manufacturing districts have been on the whole favourable, and a considerable impulse seems to have been given to articles of colonial produce, connected with them, such as cotton, as will appear in the following details.

**Cotton.**—The fluctuations in the demand have been considerable during the month that has elapsed since our last. In the first week, the accounts from the manufacturing districts were favourable, stating the labourers to be in full employ, and, in many places, their wages advanced: this, of course, caused an increased demand for the raw material, and the purchases at Li-

verpool for the third week of March, exceeded 18,000 bags. The business done in London was less extensive than it might have been, considering the general demand, if the holders would have accepted of the former prices, which were freely offered, but declined. Yet still the sales, up to the 27th of March, exceeded 4,000 bags. In the succeeding week, (to April 3d) the market continued extremely brisk; and such was the anxiety to purchase, that the sales exceeded 10,000 bags, being more than in any preceding week for two years. The market was, however, checked by unfavourable accounts from Liverpool; the prices in general declined a little, and the market was very heavy at the reduction. The sales at Liverpool had been nearly 14,000 bags, and the arrivals nearly 13,000; in the preceding week they were only 8,000. The following week, to April 10, at London, and 7th, at Liverpool, very little business was done. At London, the only sales were a few good Surats, at 7½ d. and 200 Bengals, good quality, from 5½ d. to 6¼ both in bond. At Liverpool, the sales were limited to about 2,100 bags, while the arrivals were 19,500, which, with the addition of news from the United States, that the prices were giving way there, caused almost an entire stagnation in the demand. The market has recovered a little both here and at Liverpool, and the prices are firmer, though without any improvement; the sales at Liverpool, in the second week of April, were 4,550 bags, the arrivals 10,950 bags.

**Sugar.**—The demand for raw sugars has continued, on the whole, steady during the greater part of the month, especially for such as were fit for refining. Large arrivals about the middle of the month, and considerable public sales being advertised, rendered the market very heavy, but without producing a reduction in the prices. The refined market continued to improve during the three weeks succeeding our last report; the supplies brought forward were not equal to the demand, and several contracts were in consequence made for goods deliverable some weeks hence, at prices higher than the market currency. Late accounts from Hamburg respecting refined sugars being rather unfavourable, the prices have given way, and lumps may be purchased 1s. lower. Foreign sugars have been declining, and this week hardly any business has been doing. 85 chests, and 50 barrels of Brazil, brought

forward at a public sale on the 19th, went off heavily, at prices rather lower; 385 bags of East India, on Tuesday, sold at high prices. Benares, white, middling, 36s. to 39s. ditto yellow, fine, 32s. to 32s. 6d.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

March 24 .....	35s. $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
31 .....	35s. $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.
April 7 .....	34s. $6\frac{1}{2}$ d.
14 .....	34s. 5d.
21 .....	35s. 1d.

*Spices, &c.*—The East India Company have declared for the 14th proximo,

Cinnamon .....	130,000 lbs.
Nutmegs .....	100,000
Mace .....	20,000
Ginger .....	3,900 bags.
Saltpetre, Company's ...	1,074 tons.

There is considerable alteration in the quotations of Spices. Cinnamon is lower. Mace a shade higher. There is no Pepper yet declared for sale.

*Indigo.*—The sale at the India-House, 5912 chests, commenced 9th instant, and finished on Monday. The fine and good Indigos sold from 6d. a 9d. per lb., the good middling and middling qualities from 9d. a 1s. per lb., and the ordinary shipping and consuming kinds full 1s. per lb. higher than the August sale 1820; the common ordinary and low sold at nearly the same prices. The Madras sold from 4d. a 6d. per lb. higher. Only a small quantity has been bought in by the proprietors.

*Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.*—The prices of Rum, Brandy, and Hollands, by private contract, are nearly nominal; scarcely any purchases are reported. Geneva is quite neglected.

*Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.*—A small impulse was given to the Tallow market by the receipt of country orders, which caused an advance of 6d. a 1s. per cwt.; but the accounts from St. Petersburg not being favourable, the prices declined. The market is now heavy, and prices little varied. In hemp and flax little is doing, and prices are lower.

*Corn.*—The market has been heavy for some weeks, the supplies having been, in general, large.

*Coffee.*—This market has been very dull, and declining throughout the month, and the quantities brought forward at public sales have been very generally taken in, on account of the low prices. We add the prices current, as published for 27th of March, and 20th of April, which will be the shortest mode of showing the depression that has taken place. This will, however, have a favourable effect on the export trade.

March 27.

Coffee, per cwt. in Bond		s.	s.
Jamaica Triage .....	105	a	112
Ordinary .....	113	a	115
Good .....	116	a	119
Fine .....	120	a	122
Middling .....	123	a	128
Good .....	129	a	132
Fine .....	} uncertain		
Very Fine .....			
Dominica Triage .....	107	a	114
Ordinary .....	117	a	118
Good .....	119	a	121
Fine .....	122	a	124
Middling .....	125	a	130
Good .....	131	a	134
Fine .....	} uncertain		
Very Fine .....			
Berbice, Demerary, &c.	} uncertain		
Triage .....			
Ordinary .....	118	a	120
Good .....	121	a	123
Fine .....	124	a	126
Middling .....	127	a	131
Good .....	132	a	138
Fine .....	} 139 a 143		
Very Fine ...			

April 20.

Coffee, per cwt. in Bond		s.	s.
Jamaica Triage .....	95	a	105
Ordinary .....	107	a	109
Good .....	110	a	112
Fine .....	113	a	115
Middling .....	118	a	124
Good .....	126	a	132
Fine .....	} 135 a 140		
Very Fine .....			
Dominica Triage .....	96	a	106
Ordinary .....	108	a	110
Good .....	111	a	113
Fine .....	114	a	116
Middling .....	119	a	125
Good .....	127	a	133
Fine .....	} 137 a 141		
Very Fine ...			
Berbice, Demerary, &c.	} 137 a 141		
Triage .....			
Ordinary .....	114	a	116
Good .....	117	a	119
Fine .....	120	a	122
Middling .....	125	a	129
Good .....	130	a	136
Fine .....	} 137 a 141		
Very Fine ...			

#### FOREIGN COMMERCE.

*Petersburg.* The Emperor has signed an ukase in explanation of the late tariff, to favour the Russian manufacturer of cotton and silk goods.

*Riga, March 16.*—There is but little doing in colonial produce. Fine ordinary Hamburg refined may be had at 28½ cop. White Havannah sugars are offered at 20 to 20½ cop. yellow at 13 cop. time of payment six months. White Brazils have



been lately bought at 16 cop. ready money, and 16½ cop. at four months, and fine goods still find purchasers at those prices, but there is no sale for ordinary.

*March 23.*—A very fine lot of yellow Havannah sugar has been sold at 12½ cop. ready money, and another at 13 cop. at six months.

*March 30.*—*Flax* is rather dearer and in demand.

*Thies.* and *Dru. Rackitzer* at 41 r. cut *Badstüb* 36½ to 37 r. *Ristenthreeband* 31½. *Hofsthreeband* 37 r. *Tou* 14½ to 15 r. *Hemp.* Clean *Ukraine* has lately been purchased for delivery at the end of May at 102 r. all the money down; and at the end of July at 108 r. with 10 per cent. earnest. *Hemp-oil* is held firmly at 100 r. all down for delivery at the end of May, and 95 r. are in vain offered.—*Tal-lenc.* Yellow crown, on the spot, may be already had at 150 r. and for delivery it might even be had at 145 r.—*Corn* is quite without demand. 40 r. have been offered for a parcel of *Courland barley*; but 43 r. are asked for it.—*Tobacco.* Though very little has been doing, the holders are not more eager to sell, and will no longer take 42 r. all down, for delivery in June.

*Gothenburg, March 31.*—Our road is now quite free from ice, and the navigation very active. Several vessels have cleared out, and several have arrived, among these is the American brig *Triton* from *Copenhagen*, to take in iron. The general price for ordinary iron is now 20 rix dollars banco: on account of the great difference between the prices this and last year, but little has been done at the iron market at *Christiania*, which is just ended; most of the iron will therefore be consigned hither. Contracts have been made at prices to be afterwards fixed, but little has been bought at 17½ to 18 r. dollars banco. The quantity that has been forged is uncommonly large, and there is every appearance that our prices will be low in the course of this year.

*Copenhagen, April 14.*—Ships are still sought to convey corn to the Netherlands, and also to Spain and Portugal. The corn trade is otherwise dull.

*Hamburg, April 7.*—*Cotton* has been in good demand this week.—*Coffee* has been more in request at rather lower prices, and several purchases have been made.—*Tea* is sold pretty briskly in small parcels. 500 chests of *Haysanchin* are to be sold by auction on the 18th.—*Sugar.* Our refined have remained unchanged in price with moderate demand; but loaves of all kinds are ½d. higher. Lumps (in loaves) of the ordinary middle quality are still bought by our refiners at 11½d, but crushed lumps

meet with no sale. The business in raw goods has been limited; but dry qualities fit for exportation maintain their prices. Purchasers stand for lower prices, which will probably be acceded to for prompt payment, several holders not liking to sell for time. Several successive auctions of *Brazil sugars* (some slightly damaged) are likely to limit the demand next week.

*14th April.*—There have been some sales of *coffee* this week at lower prices. *Sugars.* Refined goods have remained exactly as last week; the finer sorts in little request and proportionably lower, but the inferior sought for, and readily sold at the noted prices. Lumps in loaves, good middling quality, are in good demand at 11½. The prices of raw goods, especially of the inferior sorts, seem inclined to give way; fine white *Havannah* was not to be sold above 14d.

*Corn* of all descriptions is nearly without demand, and therefore rather lower: a few parcels of wheat have been purchased for exportation.

*Genoa, 8th April.*—Our commerce has been more lively this week, and we have had some good arrivals from America and elsewhere, especially of coffee and leather. Nothing interesting, however, is doing. The sales in the free port are almost nothing, only a purchase of 15 hogsheads of crushed sugars, at 50l. per 100lbs. is reported. This article, however, keeps up well at the usual rates: *coffee* is less so, and the holders would readily grant some facilities if they could sell, as the season of the great consumption is nearly over, and our depôt is well provided. *Rice of Piedmont.* 20 liv. 15, in the warehouse, and 22 liv. 5, with the sack free on board for 150lbs. *Nankeens.* The season is at hand when this article is most used, and frequent sales are now made, 6000 pieces of narrow have been sold at 4l. 4s. 4d. per piece.

*Naples 30th March.* Business is still languid: little is doing in exchanges; but it may be presumed that as soon as foreign merchants are made easy respecting the changes that have taken place in our kingdom, confidence and credit will revive. *5th April.* Little has been doing to-day in exchange business. Our funds, however, fully keep up at 60, and are much sought at that price. One of our first houses has purchased to the amount of a million of ducats. Money and credit begin to return. The agio on gold is 3 per cent. The mercantile transactions this week have not been very important, but we have reason to hope that commerce will soon revive, now that tranquillity is re-established.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

The Rev. James Carlisle, Dublin, has in the press a volume of Sermons on the Nature and Efficacy of Repentance.

A posthumous work of the late J. Scott, Esq. entitled *Sketches of Manners, Scenery, &c. in the French Provinces*, accompanied with an Essay on the Literature and Writers of France, is on the eve of publication.

Early in the present month will be published, in two volumes post octavo, with a portrait, *Memoirs of James II. King of England, &c.*

A Translation of a celebrated Comic Hindoo Tale, entitled *The Adventures of Gooroo Noodle, and his Five Foolish Disciples*, is preparing by B. Babington, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service. The translation being intended to facilitate the acquirement of the Samul language, will be as literal as possible, and accompanied by the Original Text, a Vocabulary, and an analysis.

Robert Anderson, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service, has nearly ready for publication, a Grammar of the Tamul Language; a tongue interesting to the Philologist from its nervous conciseness and singular energy of construction, and valuable as affording access to the Learning and Literature of Southern India.

The Rev. William Yates has announced a Grammar of the Sanscrit Language, on a new Plan.

A Series of Portraits, illustrative of the Novels and Tales of the Author of *Waverley*, are preparing for immediate publication.

*The Faustus of Goethe*, which has been so much the subject of periodical criticism, is about to appear in an English dress. It is the intention of Mr. Soane, the Translator, to depart from the plan adopted by him in *Undine*, and to follow his author with the utmost fidelity. Mr. Soane has also undertaken a translation of "*Sangerliebe*," a Provençal Legend, by the Baron de la Motte Fouqué; which will appear in the course of a fortnight.

Specimens of the German Lyric Poets, consisting of Translations from Burger, Goethe, Jacobi, Klopstock, Schiller, &c. accompanied with Biographical Notices, and embellished with Wood-cuts, are nearly ready.

*Views and Costumes of the City and Neighbourhood of Rio de Janeiro*, in Brazil, taken in 1819 and 1820, by Lieut. Chamberlain of the Royal Artillery.

*The Principles and Doctrines of Assurances, Annuities on Lives, and of Contingent Reversions*, stated and explained.

By William Morgan, Esq. FRS. Actuary of the Equitable Insurance Office.

An Enquiry concerning the Primitive Inhabitants of Ireland, from the pen of Dr. Wood, author of the Prize Essay on Irish History and Antiquities.

*Views of America*, in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England during 1818-19-20. By an English-woman.

Mr. Swainson is preparing for publication, *Exotic Conchology*, a Work to consist of coloured plates of rare and non-descript shells.

Dr. E. Nares is employed upon a continuation of Professor Tytler's *Elements of General History*, from the deaths of Queen Ann and Louis XIV, to the present time.

*Travels in Palestine*, in 1816, by J. S. Buckingham, Esq. will speedily appear.

*Lucidus Ordo*; containing a complete course of studies on Musical Science, with Illustrations, Examples, and Skeleton Exercises, by J. Rolfe, Mus. in Ord. to his Majesty.

*The Parisian, a Tale*, in 2 vols. foolscap, 8vo.

*Woman in India*; a Poem, by John Lawson, Missionary at Calcutta, and Author of *Orient Harping*.

A volume of Sermons, by the Rev. J. Liefchild, entitled *the Christian Temper, or Lectures on the Beatitudes*.

*Monopoly and Taxation Vindicated against the Errors of the Legislation*; by a Nottinghamshire Farmer.

*The Pleasures of Benevolence*; a Poem, by the Rev. Dr. Drummond, intended as a counterpart to the Pleasures of Hope, of Memory, and of Imagination.

*Cleoni, and other Poems*, by B. J. Oscar, author of *Zayda, &c.*

*Ismael the Arab*; Sketches of Scenery, Foreign and Domestic, with other Poems, by David Carey, Esq. author of *Lochiel, &c.*

A General History of Birds, by J. Latham, MD. &c. author of the *Synopsis of Birds, &c.*

*The Fossils of the South Downs*; or, *Outlines of the Geology of the South Eastern Division of Sussex*, by Gideon Mantell, FLS.

The First part of a Poem in blank verse, descriptive of the Deluge.

Dr. Turton has in the press a work illustrative of the Conchology of the British Islands. The classifications will be upon principles new and systematical. The Bivalves will be first published.



## WORKS LATELY PUBLISHED.

*Antiquities, Architecture, and Fine Arts.*

A Walk round Mount Edgumbe, with a Plan and Eight Views in the Park and Pleasure Grounds. Super-royal 8vo. 1l.

The History of Thirsk, including an Account of its once celebrated Castle, and other Antiquities in the Neighbourhood. 8vo. 5s.

Historic Notices of Fotheringay: with Engravings. By H. K. Bonney, AM. author of the Life of Bishop Taylor. 8vo. 7s. 6d. royal 8vo. 15s.

*Biography.*

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt. By George Tomline, DD. Bishop of Winchester. Vols. I. and II. 4to.

The Life of Wm. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury; with his remaining Works. By the Rev. G. D'Oyley, DD. FRS. 2 vols. 8vo. with a Portrait. 1l. 4s.

Memoirs of Wm. Wallace, Esq. descendant of the illustrious Hero of Scotland, late of the 15th Hussars, with a Portrait. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

*Drama, Novels, &c.*

Hamlet, and As You Like It; a Specimen of the New Edition of Shakspeare. By Thomas Caldecott, Esq. royal 8vo. 15s.

A Tale of the Olden Time. By a Harrow Boy. 12mo.

A Legend of Argyle, or, 'Tis a Hundred Years Since. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

Dramatic Works of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. Now first collected and edited, with a Preface. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

Valerius; a Roman Story. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 4s.

Concealment, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

*Education.*

A Practical English Grammar for the Use of Schools. By the Rev. W. Putsey. 2s. bound.

Theory and Practice; or, a Guide to the French Language; on an Easy and Methodical Plan. By J. Maurois, 12mo. 5s. 6d. bound.

Ostentation and Liberality; a Tale. By Arabella Argus, with six Plates, 2 vols. 18mo. 3s. 6d. half-bound.

Aikin's Annals of George III. Abridged for the Use of Schools. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.

*History.*

Memoirs by James Earl Waldegrave, KG. one of his Majesty's Privy Council in the Reign of George II., and Governor of George III. when Prince of Wales; being a short Account of Political Contentions, &c. from 1754 to 1757. Small 4to. with a portrait, 1l. 5s.

Memoirs of the Revolution of Mexico; with a Narrative of Mina's Campaign, &c.

Map, and a portrait of Mina, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

A History of the British Revolution of 1688-9, recording all the Events in England, Scotland, and Ireland, down to the Capitulation of Limerick, 1691, inclusive. By Geo. Moore, Esq. 8vo. 14s.

*Medicine, Surgery, and Physiology.*

A Manual of the Diseases of the Human Eye, from the best National and Foreign Works; translated from the German of Dr. Weller, and illustrated with Cases. By G. C. Monteath, MD. Illustrated by four highly coloured plates, and one plate of Instruments, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.

Practical Observations on Midwifery. By John Ramsbottom, MD. 8vo. Part I. 10s. 6d.

The History of the Plague, as it lately appeared at Malta, Gozo, &c. By J. D. Tully, Esq. 8vo.

A Practical Treatise on the Inflammatory, Organic, and Sympathetic Diseases of the Heart; also on Malformation, Aneurism, &c. By Henry Reeder, MD. RMS. Edin. and MCS. Lond.

*Miscellaneous.*

Table Talk, or Original Essays. By W. Hazlitt, 8vo. 14s.

Letter to —, on the Rev. W. L. Bowles' Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron, 3s. 6d.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron, protesting against the Immolation of Gray, Cowper, and Campbell, at the Shrine of Pope.

A Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Byron on Poetical Criticism, in Answer to his Lordship's Letter. By the Rev. W. L. Bowles.

Useful Knowledge; or a Familiar Account of the various Productions of Nature, Mineral, Vegetable and Animal. By the Rev. W. Bingley, AM. 3d edit. 3 vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s.

A Word to Fanatics, Puritans, and Sectaries, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Essays on various Subjects, Religious and Moral, &c. By a Layman, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. Vol. I. Part I. 4to. 1l.

The Sybils' Leaf. No. I. 6d.

Thorpe's Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books, MSS. Missals, &c. 3s.

*Natural History.*

Illustrations of the Linnaean Genera of Insects. By W. Wood, FSR. FLS. Part I. with 14 coloured plates, 5s. to be completed in six monthly parts.

The Natural History System of Mineralogy. By Frederick Mohs, Prof. of Min. Freiberg, 8vo. 6s. 6d.

*Poetry.*

Sketches in Hindostan; with other Poems. By Thomas Medwin, 8vo. 5s. 6d.

The Doge of Venice, an Historical Tragedy, in five Acts; with a Preface, Notes, and an Appendix of Original Documents; and the Prophecy of Dante. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron, 8vo. 12s.

The Fall of the Angels, a Poem, in two Cantos, 8vo. 4s.

The Exiles of Damascus, a Poem. By John Cochrane, Esq. 8vo. 4s.

The Improvisatore, in Three Fyttes; with other Poems. By Thomas Lovell Beddoes, 12mo. 5s.

Ellen Fitz-Arthur, a metrical Tale, in five cantos, 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Modern Church; a satirical Poem, comprising Sketches of some popular and unpopular Preachers. By J. L. Bicknell, FAS. 3s.

*Politics and Political Economy.*

Loose Thoughts on Agricultural Distress, and a National Bankruptcy. By a Sussex Freeholder, 1s. 6d.

A Defence of the People of England, in Answer to the Emissaries of Popery, 2s. 6d.

Letters to the Catholics of Ireland, on the Right Hon. W. C. Plunkett's Two Bills, now pending in Parliament. By Daniel O'Connell, Esq.

Elements of the Art of Packing, as applied to Special Juries, particularly in Cases of Libel Law. By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. Benchet of Lincoln's-Inn, 8vo. 10. 6d.

An Essay on the Political Economy of Nations, 8vo. 9s.

The Declaration of England against the Acts and Projects of Austria, Russia, Prussia, &c. 3s. 6d.

Critical Examination of the whole Subject of Reform in the House of Commons, &c. &c. By Geo. Wirgman, 2s.

Observations on the present State of the Police of the Metropolis. By Geo. B. Mainwaring, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

An Inquiry into those Principles respecting the Nature of Demand, and the Necessity of Consumption advocated. By Mr. Malthus, &c. 4s.

Observations on certain Verbal Disputes in Political Economy, 3s.

*Theology.*

Sermons, dedicated, by permission, to the King. By the Rev. Thomas Boys, AM. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Summary View of a work, now in the press, entitled, "Not Paul, but Jesus," as exhibited in the Introduction, Plan, and Tables of Chapters and Sections. By Gamaliel Smith, Esq. 8vo. 1s.

A Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World. By John Evans, LL.D. &c. 14th edition, with considerable Additions, 12mo. 6s.

Miscellaneous Thoughts on Divine Sub-

jects; with Extracts from some of the best Religious Authors, and a small Selection of Texts, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Dr. Chalmers's Christian and Civic Economy of large Towns, No. VII, 'On Church Offices,' 8vo. 1s.

Dewar on Personal and Family Religion. A new Edition, greatly enlarged; with an extensive Variety of Prayers for Families and Individuals, 8vo. 8s.

Remarks on the Bishop of Peterborough's Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome. By the Rev. G. Glover, AM. 8vo. 6s.

*Voyages, Travels, and Topography.*

Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, Ancient Babylonia, &c. &c. during 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, 4to. with numerous Engravings.

An Historical, Statistical, and Descriptive Account of the Philippine Islands; founded on official data, and translated from the Spanish, with considerable Additions. By Wm. Walton, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

Classical Excursion from Rome to Arpino; with a Dissertation on the Political Conduct of Cicero, and on his Villas and Monuments. Plates. 12s.

*Foreign Books imported.*

Baron Dupin, Histoire de l'Administration des Secours publics. 8vo. 9s.

Saint-Simon, du Système Industriel. 8vo. 7s.

Simonot, Lettres sur la Corse, Ouvrage destiné à faire connaître la véritable Situation de ce Pays. 8vo. 7s.

Lettres de Saint-James, seconde Partie. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Les Fruits amers du Philosophisme, ou Vie et Fin tragique de F\*\*\* D\*\*\*, Docteur en droit; traduit de l'Allemand par l'Abbé de L\*\*\*, avec Notes et Figures. 2 vols. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Fiévée, Ce que tout le Monde pense, ce que Personne ne dit. 8vo. 3s.

Tissot, Précis, ou Histoire abrégée des Guerres de la Révolution Française, depuis 1792 jusqu'à 1815. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Legai, Histoire d'un jeune Peintre. 4 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Niemeyer Dr. A. H. Beobachtungen auf Reisen in und ausser Deutschland. 8 vols. Halle. 1820. 9s.

Amalthea oder Museum der Kunst-mythologie. 8vo. vol. i. von C. A. Bottiger. Leipzig. 1820. 15s.

Passavant J. C. Untersuchungen über den Lebens-magnetismus. 8vo. Frankfurt. 1821. 14s.

Werner F. L. Z. die Mutter der Marabäer. 8vo. Wien. 1820. 10s. 6d.

Abbildungen Auserlesener Gewächse des Königlichen Botanischen Gartens zu Berlin von H. F. Link. und F. Otto. 4to. No. 1 and 2. Coloured plates. Berl. 1820.



## NEW PATENTS.

George Vizard, of Dursley, Gloucestershire, for a new process or method of dressing and polishing goods of woollen manufacture.—Feb. 3d.

Thomas Masterman, of 38, Broad-street, Ratcliffe, common brewer, for certain machinery for the purpose of imparting motion to be worked by steam and water, without either cylinder or piston, and with less loss of power than occurs in working any of the steam engines now in use.—Feb. 10th.

Robert Stein, of 7, Walcot-place, Lambeth, for certain improvements in steam engines.—Feb. 20th.

James Foster, of Stourbridge, iron master, for certain improvements in the manufacture of wrought malleable iron.—Feb. 20th.

Henry Penneck, of Penzance, MD. for an improvement or improvements of machinery, to lessen the consumption of fuel in working steam-engines.—Feb. 27th.

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &amp;c.

The Rev. Henry Andrew St. John, to the Perpetual Curacy of Putney, in the County of Surrey, on the nomination of the Dean and Chapter of Worcester.—The Rev. James Giffard, MA. Vicar of Wootton, to the Vicarage of Cabourn, Lincolnshire: Patron, the Right Hon. Lord Yarborough.—The Rev. Wm. Howells, of Christ Church, Oxford, to the valuable Vicarage of Preston-cum-Blakemere, Herefordshire.—The Rev. Thos. Purness, AB. of Hatchliffe, to the Rectory of Oxcomb, Lincolnshire.

OXFORD.—Wm. Best, Esq. AB. of Brazenose, admitted Master of Arts.—Henry Jennant, Esq. Barrister at Law, and Fellow of New College, admitted Bachelor in Civil Law.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. Geo. Cracroft, Fellow of

Lincoln.—John Clarke Jenkins, and Rev. Thos. Winter, Lord Crew's Exhibitioners of ditto.—J. James Strutt, of Oriel.—Francis Salt, of Christ Church.—Geo. Burmester, of Balliol.—Rev. Ellis Roberts, Scholar of Jesus College.—Rev. Thomas Wynne, of St. John's.

Bachelors of Arts.—Edward Morgan, of St. Alban's.—Richard Anderson, of Queeca's.—Herbert Beaver of ditto.—Henry Labouchere, of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE.—The two gold medals given annually by the Chancellor of the University, to the best proficient in classical learning, among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, have been adjudged to Messrs. Alfred Olivant, and Wm. Henry Fox Talbot, both of Trinity College.

## BANKRUPTS IN ENGLAND.

Where the Town or City in which the Bankrupt resides is not expressed, it will be always in London or the Neighbourhood. So also of the Residences of the Attorneys, whose names are placed after a [.

T distinguishes London Commissions, C those of the country.

## Gazette—March 24 to April 17.

March 24.—Benzies, A. St. Martin's-lane, baker. [Jopson, Castle-street, Holborn. T.  
Chinn, T. Maidstone, linen-draper. [Rippon, Great Surry-street, Blackfriars-road. T.  
Coulson, J., and Edward Leadbitter, Gateshead, Durham, glass-manufacturers. [Atkinson, 56, Chancery-lane, C.  
Croft, T. Chatham, hair-dresser. [Dickens, Bow-lane. T.  
Dignam, J. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent, coal-merchant. [Harrison, Bucklersbury. T.  
Field, T. White Hart-inn-yard, St. John-street, corn-dealer. [Gray, 136, Tyson-place, Kingsland-road. T.  
Gunnery, J. Liverpool, dealer. [Clarke, Chancery-lane. C.  
Harding, J. Great Winchester-street, jeweller. [Jones, Great Mary-le-bone-street. T.  
Haynes, W. Stourbridge, Worcester, currier. [Baxter, Gray's-inn-place. C.  
Hellman, A. Mincing-lane, merchant. [Eicke, Aldermanbury. T.  
Johnson, Jesse, Leamington, Warwick, druggist. [Arundell, Furnival's-inn. T.  
Kenifeck, W. Throgmorton-street, stock-broker. [Myers, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. T.  
MacLeod, J. Cornhill, boot-and-shoe-maker. [Pullen, Barber's-hall, Monckwell-street. T.  
Morris, J. Upholland, Lancaster, tanner. [Taylor, Temple. C.  
Phillips, B. Threadneedle-street, vintner. [Barbor, 122, Fetter-lane, Fleet-street. T.  
Richardson, G. Mecklenburgh-square, and Thos. Vokes, Gloucester-street, Queen's-square, merchants. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.  
Sedgwick, M. London, warehouseman. [Fisher, Thavies-inn, Holborn. T.  
Smith, J. Vauxhall-walk, coal-dealer. [Robinson, 19, Austin-friars. T.  
Taylor, J. Park, Sheffield, iron-founder. [Duncan, 8, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.

Walker, J. Upper Russel-street, Bermondsey, parchment-dealer. [Foulkes, Southampton-street, Covent-garden. T.  
Wells, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.

March 27.—Allsop, T. Gloucester, linen-draper. [Bowyer, Cook's-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.  
Ashcroft, T. Liverpool, timber-merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.  
Ayton, W. Macclesfield, Chester, cotton-spinner. [Bell, 9, Bow-church-yard. C.  
Backhouse, G. Kendal, Westmorland, iron-monger. [Wilson, Furnival's-inn. C.  
Buckland, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, carpenter. [Jessopp, 13, Clifford's-inn, Fleet-street. T.  
Clarke, J. Worcester, coach proprietor. [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square. C.  
Macdonagh, T. Chesterfield, Derby, wine-merchant. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.  
Mason, J. Liverpool, linen-draper. [John, Palsgrave-place, Temple. C.  
Sloper, J. Bath, baker. [Slade, 1, John-street, Bedford-row. C.  
Vaughan, Mary, and Catherine Appleton, Liverpool, straw-bonnet manufacturers. [Blackstock, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.

March 31.—Bagley, G. Pocklington, York, spirit-merchant. [Bell, Bow Church-yard. C.  
Hart, J. Bath, sadler. [Makinson, Middle Temple. C.  
Kenifeck, P. Tonbridge-place, New-road, merchant. [Myers, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury. T.  
Mann, T. Raistrick, Halifax, merchant. [Beckett, Earl-street, Blackfriars. C.  
Mence, N. Worcester, brewer. [Gellibrand, Austin-friars. T.  
Mutch, J. Queen-Anne-street, Cavendish-sq. upholsterer. [Chester, 3, Staple-inn. T.  
Noble, H. A. Albany-road, Camberwell, wine-merchant. [Child, 128, Upper Thames-st. T.  
Peet, J. Ashton within Mackerfield, Lancaster, hinge-manufacturer. [Taylor, Temple. C.

- Riley, T. H. Crawford-street, Marylebone, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane. T.]  
 Shrapnell, P. Bradford, Wilts, clothier. [Perkins, 2, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Whittell, S. U. Back-road, Islington, timber-merchant. [Brooking, 85, Lombard-st. T.]
- April 3.—Bigsby, J. Deptford, brewer. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.]  
 Cope, P. Bridgnorth, Salop, grocer. [Benbow, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Coupland, C. jun. Leeds, R. and F. Coupland, Hunslet, and E. Coupland, Salford, Lancaster, spirit-merchants, and cotton-spinners. [Wiglesworth, 5, Gray's-inn-square. T.]  
 Dewsbury, P. Altrincham, Chester, corn-dealer. [Brundrett, Temple. C.]  
 Holding, W. Devonshire-street, Queen-square, wine-merchant. [Wadeson, Austin-friars. T.]  
 Maberly, J. Welbeck-street, Marylebone, coach-manufacturer. [Bartlett, Nicholas-lane. T.]  
 Troughton, B. sen. and J. Troughton, 123, Wood-street, silk-throwsters. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.]
- April 7.—Ayton, I., and J. W. Sanders, New-castle-upon-Tyne, merchants. [Meggison, 1, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Ball, C. Post-lord-hill, Albury, paper-maker. [Paterson, Old Broad-street. T.]  
 Berriman, W. Lynham, Wilts, timber-merchant. [Woodhouse, King's-bench-walks, Inner Temple. C.]  
 Brandon, W. Kent-street, Southwark, builder. [Brooking, Lombard street. T.]  
 Bristow, R. jun. Lloyd's coffee-house, insurance-broker. [Hore, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]  
 Burbury, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Cape, W. London-bridge-foot, grocer. [Birkett, Cloak-lane. T.]  
 Clements, R. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Long, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Farquharson, T. Swansea, merchant. [Clarke, Little St. Thomas Apostle. T.]  
 Jackson, W. Bristol, cornfactor. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Jeffs, F. Coventry, shopkeeper. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Matthews, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer. [Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Palmer, J. Rugeley, Stafford, butcher. [Stocker, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Ritchie, R. Mill-lane, Deptford, brewer. [Parker, Greenwich. T.]  
 Roberts, R. J. Minorities, ironmonger. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. T.]  
 Seaman, G. Bishopsgate-street, linen-draper. [M'Michael, South-Sea-chambers, Thread-needle-street. T.]  
 Stanley, H. Jackhouse, Lancaster, whitster. [Armstrong, Staple-inn. C.]  
 Trix, F. South Molton, Devon, tanner. [Pearson, Pump-court, Temple. C.]  
 Wilkinson, J. Great Driffield, York, coal-merchant. [Ellis, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Wright, J. Bermondsey-street, Southwark, provision-merchant. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
- April 10.—Brown, T. Longdon, Stafford, grocer. [Wheeler, 28, Castle-street, Holborn. C.]  
 Cushon, T. Paternoster-row, Spitalfields, hat-manufacturer. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.]  
 Dunderdale, G. and R. Dunderdale, Leeds, clothiers. [Bigg, 29, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Edwards, J. Vine-street, Spitalfields, silkman. [Blacklow, 44, Frith-street, Soho. T.]  
 Ellis, W. Liverpool, white-cooper. [Blackstock, Temple. C.]  
 Garton, J. Myton, Kingston-upon-Hull, lighter-man. [Shaw, 18, Ely-place, Holborn. C.]  
 Gregory, G. B. Lisson-grove, merchant. [Stevenson, New-square, Lincoln's-inn. T.]  
 Grundon, W. New Malton, York, merchant. [Morton, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Jones, T. Grave-yard, Sedgley, Stafford, iron-master. [Alexander, 10, New-inn. C.]  
 Treherne, J. St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, victualler. [Sweet, Basinghall-street. T.]  
 Wade, J. S. Aldborough, Suffolk, brick-maker. [Alexander, 36, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]
- April 14.—Atkins, W. Chipping-Norton, Oxford, mealman. [Russell, Lant-st. Southwark. C.]  
 Bishop, J. Broad-street, Bloomsbury, horse-dealer. [Dodd, Caroline-street, Bedford-square. T.]  
 Carter, J. jun. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]  
 Cox, H. Lambeth, timber-merchant. [Blacklow, Frith-street, Soho. T.]  
 Gooch, A. Norwich, bombazine-manufacturer. [Tilbury, Falcon-street, Falcon square. C.]  
 Hinchliffe, J. Bradley, Huddersfield, lime-dealer. [Evans, Hatton-garden. C.]  
 Jerome, S. Birmingham, victualler. [Egerton, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Lea, W. and J. F., Paternoster-row, silk-manufacturers. [James, Bucklersbury, Cheapside. T.]  
 Marshall, J. Gainsborough, Lincoln, druggist. [Stocker, New Boswell-court, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn. C.]  
 Massie, J. Derby, mercer. [Barbor, 122, Fetter-lane. C.]  
 Ovenden, E. Old Boswell-court, Carey-street, jeweller. [Towers, Castle-street, Falcon-square. T.]  
 Palmer, E. T. Bedford, draper. [Toms, Copthall-court, Throgmorton-street. T.]  
 Stang, L. Fore-street, merchant. [Pullen, Fore-street, Cripplegate. T.]  
 Waln, D. Liverpool, plumber. [Maugham, Great St. Helen's. C.]
- April 17.—Blackband, J. Burslem, Stafford, grocer. [Hicks, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Bonner, T. Monkwearmouth, Durham, fitter. [Bell, 9, Bow-church-yard. C.]  
 Burbury, T. Woolston, Warwick, grazier. [Fuller, Carlton-chambers, Regent-street. C.]  
 Cole, W. Sinnington, York, farmer. [Eyre, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Cope, C. Berkeley-mews, Portman-square, job-master. [Coleman, 1, St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell. T.]  
 Ford, J. Gloucester, patent-woollen-yarn-manufacturer. [Bousfield, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street. C.]  
 Greaves, J. jun. Liverpool, broker. Taylor, King's-bench-walk, Temple. C.]  
 Hesleden, W. and W. S., Barton-upon-Humber, scribes. [Hicks, 5, Gray's-inn-square. C.]  
 Hoyle, R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant. [Meggisons, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. C.]  
 Jones, T. P., Carmarthen, linen-draper. [Jenkins, New-inn. C.]  
 Masters, J. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, coach-maker. [Dixon, 30, St. Swithin's-lane, Lombard-street. T.]  
 Pullen, D. Birchin-lane, broker. [Courteen, Walbrook. T.]  
 Ritchie, R. and J., Bigsby, Deptford, brewers. [Osbaldeston, London-street, Fenchurch-st. T.]  
 Snape, W. Lichfield, mercer. [Constable, Symonds-inn, Chancery-lane. C.]  
 Sumpter, J. Charlotte-street, Old-street-road, stone-mason. [Phillips, King-street, Covent-garden. T.]  
 Trinder, W. J. Portsea, victualler. [Carr, John-street, Bedford-row. C.]  
 White, J. Lambeth-road, merchant. [Thomson, George-street, Minorities. T.]  
 White, T. Brinklow, Warwick, inn-holder. [Fuller, Carlton-chambers, Regent-st. C.]  
 Witchurch, J. Worship-street, Finsbury-square, coach-master. [Dimes, Friday-street, Cheapside. T.]

## SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—March 27 to April 17.

- Macnair, A. merchant, Dingwall.  
 Reid, F. Rob. Reid, and John Reid, watchmakers, Glasgow.  
 Walker, A. merchant, Aberdeen.  
 Kirkwood, D. cattle-dealer, Lochridgehills, Dunlop.  
 Douglass, A. and Co. grocers, West Port, Edinburgh.  
 Fraser, A. manufacturer, Inverness.  
 Malcolm, W. cooper, Greenock.  
 Stevenson, R. distiller, Easter-mill-bank, Lochwinnoch.



## BIRTHS.

- March 23. In Russel-square, the lady of Thomas Denman, Esq. MP. a son.
25. At Rushall, Wilts, Lady Poore, a daughter.
26. The lady of John Forster, Esq. RN. of Twyford-house, Berks, a son.
29. At Teignmouth, the lady of Capt. Forrest, RN. CB. a son.
- In Wimpole-street, the Rt. hon. Lady Bridport, a daughter.
- April 1. The lady of Capt. Frith, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, a daughter.
2. Mrs. Wheble, of Woodley-lodge, near Reading, a son.
3. The lady of George Sinclair, Esq. of South Audley-street, a daughter.
5. Lady Theodosia Spring Rice, a son.
6. At Harrow, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Butler, a daughter.
- In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, Lady Jane Neville, a daughter.
8. At Teignmouth, the lady of Sir Edwin Francis Stanhope, Bart. a son.
10. In Alpha-road, Regent's Park, the lady of Capt. Wilday, 19th regt. a son.
11. The lady of Capt. C. W. Mackintosh, of the 12th Madras Native Infantry, a daughter.
15. At Alcombury-house, Hunts, the lady of John Newton, Esq. a son.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Fort Leith, near Edinburgh, the lady of Colonel Walker, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

- March 19. At Mary-le-bone, Edward, eldest son of Henry Singleton, Esq. of the county of Cavan, to Maria, only daughter of the late Colonel Wade, of the Bengal establishment.
26. At Tenby, John Greene, Esq. 85th King's Light Infantry, to Eliza Philipps, youngest daughter of the late John Philipps Langbarne, Esq. of Arlondon, Pembrokeshire.
27. At Louth, by the hon. and rev. the Champion Dymoke, Wm. Reader, jun. Esq. to Jane Dorothea, eldest daughter of Richard Elmhirst, Esq. of Westgate-house, in the county of Lincoln.
29. Gilbert Munro, Esq. of Brighton, in the island of St. Vincent, and of Albemarle-street, London, to Rachael Sophia, daughter of Jonathan Anderson Ludford, MD. of Warwick, Jamaica.
- April 2. At St. George's Hanover-square, the Rev. Charles Edmund Keene, Fellow of All Souls and Rector of Buckland, Surrey, second son of Benjamin Keene, Esq. of Westhoe Lodge, Cambridge, to Rebecca Frances, daughter of Sir George Shiffner, Bart. of Combe-place, Sussex.
3. The Rev. John D'Arcy Preston, Esq. eldest son of Rear-Admiral D'Arcy Preston, of Askham, in Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Peter Spence, MD. late of Kensington.
5. John Warburton, MD. of Clifford-street, Bond-street, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Abernethy, Esq. of Bedford-row.
- At Cirencester, by the Bishop of Norwich, the Rt. hon. the Earl of Dartmouth, to Lady Frances Charlotte Chetwynd Talbot, daughter of his Excellency Earl Talbot, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
- At Clewer, James Brooks, Esq. of the county of Devon, late Capt. in the 29th regt., to Catherine, daughter of Lieut. Colonel Basset, of Windsor.
7. Wm. Hayes, Esq. of Southampton-place, to Maria, third daughter of W. J. Reeves, Esq. of Woburn-place, Russel-square.
12. At St. Paul's Covent-garden, Samuel Platt, Esq. of Brunswick-square, to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Gomond Cooke, Esq. of Southampton-street, and of Upper Pool-house, near Hereford.
- At Eversby, W. H. T. Hawley, Esq. of West Green-house, Hants, to Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of Capt. Broughton, RN. of Eversby.
14. At St. George's Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Lincoln, the Rev. W. Pegus, to the Countess Dowager of Lindsey.
- At Castle-Combe, Wilts, George Powlett Thomson, Esq. second son of John Powlett Thomson, Esq. of Waverley Abbey, to Emma, only

daughter and heiress of Wm. Scrope, Esq. of Castle Combe. The bridegroom is to take the name and bear the arms of Scrope.

14. At Fulham, Samuel Charles Weston, Esq. of South Audley-street, to Elizabeth Wood Anderson, eldest daughter of Ferdinando Anderson, Esq. Hammersmith.
17. At St. George's Hanover-square, Bryan Cooke, Esq. of Owston, Yorkshire, to Charlotte, daughter of Sir G. Cooke, Bart. of Wheatley, in the same county.

## IN SCOTLAND.

- At Lockerby-house, Colonel Maxwell, governor of the Island of St. Kitts, to Miss Mary Douglas, a near relative of the Marquis and Marchioness of Queensberry.

## IN IRELAND.

- At St. Anne's, Dublin, Capt. George Berkeley, Roy. Fusileers, to Jane, eldest daughter of John Beatty, Esq. MD. of Molesworth-street.

## ABROAD.

- At the Palace of Canino, near Rome, (the residence of Lucian Buonaparte,) T. Wyse, Esq. jun. eldest son of T. Wyse, Esq. of the manor of St. John, near Waterford, to Letitia, daughter of L. Buonaparte, Prince of Canino.
- At Paris, James Antoine Hypolite, eldest son of the Baron De Chaband Latour, a member and questor of the Chamber of Deputies, to Miss Pontine Beck, daughter of G. B. Beck, Esq. of Needham Market, in Suffolk.
- At Bourdeaux, the Rev. T. Nash, of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Dorinda Estella, daughter of the late T. W. Brandis, Esq.

## DEATHS.

- March 21. Mr. M. Bryan, Author of the Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, a valuable work of reference, and executed with great industry. He was also one of the very first connoisseurs of the day in painting, to which art he was enthusiastically attached, nor was his judgment in the art at all inferior to his fondness for it. This gentleman purchased the Orleans Collection for the Earl of Carlisle.
23. At Holkham-house, Norfolk, the seat of T. W. Coke, Esq. MP. Mrs. Blackwell, relict of Sam. Blackwell, Esq. of Alupney Park, Gloucestershire, and sole surviving sister of the late Lord Sherborne and of Mr. Coke.
25. At Cromer, Norfolk, aged 35, Priscilla, youngest daughter of the late John Gurney, Esq. of Earham-hall, in the same county.
26. At Merstham-house, Surrey, after a lingering illness, the Rt. Hon. Lady Ann Simpson, relict of John Simpson, Esq. of Bradley-hall, in the county of Durham.
27. At Eton, drowned while attempting to recover one of his oars, which had fallen into the water as he was rowing in a small skiff on the Thames, Mr. Angerstein, son of J. J. Angerstein, Esq. MP. aged 17. The body was not found until the 30th.
- At Hambledon-house, the seat of Charles Scott Murray, Esq. Mrs. Nixon, of Cheltenham, relict of John Nixon, Esq. of Le Bergerie in the Queen's county. This lady was daughter of the late Henry Lyons, Esq. MP. and niece to Robt. Earl Belvedere.
- At the Charter-house, Mary, the wife of Thos. Ryder, Esq. and one of the two surviving sisters of the late Sir Richard Croft, Bart.
28. Catharine Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Francis Bedingfield, Esq. of Kirklington-hall, in the county of Cumberland, and of Malburton-hall, in Norfolk.
29. At Exeter, Major George Foljambe, 8th regt. of foot, third son of the late F. F. Foljambe, Esq. of Osberton, Nottinghamshire.
30. Killed near Carmarthen by a fall from his horse, Dr. Parry, late Surgeon of the Havannah frigate, one of the ships which conveyed Buonaparte to St. Helena.
31. Mrs. Ludford, eldest surviving sister of J. Newdigate Ludford, Esq. of Ansley-hall, Warwickshire, niece of Sir Roger Newdigate, Bart. and cousin to the late Marquis of Donegal.

31. Suddenly, after retiring to bed in apparently better health than she had enjoyed for some time past, Mrs. Elliston, wife of Mr. Elliston, lessee of Drury-lane theatre.

— At his house in Pall-Mall, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, Bart. in the 81st year of his age.

— At Thornton-hall, near Bedall, in his 83d year, Frederick Dodsworth, DD. senior canon of Windsor. Rector of Spenilthorne, and Perpetual Curate of Cleasby, in Yorkshire.

Lately, aged 86, Joseph Austin, Esq. many years proprietor of the Chester and Newcastle theatres, &c. and the last remaining actor mentioned in Churchill's Rosciad.

April 1. At Brighton, Sir Chas. Edmonstone, of Dunheath, Bart. MP. for the county of Stirling.

— William Fox, Esq. Deputy of the Ward of Castle Baynard for the last 44 years.

2. At Eltham-house, Kent, Mrs. Aislable, widow of the late Rawson Aislable, Esq.

— After a tedious illness, the Rt. hon. Lady Elizabeth Townsend, wife of Gore Townsend, Esq. of Honington-hall, in the county of Warwick, and sister to the late Earl of Plymouth.

3. Suddenly, Charlotte, second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir James Mansfield, at his house, in Russell-square.

— At Twickenham, Lady Taylor, relict of the late Sir John Taylor, Bart.

4. At her house in Park-street, in her 89th year, Viscountess Pery, relict of Viscount Pery, and mother to Viscountess Northland, and the Hon. Mrs. Calvert.

— At Greenwich-hospital, Admiral Sir John Colpoys. By this event, the Governorship of that National Establishment is become vacant.

5. At her house in Southampton, the Right Hon. Lady Flaminia James, aged 46.

— At his seat, Kingswood-lodge, near Egham, after a few days illness, John Reid, Esq.

6. In New Norfolk-street, aged 70, Charles Piescheil, Esq.

— At Bognor, in her 67th year, Mrs. Trowbridge, sister of the late Admiral Sir Thos. Trowbridge, Bart.

— In his 56th year, the Rev. Geo. Ford, upwards of 25 years Rector of the Congregation of Protestant Dissenters, at Stepney.

7. At Branham-park, Yorkshire, after a few days illness, Jas. Lane Fox, Esq. nephew to George Fox Lane Lord Bingley, in his 65th year.

9. At her seat in Hampshire, in her 52d year, the Right Hon. the Dowager Viscountess Gage.

— At his chambers, aged 69, Alex. Johnson, Esq. Benchet of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple.

— The Rev. John Myers, of Shipley hall, near Bradford, Yorkshire, Rector of Wyburton, near Boston, Lincolnshire, and one of the Justices of the Peace, and deputy Lieutenants for those counties.

10. At his house, Langham-place, Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq. of Cannon Hall, Yorkshire.

— Aged 16, Mr. Hen. Joshua Rowley, son of Admiral and nephew to Sir Wm. Rowley. The death of the deceased, who was a pupil at Westminster school, was occasioned by a fall from a fourth-floor window, in his lodging house on the preceding day: he appeared quite insensible from the time he was taken up till he expired.

11. At his house in St. James's-place, Robt. Calvert, Esq. in his 55th year.

12. At Chislehurst, Kent, aged 86, Mrs. Mary Townsend, sister to the late Lord Visc. Sydney.

— At Bath, aged 72, Thomas Stanhope Badcock, Esq. one of the Magistrates for the county of Bucks.

13. At Gateshead, Durham, a few days after being delivered of a daughter, the lady of Joseph Hawkes, Esq. aged 26.

— At Stanmore, Lady Caroline Fiach, youngest sister to the Earl of Aylesford.

14. At his house in Gloucester-place, aged 62, Major James, Author of the "Military Dictionary," the "Regimental Companion," and other miscellaneous works.

15. At his house in Berner's-street, aged 54, Jas. Barleiman, Esq. the celebrated singer. Vide our Musical Report in the present Number.

— At her residence in Cavendish-square, Mrs. Dickson, relict of Col. A. Dickson, and only daughter of the late Sir Henry Moore, Bart. formerly

merly Lieut.-Gov. of Jamaica, and Governor of New York.

16. At the College of Arms, in his 81st year, Geo. Harrison, Esq. late Clarencieux King at Arms, and for nearly 40 years Treasurer of that Corporation.

17. In Sioane-street, Lieut.-Col. Geo. Smith, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, in his 83d year.

*Longevity.* At Camberwell, Surrey, in full possession of all her faculties, Elizabeth Horsler, aged 105 years, 56 of which she had been maintained in the workhouse of that parish.

#### IN SCOTLAND.

At Banff, in his 63d year, the Rev. Abercromby Gordon, Honorary President of the Literary Society of that place.

At Edinburgh, Dr. Gregory, the celebrated Physician and Professor of Medicine in the University of that city.

At Torbreck, Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck.

#### IN IRELAND.

At Belfast, the lady of Major Jas. Dunbar Tovey, on the 23d of March, after having been delivered of a daughter on the 13th, who lived only 6 hours.

At Dublin, Randell Macdonnell, Esq. This gentleman was one of the first merchants in Ireland, and had taken a decided part in Catholic affairs.

At Vine-lodge, near Belfast, Lucinda Matilda, wife of Major Tovey, of the 31st Regiment.

At Dublin, in Fitzwilliam-square, Moore Echlin, Esq.

At Dublin, Mrs. Plunkett, wife of W. C. Plunkett, Esq. MP. the eloquent advocate in favour of the Catholics.

At Summerville, near Cashel, after a short indisposition, the most Rev. Dr. Patrick Everard, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, a Prelate of the very first character for erudition, talent, judgment, and benevolence.

At Castle Stewart, in the county of Down, April 6th, in his 83d year, the Marquess of Londonderry. This nobleman was twice married—to Lady Sarah Frances, sister to the Marquess of Hertford, by whom he had issue, Viscount Castlereagh, (who succeeds to the Marquisate) and to Lady Frances, sister to the Marquess of Camden, by whom he had issue, Lord Stewart, (the present Ambassador at Vienna) and other children. The late Marquess, after representing the county of Down in many Parliaments, was created a Baron in 1789, a Viscount in 1795, an Earl in 1796, and a Marquess in 1816.

At Dublin, Meredith Jenkin, Esq. one of the Aldermen of that City.

At Blennerville, County Kerry, in his 81st year, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Bart.

#### ABROAD.

At Hanover, A. Herschell, well known in the musical world as an elegant and profound musician, and brother to Sir W. Herschell, the celebrated astronomer.

At Calais, the Hon. Lieut. Col. Irby, late of the Life Guards, son of Lord Boston.

At St. Petersburg, suddenly, in his 76th year, Admiral Sir Geo. Tate, Senator, and Knight of St. Vladimir, St. Alexander Nevskoi, &c. He was a native of England, but had spent the last 58 years of his life in the Russian Service.

At Paris, of an apoplectic attack, John Ramsay Cuthbert, Esq. of Grosvenor-square.

In China, the Hon. Valentine Gardner, Captain of his Majesty's Ship, Dauntless.

At Paris, where he had resided for the last two years, H. H. W. Stephens, Esq. late of Chavenage-house, in the county of Gloucester, aged 46.

At Rome, in his 30th year, Wm. Pendrell Waddington, Esq. eldest son of the late Wm. Waddington, Esq. of Brompton, Middlesex.

At Barbadoes, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, James Bowden, Esq. of Bedford-square.

At Florence, Wm. Robt. Broughton, Esq. Post Captain of the Royal Navy; he commanded the Chatham Brig, which attended Capt. Vancouver in his perilous voyage round the world.



## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE AND OBSERVATIONS,

MADE AT STRATFORD, MIDDLESEX.

By Mr. R. Howard.

Ma. denotes the Maximum, Mi. the Minimum.

	Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.		Ther.	Baro.	Hyg.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar.			9 a.m.						9 a.m.		
1	Ma. 48	29.88	94	SE	Cloudy	17	Ma. 55	30.10	79	NE	Fine
	Mi. 32	29.44					Mi. 37	29.57			
2	Ma. 51	29.99	84	SW	Showery	18	Ma. 49	29.57	64	NW	Boisterous
	Mi. 40	29.82					Mi. 35	29.34			
3	Ma. 52	29.82	100	SW	Rainy	19	Ma. 45	29.36	61	NW	Windy
	Mi. 45	29.70					Mi. 34	29.31			
4	Ma. 51	29.83	82	SW	Rainy	20	Ma. 47	29.36	58	NW	Windy
	Mi. 33	29.70					Mi. 35	29.35			
5	Ma. 35	30.02	80	NE	Cloudy	21	Ma. 46	29.71	61	NW	Cloudy
	Mi. 30	29.83					Mi. 34	29.36			
6	Ma. 45	29.89	88	SE	Rainy	22	Ma. 47	30.10	64	NW	Hail
	Mi. 35	29.63					Mi. 26	29.71			
7	Ma. 53	29.63	86	W	Fine	23	Ma. 47	30.10	64	NW	Fine
	Mi. 44	29.35					Mi. 35	29.88			
8	Ma. 52	29.65	83	NW	Fine	24	Ma. 48	29.88	58	S	Showery
	Mi. 40	29.32					Mi. 42	29.47			
9	Ma. 54	29.67	76	W	Showery	25	Ma. 51	29.68	88	SW	Showery
	Mi. 47	29.63					Mi. 32	29.47			
10	Ma. 58	29.84	78	SW	Showery	26	Ma. 50	29.68	67	SW	Fine
	Mi. 40	29.67					Mi. 38	29.39			
11	Ma. 55	29.97	67	SW	Fine	27	Ma. 48	29.39	62	SW	Boisterous
	Mi. 33	29.84					Mi. 33	29.26			
12	Ma. 54	30.05	90	Var.	Fine	28	Ma. 58	29.26	87	SE	Rainy
	Mi. 39	29.97					Mi. 41	29.12			
13	Ma. 56	30.11	89	SW	Fine	29	Ma. 47	29.65	86	SW	Showers
	Mi. 36	30.05					Mi. 34	29.12			
14	Ma. 49	30.38	76	N	Fine	30	Ma. 50	29.65	78	SW	Fine
	Mi. 24	30.11					Mi. 36	29.42			
15	Ma. 51	30.38	78	NE	White frost	31	Ma. 51	29.60	88	SW	Rainy
	Mi. 26	30.30					Mi. 32	29.39			
16	Ma. 53	30.30	80	Var.	Fine						
	Mi. 24	30.10									

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 20 April	Hamburg. 17 April	Amsterdam 20 April	Vienna. 7 April	Genoa. 7 April	Berlin. 14 April	Naples. 2 April	Leipsig. 13 April	Bremen. 16 April
London.....	25.65	37.3	41.5	10.4 $\frac{1}{2}$	30.96	7.2 $\frac{3}{4}$	574	6.19	622
Paris.....	—	26 $\frac{1}{8}$	58	118 $\frac{1}{4}$	96 $\frac{3}{4}$	83 $\frac{1}{2}$	22.50	80	17 $\frac{1}{8}$
Hamburg...	180 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	35 $\frac{5}{16}$	144	43 $\frac{1}{2}$	152 $\frac{1}{8}$	41	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	132 $\frac{1}{4}$
Amsterdam.	58	107	—	137 $\frac{1}{4}$	92 $\frac{1}{4}$	144	47	138 $\frac{1}{4}$	125
Vienna .....	252	145 $\frac{1}{4}$	14 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	60 $\frac{1}{3}$	41 $\frac{1}{4}$	53.60	101	—
Franckfort..	3	146 $\frac{1}{2}$	36 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	104 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	100	110 $\frac{1}{2}$
Augsburg...	252	145 $\frac{1}{2}$	36 $\frac{1}{16}$	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	60 $\frac{1}{3}$	105 $\frac{1}{8}$	57.30	—	—
Genoa .....	479	84 $\frac{1}{4}$	90 $\frac{5}{8}$	61 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	19.15	—	—
Leipsig .....	—	146	—	—	—	105 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	110 $\frac{1}{2}$
Leghorn ....	510	89 $\frac{3}{4}$	97	—	122 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	—	—
Lisbon .....	553	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	41	—	396	—	50.10	—	—
Cadiz .....	15.50	93 $\frac{1}{4}$	102	—	626	—	—	—	—
Naples .....	436	—	61	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilboa .....	15.40	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid .....	15.30	95	105	—	620	—	—	—	—
Porto .....	553	37 $\frac{3}{8}$	41	—	—	—	—	—	—

## COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 19 April	Nuremberg 16 April	Christiana. 9 April	Petersburg. 3 April	Riga. 6 April	Stock- holm. 6 April	Madrid. April	Lisbon. 6 April
London .....	153	fl. 10.10	7 Sp. 60	9 $\frac{17}{32}$	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	12.8	—	543
Paris .....	79 $\frac{1}{8}$	fr. 118 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	100	—	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—
Hamburg ....	145	144	162	8 $\frac{15}{16}$	9 $\frac{3}{32}$	125	—	138 $\frac{1}{4}$
Amsterdam .	133 $\frac{5}{8}$	138	153	9 $\frac{13}{16}$	10 $\frac{1}{32}$	119	—	41 $\frac{1}{4}$
Genoa .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	380

# MARKETS.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From March 23 to April 23.

Amsterdam, C. F.	12-14
Ditto at sight	12-11
Rotterdam, 2 U	12-15
Antwerp	12-11
Hamburgh, 2½ U	38-7
Altona, 2½ U	38-8
Paris, 3 days' sight	25-80
Ditto 2 U	26-15
Bordeaux	26-15
Frankfort on the Main	156½
Ex. M.	9½
Petersburg, rble, 3 U	10-20
Vienna, ef. flo. 2 M	10-20
Trieste ditto	10-20
Madrid, effective	36½ ..36
Cadiz, effective	36 ..35½
Bilboa	35½
Barcelona	35
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	46½ ..47
Genoa	43½ ..44
Venice, Ital. Liv.	27-60
Malta	45
Naples	38½ ..39½
Palermo, per. oz.	115
Lisbon	50 ..49½
Oporto	50 ..49
Rio Janeiro	49 ..48½
Bahia	55
Dublin	8 ..8½
Cork	8 ..8½

## PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	14	3	0	0	0
New dollars	0	4	10½	0	4	10
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	4	11

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 35s. 1d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£3	0	0	to	3	10	0
Champions	3	0	0	to	4	10	0
Oxnobles	2	0	0	to	2	10	0
Apples	2	10	0	to	3	0	0

## HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 1 to April 23.

	April 2.	April 9.	April 16.	April 23.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle	34 0 to 48 9	34 0 to 44 9	30 6 to 42 3	30 0 to 41 6
Sunderland	30 0 to 45 3	32 6 to 45 6	31 6 to 38 6	31 6 to 42 6

## AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	Mar. 24	Mar. 31	Apr. 7	Apr. 14
Wheat	54 9	54 8	54 1	53 7
Rye	34 10	38 1	35 1	34 5
Barley	24 4	24 1	23 9	23 9
Oats	18 3	18 3	18 2	18 2
Beans	30 0	31 8	30 6	29 11
Peas	32 0	30 10	31 4	30 6

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from March 23, to April 23.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	23,599	9,928	485	34,012
Barley	21,297	3,955	—	25,292
Oats	49,079	25,470	770	75,319
Rye	17	37	—	54
Beans	5,652	479	—	6,131
Pease	2,427	—	—	2,427
Malt	19,042 Qrs.	Flour 29,457 Sacks.	Foreign Flour 10 barrels.	

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags	42s. to 75s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 63s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Yearling Bags	00s. to 00s.
Kent, New Pockets	45s. to 75s.
Sussex, ditto	42s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	00s. to 00s.
Farnham, ditto	100s. to 112s.
Yearling Pockets	30s. to 45s.

Average Price per Load of

Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
3 15 to 4 10	4 5 to 5 5	5 1 to 6 1
3 16 to 4 10	3 5 to 5 5	5 1 to 6 1
3 10 to 4 14	4 0 to 5 0	0 1 to 5 1

Meat by Carcass, per Stone of 8lb. at Newgate.—Beef ...2s. 10d. to 3s. 10d.

Mutton	2s. 8d. to 3s. 8d.
Veal	3s. 4d. to 5s. 4d.
Pork	3s. 4d. to 5s. 0d.
Lamb	6s. 0d. to 8s. 0d.
Leadenhall.—Beef	2s. 10d. to 4s. 0d.
Mutton	3s. 0d. to 3s. 10d.
Veal	4s. 4d. to 5s. 8d.
Pork	3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.
Lamb	6s. 0d. to 7s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from March 30, to April 23, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
11,025	1,207	74,170	1,400



ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT  
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(April 21st, 1821.)

No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.	Annual Div.		Per Share.
£.	£.	s.		£.	£.	£.	s.		£.
Canals.					Bridges.				
350	100	—	Andover.....	5	2012	100	—	Southwark .....	17
1482	100	—	Ashby-de-la-Zouch .....	12	4443	40	—	Do. new .....	16
1760	—	3 10	Ashton and Oldham .....	70	3000	100	—	Vauxhall .....	18
1260	100	—	Basingstoke.....	6	54,000l.	—	5	Do. Promissory Notes .....	91
54,000l.	—	2	Do. Bonds.....	40	5000	100	—	Waterloo .....	5 10
2000	25	21	Birmingham (divided) .....	550	5000	60	—	— Annuities of 8l. ....	27
477	250	5	Bolton and Bury.....	95	5000	40	—	— Annuities of 7l. ....	22
958	150	4	Brecknock & Abergavenny .....	75	60,000l.	—	5	— Bonds.....	100
400	100	5	Chelmer and Blackwater .....	90				Roads.	
1500	100	8	Chesterfield.....	120				Barking.....	34
500	100	44	Coventry .....	970	300	100	—	Commercial.....	107
4546	100	—	Croydon.....	3	1000	100	5	— East-India	
600	100	6	Derby.....	135	—	100	5	Branch .....	100
2060	100	3	Dudley.....	60				Great Dover Street.....	32
3575½	133	3	Ellesmere and Chester .....	64	492	100	1 15	Highgate Archway.....	5
231	100	58	Erewash .....	1040	2393	50	—	Croydon Railway.....	12
1297	10	20	Forth and Clyde .....	500	1000	65	1	Surrey Do.....	10
1960	100	—	Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share.....	20	1000	60	—	Severn and Wye .....	31 10
—	60	3	Do. optional Loan.....	57	3762	50	1 12	Water Works.	
11,815½	100	9	Grand Junction .....	224				East London.....	—
1521	100	3	Grand Surrey .....	58	3800	100	—	Grand Junction .....	49
48,800l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	95	4500	50	2 10	Kent .....	32
2849½	100	—	Grand Union .....	24	2000	100	—	London Bridge.....	50
19,327l.	—	5	Do. Loan.....	92	1500	—	2 10	South London .....	22
3096	100	—	Grand Western.....	4	800	100	—	West Middlesex .....	48 10
749	150	7	Grantham.....	130	7540	—	2	York Buildings.....	23 10
6312	100	—	Huddersfield.....	13	1360	100	—	Insurances.	
25,328	100	18	Kennet and Avon .....	20				Albion .....	40
11,699½	100	1	Lancaster.....	26	2000	500	2 10	Atlas .....	5
2879½	100	10	Leeds and Liverpool.....	280	25,000	50	6	Bath .....	575
545	—	14	Leicester.....	290	—	40		Birmingham .....	350
1895	100	4	Leicester & Northampton Union.....	83	300	1000	25	British .....	50
70	—	170	Loughborough.....	2600	—	250	3	County .....	39
250	100	11	Melton Mowbray .....	205	4000	100	2 10	Eagle .....	2 12 6
—	—	30	Mersey and Irwell.....	—	20,000	50	5	European .....	20
2409	100	10	Monmouthshire .....	150	50,000	20	1	Globe .....	121 10
43,526l.	100	5	Do. Debentures.....	92	1,000,000l.	100	6	Hope .....	3 5
700	100	—	Montgomeryshire .....	70	40,000	50	5	Imperial .....	80
247	—	25 5l. 6	Neath.....	410	2400	500	4 10	London Fire.....	24
1770	25	—	North Wilts.....	—	3000	25	1 4	London Ship.....	20
500	100	12	Nottingham.....	200	31,000	25	1	Provident .....	17
1720	100	32	Oxford.....	630	2500	100	18	Rock .....	1 18
2400	100	3 10	Peak Forest .....	68	100,000	20	2	Royal Exchange .....	230
2520	50	—	Portsmouth and Arundel.....	30	745,100l.	—	10	Sun Fire.....	—
12,294	—	—	Regent's.....	26	—	8 10		Sun Life.....	23 10
5631	100	2	Rochdale.....	42	4000	100	10	Union.....	33
500	125	9	Shrewsbury.....	165	1500	200	1 4	Gas Lights.	
500	100	7 10	Shropshire.....	140				Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company).....	61
771	50	—	Somerset Coal.....	—	8000	50	4	Do. New Shares .....	40
700	100	40	Stafford. & Worcestershire.....	700	—	50		City Gas Light Company .....	104
300	145	10	Stourbridge.....	210	4000	50	2 8	Do. New .....	53
3647	—	—	Stratford on Avon .....	16	1000	100	8	Bath Gas .....	19
—	—	22	Stroudwater.....	495	1000	100	4	Brighton Gas .....	16
533	100	12	Swansea.....	190	1000	20	18 4	Bristol .....	28
350	100	—	Tavistock.....	90	2500	20	—	Literary Institutions.	
2670	—	—	Thames and Medway.....	28	1500	20	2	London .....	36
1300	200	75	Trent & Mersey or Grand Trunk.....	1750	1000	75gs	—	Russel .....	11 11
1000	100	12	Warwick and Birmingham.....	226	700	25gs	—	Surrey.....	7
1000½	50	—	Warwick and Napton .....	215	700	30gs	—	Miscellaneous.	
980	100	11	Wilts and Berks.....	5	1080	50	1 5	Auction Mart .....	21
14,288	—	—	Wisbeach.....	60	1397	100	2 10	British Copper Company .....	50
126	105	5	Worcester and Birmingham.....	24	2299	80	—	Golden Lane Brewery .....	13
6000	—	1	<b>Docks.</b>		3447	50	—	Do.....	10
2209	146	—	Bristol.....	—	2000	150	1	London Commercial Sale Rooms.....	19
268,324l.	100	5	Do. Notes.....	—				Carnatic Stock, 1st. Class.....	76
8132	100	3	Commercial.....	63				Do..... 2d. Class.....	—
450,000l.	100	10	East-India.....	—				City Bonds .....	—
1038	100	—	East Country.....	18 10					
3,114,000l.	100	4	London.....	99					
1,200,000l.	100	10	West-India .....	169					

# Daily Price of Stocks, from 26th March to 25th April.

1821	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3½ p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea New Ann.	Excheg. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Mar.															
26	shut.	shut.	70½ 71	sh.	shut.	106	—	—	—	—	36	—	—	1p	71
27	—	—	71 70½	—	—	106	—	—	—	—	40	—	—	1p	71
28	—	—	70½ 71	—	—	105½	—	70½	—	—	41	—	—	1p	71½
29	—	—	71 70½	81	—	106½	—	—	—	—	42	—	—	1p	71½
30	—	—	72½ 71	82	—	107½	18½	71½	—	—	45	—	—	1p	72½
31	—	—	72½ 1	—	—	106	—	—	—	—	46	—	72½	2p	72½
Apr.															
2	—	—	72½	—	—	107	18½	—	—	—	47	—	—	3p	72½
3	—	—	72½	—	—	107½	19	—	—	—	47	—	—	3p	72½
4	—	—	72½	—	—	107	18½	72	—	—	48	80	—	4p	72½
5	—	—	72½	—	—	106½	—	—	—	—	47	—	—	4p	72½
6	22½	71½	72½	80	89	106	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
7	—	71	72½	80	88½	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
9	22	71	72½	80	88	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
10	22½	71½	72½	81	88	107	18½	—	—	—	49	—	—	6p	72½
11	22½	71½	72	80	89	107	18½	71½	—	—	47	—	—	6	72½
12	22½	71½	72½	80	89	107½	18½	—	—	229	47	—	—	5	72½
13	22½	71½	72	80	89	107½	18½	71	—	—	47	—	—	5	72½
14	22½	71½	71	80	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	6	72½
16	22½	71½	71	80½	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	5	72½
17	22½	71½	71	80½	89	107½	18½	—	—	229½	46	—	—	5	72½
18	22½	71½	72½	81	89½	107½	18½	71½	—	—	46	—	—	6	72½
19	22½	71½	72½	81	89½	107½	18½	—	—	230	46	—	—	6	72½
20	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
21	22½	71½	72½	81	89	107½	18½	—	—	—	—	—	—	6	72½
23	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	Hol.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

## IRISH FUNDS.

## Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS.

From Mar. 24,  
to Apr. 21.

Mar.	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 3½ per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per ct.	Grand Canal Loan, 6 per ct.	City Dublin Bonds.	Wide Street Certificates.	1821	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Mar.												Mar.	fr.	c.
20	—	79¾	79¾	—	106½	—	—	—	69¾	—	—	24	76	25
23	—	77¾	77¾	—	104½	—	—	—	68	—	—	27	78	—
26	220	79	79	—	105	105	—	44	68	—	—	30	80	90
27	—	79½	79	—	105½	105½	—	—	68½	—	—	Apr.	—	—
30	221	78½	78½	—	105½	105	—	—	68	—	—	2	82	25
Apr.												6	82	45
4	222	79¾	79¾	—	106½	106½	44	—	68½	—	—	9	82	20
5	222	79¾	79¾	—	106½	106½	44	—	68½	—	—	12	82	45
7	—	80	79	—	106½	106½	—	—	68	—	—	16	82	10
9	223	79¾	79¾	—	106½	106½	—	—	68½	—	—	18	81	50
13	—	79½	—	—	106½	106½	—	—	68½	—	—	21	82	25

## AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.	
	Mar. 27	30	13	17	19	24	Mar. 10	26
Bank Shares.....	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	23·10	110	110½
6 per cent.....	—	—	101½	101½	101½	101	108	106½
1812.....	—	—	102½	102½	102½	102½	108½	108½
1813.....	—	—	104	104	104	104	109	109
1814.....	105½	105½	104½	105	105	105	110	110
1815.....	—	—	70½	70½	70½	70½	75	74½
3 per cent.....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.